THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW-TESTAMENT:

And applied to the

Christian State and Worship.

By *I. WATTS*, D. D.

THE THIRTIETH EDITION.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All Things must be fulfilled which were written in* ------- *the* Psalms, *concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32. ------ David, Samuel, *and the Prophets.*

Ver. 40. ------- *That they without us should not be made perfect.*

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ADVERTISEMENT

To the READERS,

On the following HEADS.

On the different Editions of this BOOK.

THE larger Edition is prefaced with a Discourse on the right Way of fitting the Psalms of *David* for Christian Worship; *wherein a plain Account is given of the Author's general Conduct in this* Imitation of the Psalms, *together with some evident and convincing Arguments to support it. There are also particular Notes added at the End of a great Number of the Psalms, which explain their Evangelical Sense, and shew the Reason why they are either paraphrased or abridged in such a Manner here.*

At the Request of many Friends, the Author has permitted this Edition in a smaller Form, to render it more portable and convenient for public Worship; he therefore desires, and may reasonably demand, this Piece of Justice of all his Readers, that they will not censure and condemn any Part of this Work, without a diligent Perusal of the larger Edition, wherein the Preface and Notes, *in the Judgment of many learned and pious Men, have given a sufficient Vindication of the whole Performance.*

Of the Use of this Psalm Book.

The chief Design of this Work was to improve Psalmody, *or* Religious Singing, *and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in public Assemblies and private Families, with more Honour and Delight; yet the Author hopes the Reading of it may also entertain the Parlour and the Closet with devout Pleasure and holy Meditations. Therefore he would request his Readers at proper Seasons to peruse it through; and among* 340 *sacred Hymns they may find out several that suit their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends; they may teach their Children such as are proper for their Age, and by treasuring them in their Memory they may be furnished for pious Retirement, or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.*

Of chusing or finding the Psalm.

The Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and by consulting the Index *or* Table of Contents *at the End, he may find Hymns very proper for many Occasions of the Christian Life and Worship; though no Copy of* David's Psalter *can provide for all, as I have shewn in the* Preface.

Or if he remembers the first Line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines *will direct where to find it.*

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in Order, in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or single Christians.

Of naming the Psalms.

Let the Number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular Part of it: As for Instance; Let us sing the 33d Psalm, 2d Part, Common Metre; *or,* Let us sing

ſing the 91ſt Pſalm, 1ſt Part, beginning at the Pauſe; *or*, ending at the Pauſe; *or*, Let us ſing the 84th Pſalm as the 148th Pſalm, *&c.* *And then read over the firſt Stanza before you begin to ſing, that the People may find it in their Books, whether you ſing with or without reading Line for Line.*

Of dividing the Pſalms.

If the Pſalm be too long for the Time or Cuſtom of Singing, there are Pauſes *in many of them, at which you may properly reſt: Or you may leave out thoſe Verſes which are included in Crotchets* [] *without diſturbing the Senſe: Or in ſome Places you may begin to ſing at a Pauſe.*

Do not always confine yourſelves to ſix Stanza's, *but ſing ſeven or eight, rather than confound the Senſe, and abuſe the Pſalm in ſolemn Worſhip.*

Of the Manner of Singing.

It were to be wiſhed, that all Congregations and private Families would ſing as they do in foreign Proteſtant Countries, without reading Line by Line. Though the Author has done what he could to make the Senſe compleat in every Line or two, yet many Inconveniencies will always attend this unhappy Manner of Singing: But where it cannot be altered, theſe two Things may give ſome Relief.

Firſt, *let as many as can do it, bring* Pſalm-Books *with them, and look on the Words while they ſing, ſo far as to make the Senſe compleat.*

Secondly, *Let the Clerk read the whole Pſalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the Lines, that the People may have ſome Notion of what they ſing, and not be forced to drag on heavily through eight tedious Syllables without any Meaning, till the next Line come to give the Senſe of them.*

It were to be wiſhed alſo, that we might not dwell ſo long upon every ſingle Note, and produce the Syllables

to ſuch a tireſome Extent with a conſtant Uniformity of Time; which diſgraces the Muſic, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in ſinging five or ſix Stanzas; whereas if the Method of Singing *was but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleaſure of a longer Pſalm with leſs Expence of Time and Breath; and our Pſalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourſelves.*

The Various Meaſures of the Verſe are fitted to the Tunes of the Old PSALM-BOOK,

To the Common Tunes *ſing all intituled* Common-Metre.
To the Tunes *of the* 100th Pſalm *ſing all intituled* Long Metre.
To the Tune *of the* 25th Pſalm *ſing* Short Metre.
To the 50th Pſalm *ſing one Metre of the* 50th *and* 93d.
To the 112th *or* 127th Pſalm *ſing one Metre of the* 104th *and* 148th.
To the 113th Pſalm *ſing one Metre of the* 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, *laſt Part*, 96th, 119th, 113th.
To the 122d Pſalm *ſing one of the Metres of the* 93d 122d, *and* 133d.
To the 148th Pſalm *ſing one Metre of the* 84th, 121ſt, 136th, *and* 148th.
To a new Tune *ſing one Metre of the* 50th *and* 115th.

Dec. 1, 1718.

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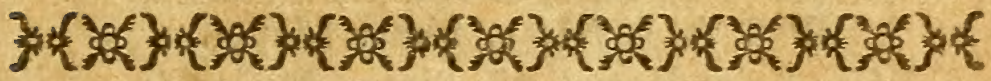

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 BLEST is the Man who ſhuns the Place
Where Sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffer's Seat.

2 But in the Statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief Delight;
By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

3 [He like a Plant of gen'rous Kind
By living Waters ſet,

Safe from the Storm and blasting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]
4 Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
Shall his Profession shine;
While Fruit of Holiness appear
Like Clusters on the Vine.
5 Not so the Impious and Unjust;
What vain Designs they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Dust,
Or Chaff before the Storm.
6 Sinners in Judgment shall not stand
Amongst the Sons of Grace,
When *Christ* the Judge at his right Hand
Appoints his Saints a Place.
7 His Eye beholds the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well;
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM 1. Short Metre.

The Saint Happy, the Sinner Miserable.

1 THE Man is ever blest
Who shuns the Sinners Ways,
Among their Counsels never stands,
Nor takes the Scorner's Place.
2 But makes the Law of God
His Study and Delight,
Amidst the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.
3 He like a Tree shall thrive,
With Waters near the Root:
Fresh as the Leaf his Name shall live,
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.
4 Not so th' ungodly Race,
They no such Blessings find;
Their Hopes shall flee like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

5 How

5 How will they bear to ſtand
Before that Judgment-Seat,
Where all the Saints at *Chriſt*'s Right-Hand
In full Aſſembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
The Ways the Righteous go;
But Sinners and their Works ſhall meet
A dreadful Overthrow.

PSALM 1. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go,
Who hates the Place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his Morning-Light
Amongſt the Statutes of the Lord;
And ſpends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleaſure pond'ring o'er the Word.

3 He like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal Green;
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams,
On every Work his Hands begin.

4 But Sinners find their Counſels croſt;
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies;
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

5 In vain the Rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In Judgment with the pious Race:
The dreadful Judge with ſtern Command
Divides him to a different Place.

6 "Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
"I bleſt the Path, and drew it plain;
"But you would chuſe the crooked Road;
"And down it leads to endleſs Pain."

PSALM 2. Short Metre.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern, *Acts* iv. 24, *&c.*

Christ *Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning.*

1 [MAKER and Sovereign Lord
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And answers thy Decrees.

2 The Things so long foretold
By *David* are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join to slay
Jesus, thine only Child.]

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Design;
Against the Lord their Pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their Rage,
And will support his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

7 He asks, and GOD bestows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remotest Ends
His Kingdom shall advance.

8 The Nations that rebel
Must feel his Iron Rod:

He'll

He'll vindicate those Honours well
Which he receiv'd from GOD.
9 [Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow,
To GOD's exalted Son.
10 If once his Wrath arise,
Ye perish on the Place;
Then blessed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.]

PSALM 2. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the Nations join to slay
The Lord's Anointed Son?
Why did they cast his Laws away,
And tread his Gospel down?
2 The Lord that sits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below,
He speaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And strikes their Spirits through.
3 "I call him my Eternal Son,
"And raise him from the Dead;
"I make my holy Hill his Throne,
"And wide his Kingdom spread.
4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
"The utmost *Heathen* Lands:
"Thy Rod of Iron shall destroy
"The Rebel that withstands."
5 Be wise, ye Rulers of the Earth,
Obey th' Anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
And tremble at his Word.
6 With humble Love address his Throne;
For if he frown ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone
Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM 2. Long Metre.

Chrift's *Death, Refurrection, and Afcenfion.*

1 WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage?
The *Romans* why their Swords employ;
Againft the Lord their Powers engage
His dear Anointed to deftroy?

2 "Come let us break his Bands, they fay,
"This Man fhall never give us Laws;"
And thus they caft his Yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the Crofs.

3 But GOD, who high in Glory reigns,
Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controuls;
He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
And fpeak in Thunder to their Souls.

4 "I will maintain their King I made
"On *Zion*'s everlafting Hill,
"My Hand fhall bring him from the Dead,
"And he fhall ftand your Sovereign ftill."

5 [His wond'rous Rifing from the Earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heavenly Birth:
"This Day have I begot my Son.

6 "Afcend, my Son, to my Right-hand,
"There thou fhalt afk, and I beftow
"The utmoft Bounds of Heathen Lands:
"To thee the *Northern* Ifles fhall bow."

7 But Nations that refift his Grace
Shall fall beneath his Iron Stroke;
His Rod fhall crufh his Foes with Eafe,
As Potters Earthen Work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye that fit on earthly Thrones,
Be wife, and ferve the Lord, the Lamb:
Now to his Feet fubmit your Crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his Name.

9 With

9 With humble Love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his Jealouſy.

10 His Storms ſhall drive you quick to Hell,
He is a GOD, and ye but Duſt;
Happy the Souls that know him well,
And make his Grace their only Truſt.

PSALM 3. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears ſuppreſt; or *GOD our Defence from Sin and Satan.*

1 MY GOD, how many are my Fears!
How faſt my Foes increaſe!
Conſpiring my eternal Death,
They break my preſent Peace.

2 The lying Tempter would perſuade
There's no Relief in Heav'n,
And all my ſwelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt ſilence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raiſe my drooping Head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a liſt'ning Ear;
I call'd my Father and my GOD,
And he ſubdu'd my Fear.

5 He ſhed ſoft Slumbers on mine Eyes;
In ſpight of all my Foes;
I 'woke and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repoſe.]

6 What though the Hoſts of Death and Hell,
All arm'd againſt me ſtood:
Terrors no more ſhall ſhake my Soul;
My Refuge is my GOD.

7 Ariſe, O Lord, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory ſing:

My

My GOD has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death hath loſt his Sting.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His Arm alone can ſave.
Bleſſings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

PSALM 3. *v.* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.
A Morning Pſalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my Foes
In this weak State of Fleſh and Blood!
My Peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But my Defence and Hope is GOD.
2 Tir'd with the Burthens of the Day,
To thee I rais'd an Evening Cry:
Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty Help was nigh.
3 Supported by thine heav'nly Aid
I laid me down, and ſlept ſecure:
Not Death ſhould make my Heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.
4 But GOD ſuſtain'd me all the Night;
Salvation doth to GOD belong:
He rais'd my Head to ſee the Light,
And make his Praiſe my Morning Song.

PSALM 4. *v.* 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.
Hearing of Prayer, or GOD our Portion, and Chriſt *our Hope.*

1 O GOD of Grace and Righteouſneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in Diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious Ear again.
2 Ye Sons of Men, in vain ye try
To turn my Glory into Shame:
How long will Scoffers love to lye,
And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

3 Know

3 Know that the Lord divides his Saints
From all the Tribes of Men beſide;
He hears the Cry of Penitents
For the dear Sake of *Chriſt* that dy'd.
4 When our obedient Hands have done
A Thouſand Works of Righteouſneſs,
We put our Truſt in GOD alone,
And Glory in his pard'ning Grace.
5 Let the unthinking Many ſay,
" *Who will beſtow ſome earthly Good?*"
But, Lord, thy Light and Love we pray;
Our Souls deſire this heavenly Food.
6 Then ſhall my chearful Pow'rs rejoice
At Grace and Favour ſo divine,
Nor will I change my happy Choice
For all their Corn, and all their Wine.

PSALM 4. *v.* 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.
An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.
2 And while I reſt my weary Head
From Cares and Buſineſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my Bed
With my own Heart and Thee.
3 I pay this Evening Sacrifice;
And when my Work is done,
Great GOD, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.
4 Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to Sleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

PSALM 5.
For the Lord's Day Morning.

1 LORD, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending high;

To

To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To thee lift up mine Eye.
2 Up to the Hills where *Christ* is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at his Father's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.
3 Thou art a GOD, before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand,
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right Hand.
4 But to thy House will I resort,
To taste thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worship in thy Fear.
5 O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteousness!
Make every Path of Duty strait,
And plain before my Face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful Enemies combine
To tempt my Feet astray;
They flatter with a base Design,
To make my Soul their Prey.
7 Lord crush the Serpent in the Dust,
And all his Plots destroy;
While those that in thy Mercy trust,
For ever shout for Joy.
8 The Men that love and fear thy Name,
Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty GOD will compass them
With Favour as a Shield.

PSALM 6. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickness; or *Diseases healed.*

1 IN Anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow so hot
Against a feeble Worm.

2 My

2 My Soul's bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Flesh with Pain oppreſt:
My Couch is Witneſs to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Reſt.

3 Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days;
I waſte the Night with Cries,
Counting the Minutes as they paſs,
'Till the ſlow Morning riſe.

4 Shall I be ſtill tormented more?
Mine Eye conſum'd with Grief?
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine Hand affords Relief?

5 He hears when Duſt and Aſhes ſpeak,
He pities all our Groans,
He ſaves us for his Mercy's Sake,
And heals our broken Bones.

6 The Virtue of his ſov'reign Word,
Reſtores our fainting Breath:
For ſilent Graves praiſe not the Lord,
Nor is he known in Death.

PSALM 6. Long Metre.

Temptation in Sickneſs overcome.

1 LORD, I can ſuffer thy rebukes,
When thou with Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe;
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not againſt me riſe!

2 Pity my languiſhing Eſtate,
And eaſe the Sorrows that I feel,
The Wounds thine heavy Hand hath made,
O let thy gentler Touches heal!

3 See how I paſs my weary Days
In Sighs and Groans; and when 'tis Night,
My Bed is water'd with my Tears;
My Grief conſumes, and dims my Sight.

4 Look how the Powers of Nature mourn!
How long, Almighty GOD, how long?

When

When ſhall thine Hour of Grace return?
When ſhall I make thy Grace my Song?
5 I feel my Fleſh ſo near the Grave,
My Thoughts are tempted to deſpair:
But Graves can never praiſe the Lord,
For all is Duſt and Silence there.
6 Depart, ye Tempters, from my Soul;
And all deſpairing Thoughts depart;
My GOD, who hears my humble Moan,
Will eaſe my Fleſh, and chear my Heart.

PSALM 7. Common Metre.

GOD's Care of his People, and Puniſhment of Perſecutors.

1 MY Truſt is in my heav'nly Friend,
My Hope in Thee, my GOD:
Riſe, and my helpleſs Life defend
From thoſe that ſeek my Blood.
2 With Inſolence and Fury they
My Soul in Pieces tear,
As hungry Lions rend the Prey
When no Deliverer's near.
3 If I had e'er provok'd them firſt,
Or once abus'd my Foe,
Then let him tread my Life to Duſt,
And lay mine Honour low.
4 If there be Malice found in me,
I know thy piercing Eyes;
I ſhould not dare appeal to Thee,
Nor aſk my GOD to riſe.
5 Ariſe, my GOD, lift up thy Hand,
Their Pride and Pow'r controul;
Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my Soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let Sinners and their wicked Rage
Be humbled to the Duſt:

Shall

Shall not the GOD of Truth engage
To vindicate the Juſt?
7 He knows the Heart, he tries the Reins,
He will defend th' Upright:
His ſharpeſt Arrows he ordains
Againſt the Sons of Spite.
8 For me their Malice digg'd a Pit,
But there themſelves are caſt;
My GOD makes all their Miſchiefs light
On their own Heads at laſt.]
9 That cruel perſecuting Race
Muſt feel his dreadful Sword:
Awake my Soul, and praiſe the Grace
And Juſtice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. Short Metre.

GOD's Sovereignty and Goodneſs; and Man's Dominion over the Creatures.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy Name is all Divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.
2 When to thy Works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring Eyes,
And ſee the Moon complete in Light
Adorn the darkſome Skies.
3 When I ſurvey the Stars,
And all their ſhining Forms,
Lord what is Man, that worthleſs Thing,
Akin to Duſt and Worms?
4 Lord what is worthleſs Man,
That thou ſhouldſt love him ſo?
Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.
5 Thine Honours crown his Head,
While Beaſts, like Slaves obey,
And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fiſh that cleave the Sea.

6 How

6 How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways:
Of Duſt and Worms thy Pow'r can frame
A Monument of Praiſe.

7 [Out of the Mouths of Babes
And ſucklings, thou canſt draw
Surprizing Honours to thy Name,
And ſtrike the World with Awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all Divine:
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM 8. Common Metre.

Chriſt's *Condeſcenſion and Glorification*; or, *GOD made Man.*

1 O LORD, our God, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy Works on high,
The Moon that rules the Night,
And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
Thoſe moving Worlds of Light;

3 Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
Who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhouldſt viſit him with Grace,
And love his Nature ſo?

4 That thine eternal Son ſhould bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To ſave a dying Worm.

5 [Yet while he liv'd on Earth unknown,
And Men would not adore,
Th' obedient Seas and Fiſhes own
His Godhead and his Pow'r.

6 The Waves lay ſpread beneath his Feet,
And Fiſh at his Command

Bring

Bring their large Shoals to *Peter*'s Net,
Bring Tribute to his Hand.
7 These lesser Glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly Cloud;
Now we behold him on his Throne,
And Men confess him GOD.]
8 Let him be crown'd with Majesty,
Who bow'd his Head to Death;
And be his Honours founded high,
By all Things that have Breath.
9 JESUS, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted Name!
The Glories of thy heav'nly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

PSALM 8. *v.* 1, 2. *Paraphrased.*
First Part. Long Metre.

The Hosanna of the Children; or, *Infants praising GOD.*

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the Skies,
Tho' the wide Earth thy Name is spread,
And thine eternal Glories rise
O'er all the Heav'ns thy Hands have made.
2 To Thee the Voices of the Young
A Monument of Honour raise;
And Babes with uninstructed Tongue
Declare the Wonders of thy Praise.
3 Thy Power assists their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To still the bold Blasphemer's Rage,
And all their Policies confound
4 Children amidst thy Temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's Face;
The *Son of David*, is their Song;
And young *Hosanna*'s fill the Place.
5 The frowning Scribes and angry Priests
In vain their impious Cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their Breasts,
While *Jewish* Babes proclaim their King.

PSALM

PSALM 8. *v.* 3, &c. *Paraphrased.*

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam *and* Christ, *Lords of the Old and New Creation.*

1 LORD, what was Man, when made at first,
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his Race
But just below an Angel's Place?

2 That thou shouldst raise his Nature so,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make every Beast and Bird submit,
And lay the Fishes at his Feet?

3 But, O! what brighter Glories wait
To crown the Second *Adam*'s State!
What Honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his Angels made;
See him in Dust amongst the Dead,
To save a ruin'd World from Sin:
But he shall reign with Pow'r divine.

5 The World to come redeem'd from all
The Mis'ries that attend the Fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit,
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

PSALM 9. *First Part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1 WITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim:
Thou Sov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong
Wilt put my Foes to Shame.

2 I'll sing thy Majesty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne,
To judge the World in Righteousness,
And make his Vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppress;

To

To ſave the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Reſt.
4 The Men that know thy Name, will truſt
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the Juſt,
Who humbly ſeek thy Face.
5 Sing Praiſes to the Righteous Lord,
Who dwells on *Zion*'s Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. *v.* 12. *Second Part.*

The Wiſdom and Equity of Providence.

1 WHEN the great Judge ſupreme and juſt,
Shall once enquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Duſt,
Shall find a faithful GOD.
2 He from the dreadful Gates of Death
Does his own Children raiſe;
In *Sion*'s Gates, with chearful Breath,
They ſing their Father's Praiſe.
3 His Foes ſhall fall with heedleſs Feet
Into the Pit they made:
And Sinners periſh in the Net
That their own Hands have ſpread.
4 Thus by thy Judgment, mighty GOD,
Are thy deep Counſels known;
When Men of Miſchief are deſtroy'd,
The Snare muſt be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The Wicked ſhall ſink down to Hell;
Thy Wrath devours the Lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Againſt thy known Commands.
6 Tho' Saints to ſore Diſtreſs are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their Cries ſhall not be ſtill forgot,
Nor ſhall their Hopes be vain.
7 [Riſe, great Redeemer, from thy Seat,
To judge and ſave the Poor;

Let Nations tremble at thy Feet,
And Man prevail no more.
8 Thy Thunder ſhall affright the Proud,
And put their Hearts to Pain,
Make 'em confeſs that thou art GOD,
And they but feeble Men.]

PSALM 10.

Prayer heard, and Saints ſaved; or, *Pride, Atheiſm and Oppreſſion puniſhed.*

For a Humiliation Day.

1 WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Diſtreſs?
2 Lord, ſhall the Wicked ſtill deride
Thy Juſtice and thy Power?
Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour?
3 They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then inſult the Poor;
They boaſt in their exalted Height,
That they ſhall fall no more.
4 Ariſe, O GOD, lift up thine Hand,
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand,
When GOD aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the Men of Malice rage,
And ſay, with fooliſh Pride,
" *The* GOD *of Heav'ns will ne'er engage*
" *To fight on* Zion's *Side.*"
6 But thou for ever art our Lord,
And pow'rful is thine Hand,
As when the Heathen felt thy Sword,
And periſh'd from thy Land.
7 Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine Ear to hear;

He

He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in Fear.

8 Proud Tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more deſpiſe the Juſt;
And mighty Sinners ſhall confeſs
They are but Earth and Duſt.

PSALM 11. Long Metre.

GOD loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

1 MY Refuge is the GOD of Love,
Why do my Foes inſult, and cry,
"*Fly like a timorous trembling Dove,*
"*To diſtant Woods or Mountains fly.*"

2 If Government be all deſtroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence makes Juſtice void,
Where ſhall the Righteous ſeek Redreſs?

3 The Lord in Heaven has fix'd his Throne,
His Eye ſurveys the World below;
To him all mortal Things are known,
His Eye-lids ſearch our Spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his Saints ſo far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Tranſgreſſors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

5 On impious Wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of Brimſtone, Fire and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of *Sodom*, with his angry Breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous Souls,
Whoſe Thoughts and Actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

PSALM 12. Long Metre.

The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times; or, *Sins of the Tongue complained of*, viz. *Blasphemy, Falshood*, &c.

1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and Truth will fly away;
A faithful Man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole Discourse when Neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with Trifles loose and vain;
Their Lips are Flatt'ry and Deceit,
And their proud Language is profane.

3 But Lips that with Deceit abound
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The God of Vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming Tongue.

4 "*Yet shall our Words be free*, they cry;
"*Our Tongues shall be controul'd by none:*
"*Where is the Lord will ask us why?*
"*Or say, our Lips are not our own?*"

5 The Lord, who sees the Poor oppreſt,
And hears th' Oppressor's haughty Strain,
Will rise to give his Children Rest,
Nor shall they trust his Word in vain.

6 Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit shall still appear;
Not Silver seven times purify'd
From Dross and Mixture shines so clear.

7 Thy Grace shall in the darkest Hour
Defend the holy Soul from Harm;
Tho' when the vilest Men have Power,
On ev'ry Side will Sinners swarm.

PSALM 12. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners; or, *The Promise and Signs of* CHRIST'*s coming to Judgment.*

1 HELP, Lord, for Men of Virtue fail,
Religion loses Ground;
The Sons of Violence prevail,
And Treacheries abound.
2 Their Oaths and Promises they break,
Yet Act the Flatterer's Part;
With fair deceitful Lips they speak,
And with a double Heart.
3 If we reprove some hateful Lye,
How is their Fury stirr'd?
" *Are not our Lips our own*, they cry,
" *And who shall be our Lord?*
4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry Side,
Where a vile Race of Men
Is rais'd to Seats of Pow'r and Pride,
And bears the Sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when Iniquities abound,
And Blasphemy grows bold,
When Faith is hardly to be found,
And Love is waxen cold;
6 Is not thy Chariot hast'ning on;
Hast thou not giv'n this Sign;
May we not trust and live upon
A Promise so divine?
7 " Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
" And make Oppressors flee;
" I shall appear to their Surprize,
" And set my Servants free.
8 Thy Word, like Silver seven times try'd,
Thro' Ages shall endure;
Then Men that in thy Truth confide,
Shall find the Promise sure.

PSALM 13. Long Metre.

Pleading with GOD under Desertion; or, *Hope in Darkness.*

1 HOW long, O Lord! shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his GOD in vain.
Canst thou thy Face for ever hide?
And I still pray and be deny'd?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my Soul thine Absence mourn?
And still despair of thy Return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled Breast
Be with these anxious Thoughts oppress,
And Satan, my malicious Foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death conclude my Grief.
If thou with-hold thy heav'nly Light,
I sleep in everlasting Night.

5 How will the Pow'rs of Darkness boast,
If but one praying Soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy Grace,
And shall again behold thy Face.

6 Whate'er my Fears or Foes suggest,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,
My Heart shall feel thy Love, and raise
My chearful Voice to Songs of Praise.

PSALM 13. Common Metre.

Complaints under Temptations of the Devil.

1 HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My GOD, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly Rays
That chace my Fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
And ease my raging Pain.

3 See

3 See how the Prince of Darkneſs tries
All his malicious Arts,
He ſpreads a Miſt around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.
4 Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haſte before mine Eyes are ſeal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.
5 How would the Tempter boaſt aloud
If I became his Prey!
Behold the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy ſo long Delay.
6 But they ſhall fly at thy Rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.
7 Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign Grace,
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my Lips in Praiſe,
And Victory ſhall be ſung.

PSALM 14. *First Part.*

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 FOOLS in their Hearts believe and ſay,
"That all Religion's vain,
"There is no GOD that reigns on high,
"Or minds th' Affairs of Men."
2 From Thoughts ſo dreadful and prophane
Corrupt Diſcourſe proceeds;
And in their impious Hands are found
Abominable Deeds.
3 The Lord from his Celeſtial Throne
Look'd down on Things below,
To find the Man that ſought his Grace,
Or did his Juſtice know.
4 By Nature all are gone aſtray,
Their Practice all the ſame;

There's none that fears his Maker's Hand,
There's none that loves his Name.
5 Their Tongues are us'd to ſpeak Deceit,
Their Slanders never ceaſe:
How ſwift to Miſchief are their Feet;
Nor know the Paths of Peace.
6 Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
In ev'ry Heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
Till Grace refine the Ground.

PSALM 14. *Second Part.*

The Folly of Perſecutors.

1 ARE Sinners now ſo ſenſeleſs grown
That they the Saints devour?
And never worſhip at thy Throne,
Nor fear thine awful Power?
2 Great GOD, appear to their Surprize,
Reveal thy dreadful Name;
Let them no more thy Wrath deſpiſe,
Nor turn our Hope to Shame.
3 Doſt thou not dwell among the Juſt,
And yet our Foes deride,
That we ſhould make thy Name our Truſt:
Great GOD, confound their Pride.
4 O that the joyful Day were come
To finiſh our Diſtreſs!
When GOD ſhall bring his Children home,
Our Songs ſhall never ceaſe.

PSALM 15. Common Metre.

Characters of a Saint; or, *a Citizen of* Zion; or, *The Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

1 WHO ſhall inhabit in thy Hill,
O GOD of Holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

2 That

2 That Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands.
3 He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor slanders with his Tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.
4 The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,
Still he performs his Word.
5 His Hands disdain a Golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor.
This Man shall dwell with GOD on Earth,
And find his Heav'n secure.

PSALM 15. Long Metre.

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth; or, *Duties to God and Man*; or, *The Qualifications of a Christian.*

1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly Place,
Great GOD, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with GOD below.
2 Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean;
Whose Lips still speak the Thing they mean;
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue:
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.
3 [Scarce will he trust an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt:
Sinners of State he can despise,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]
4 [Firm to his Word he ever stood,
And always makes his Promise good:
Nor dares to change the Thing he swears,
Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.]
6 He loves his Enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his Face:
And doth to all Men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.
7 Yet, when his holiest Works are done,
His Soul depends on Grace alone;
This is the Man thy Face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

PSALM 16. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Confession of our Poverty; and, *Saints the best Company*; or, *Good Works profit Men, not GOD.*

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in Time of Need,
For Succour to thy Throne I flee,
But have no Merits there to plead;
My Goodness cannot reach to Thee.
2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confest,
How empty and how poor I am;
My Praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.
3 Yet, Lord, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good we do;
These are the Company I keep,
These are the choicest Friends I know.
4 Let others chuse the Sons of Mirth,
To give a Relish to their Wine;
I love the Men of heav'nly Birth,
Whose Thoughts and Language are divine.

PSALM 16. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's *All-sufficiency.*

1 HOW fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some Idol-God!
I will not taste their Sacrifice,
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood. 2 My

2 My GOD provides a richer Cup;
And nobler Food to live upon;
He for my Life has offer'd up
JESUS his best-beloved Son.
3 His Love is my perpetual Feast;
By Day his Counsels guide me right;
And be his Name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet Advice by Night.
4 I set him still before mine Eyes;
At my Right-Hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surprize,
And be my everlasting Guard.

PSALM 16. *Third Part.* Long Metre.
Courage in Death, and Hope in the Resurrection.

1 WHEN GOD is nigh, my Faith is strong,
His Arm is my Almighty Prop;
Be glad, my Heart, rejoice my Tongue,
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.
2 Though in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.
3 My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.
4 There Streams of endless Pleasure flow,
And full Discov'ries of thy Grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

PSALM 16. *v.* 1--8. *First Part.* Common Metre.
Support and Counsel from GOD without Merit.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from every Foe;
In Thee my Trust I place:
Though all the Good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy Grace;

2 Yet if my GOD prolong my Breath,
The Saints may profit by't;
The Saints the Glory of the Earth,
The Men of my Delight.
3 Let Heathens to their Idols haſte,
And worſhip Wood or Stone;
But my delightful Lot is caſt
Where the true GOD is known.
4 His Hand provides my conſtant Food,
He fills my daily Cup;
Much am I pleas'd with preſent Good,
But more rejoice in Hope.
5 GOD is my Portion and my Joy;
His Counſels are my Light:
He gives me ſweet Advice by Day,
And gentle Hints by Night.
6 My Soul would all her Thoughts approve
To his all-ſeeing Eye;
Not Death nor Hell my Hope ſhall move
While ſuch a Friend is nigh.

PSALM 16. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Death and Reſurrection of Chriſt.

1 "I Set the Lord before my Face,
" He bears my Courage up:
" My Heart and Tongue their Joys expreſs,
" My Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.
2 " My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
" Where Souls departed are;
" Nor quit my Body to the Grave
" To ſee Corruption there.
3 " Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
" And raiſe me to thy Throne:
" Thy Courts immortal Pleaſure give,
" Thy Preſence Joys unknown."
4 [Thus in the Name of Chriſt, the Lord,
The holy *David* ſung,

And

And Providence fulfils the Word
Of his prophetick Tongue.
5 *Jesus*, whom every Saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the Tomb its Prey restores,
Behold he lives again.
6 When shall my Feet arise and stand
On Heav'n's eternal Hills?
There sits the Son at GOD's Right-hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM 17. *v.* 13, *&c.* Short Metre.

Portion of Saints and Sinners; or, *Hope and Despair in Death.*

1 ARISE, my gracious GOD,
And make the Wicked flee:
They are but thy chastising Rod
To drive thy Saints to Thee.
2 Behold the Sinner dies,
His haughty Words are vain;
Here in this Life his Pleasure lies,
And all beyond is Pain.
3 Then let his Pride advance,
And boast of all his Store;
The Lord is my Inheritance,
My Soul can wish no more.
4 I shall behold the Face
Of my forgiving GOD:
And stand compleat in Righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's Blood.
5 There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Dreft in the Likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal Breath.

PSALM 17. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope; or, *The Heaven of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;

When Men of Spite against me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.
2 Their Hope and Portion lie below;
'Tis all the Happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their Shares,
And leave the rest among their Heirs.
3 What Sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful Face,
And stand compleat in Righteousness.
4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World, to which I go,
Hath Joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
5 O glorious Hour! O blest Abode!
I shall be near, and like my GOD;
And Flesh and Sin no more controul
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.
6 My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,
Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burst the Chains with sweet Surprize,
And in my Saviour's Image rise.

PSALM 18. *First Part.*

Long Metre. *v.* 1--6, 15--18.

Deliverance from Despair; or, *Temptations overcome.*

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my Strength,
My Rock, my Tow'r, my high Defence;
Thy mighty Arm shall be my Trust,
For I have found Salvation thence.
2 Death, and the Terrors of the Grave,
Stood round me with their dismal Shade;
While Floods of high Temptations rose,
And made my sinking Soul afraid.
3 I saw the op'ning Gates of Hell,
With endless Pains and Sorrow there.
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurry'd to despair.

4 In

4 In my Diſtreſs I call'd my GOD,
When I could ſcarce believe him mine:
He bow'd his Ear to my Complaint;
Then did his Grace appear divine.
5 [With Speed he flew to my Relief,
As on a Cherub's Wing he rode;
Awful and bright as Lightning ſhone
The Face of my Deliv'rer GOD.
6 Temptations fled at his Rebuke,
The Blaſt of his Almighty Breath;
He ſent Salvation from on high,
And drew me from the Deeps of Death.]
7 Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength, and more their Rage;
But *Chriſt*, my Lord, is Conqu'ror ſtill
In all the Wars that Devils wage.
8 My Song for ever ſhall record
That terrible, that joyful Hour;
And give the Glory to the Lord
Due to his Mercy and his Power.

PSALM 18. *Second Part.*

v. 20---26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſeen my Soul ſincere,
Haſt made thy Truth and Love appear;
Before mine Eyes I ſet thy Laws,
And thou haſt own'd my righteous Cauſe.
2 Since I have learn'd thy holy Ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.
3 What ſore Temptations broke my Reſt!
What Wars and Strugglings in my Breaſt!
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within
I guard againſt my darling Sin.
4 That Sin that cloſe beſets me ſtill,
That works and ſtrives againſt my Will;

When

When ſhall thy Spirit's Sov'reign Pow'r
Deſtroy it that it riſe no more?
5 [With an impartial Hand the Lord
Deals out to Mortals their Reward:
The kind and faithful Soul ſhall find
A GOD as faithful and as kind.
6 The Juſt and Pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they:
And Men that love Revenge, ſhall know,
GOD hath an Arm of Vengeance too.

PSALM 18. *Third Part.*

Long Metre. *v.* 30, 31. 34, 35. 46, *&c.*
Rejoicing in GOD; or, *Salvation and Triumph.*

1 JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my ſecure Abode:
Who is a GOD beſide the Lord?
Or where's a Refuge like our GOD?
2 'Tis he that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to wield:
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.
3 He lives (and bleſſed be my Rock)
The GOD of my Salvation lives,
The dark Deſigns of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.
4 Before the Scoffers of the Age
I will exalt my Father's Name,
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.
5 To *David* and his Royal Seed
Thy Grace for ever ſhall extend;
Thy Love to Saints in Chriſt their Head,
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM 18. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

1 WE love Thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine Arm reveal'd:

Thou

Thou art our Strength, our heav'nly Tow'r,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.
2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure Defence;
His holy Name our Lips invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.
3 When GOD, our Leader, ſhines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?
The Lightning of his Spear?
4 He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in Array,
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And ſwift as Flames obey.
5 He ſpeaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are diſmay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look
Strikes all their Courage dead.
6 He forms our Gen'rals for the Field,
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful Sword to wield,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.
7 [He arms our Captains to the Fight,
(Tho' there his Name's forgot;
He girded *Cyrus* with his Might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)
8 Oft' has the Lord whole Nations bleſt,
For his own Church's Sake;
The Pow'rs that give his People Reſt,
Shall of his Care partake.]

PSALM 18. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

1 TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
The Triumph of the Day;
Thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,
And melt their Strength away.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,
And break united Pow'rs,
Or burn their boasted Fleets, or scale
The proudest of their Tow'rs.
3 How have we chas'd them thro' the Field,
And trod them to the Ground;
While thy Salvation was our Shield,
But they no Shelter found!
4 In vain to idle Saints they cry,
And perish in their Blood;
Where is a Rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our GOD?
5 The Rock of *Israel* ever lives,
His Name be ever blest;
'Tis his own Arm the Vict'ry gives,
And gives his People Rest.
6 On Kings that reign as *David* did,
He pours his Blessings down;
Secures their Honours to their Seed,
And well supports the Crown.

PSALM 19. First Part. Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and of Scripture.

1 BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker GOD,
And all his Starry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.
2 The Darkness and the Light
Still keep their Course the same;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.
3 In ev'ry diff'rent Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;
They shew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.
4 Ye *British* Lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his Word,
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His

5 His Statutes and Commands
  Are set before our Eyes,
He put his Gospel in our Hands,
  Where our Salvation lies.
6 His Laws are just and pure,
  His Truth without Deceit,
His Promises for ever sure,
  And his Rewards are great.
7 [Not Honey to the Taste
  Affords so much Delight,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace past,
  So much allures the Sight.
8 While of thy Works I sing,
  Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praise, my GOD, my King,
  In my Redeemer's Name.]

PSALM 19. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

GOD's Word most excellent; or, *Sincerity and Watchfulness.*

For a Lord's Day Morning.

1 BEHOLD the Morning Sun
  Begins his glorious Way;
His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
  And Life and Light convey.
2 But where the Gospel comes,
  It spreads diviner Light,
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
  And gives the Blind their Sight.
3 How perfect is thy Word!
  And all thy Judgments just;
For ever sure thy Promise, Lord,
  And Men securely trust.
4 My gracious GOD, how plain
  Are thy Directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
  But find the Path to Heav'n.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, left I ſtray.

6 O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous Mind
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

7 Warn me of ev'ry Sin;
Forgive my ſecret Faults,
And cleanſe this guilty Soul of mine,
Whoſe Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

8 While with my Heart and Tongue
I ſpread thy Praiſe abroad;
Accept the Worſhip and the Song,
My Saviour and my GOD.

PSALM 19. Long Metre.

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compar'd; or, *The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
In ev'ry Star thy Wiſdom ſhines:
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt Volume thou haſt writ
Reveals thy Juſtice and thy Grace.

3 Sun, Moon and Stars, convey thy Praiſe
Round the whole Earth, and never ſtand:
So when thy Truth begun its Race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

4 Nor ſhall thy ſpreading Goſpel reſt
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run;
Till *Chriſt* has all the Nations bleſt
That ſee the Light, or feel the Sun.

5 Great

5 Great Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe;
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.
6 Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

PSALM 19. To the Tune of the 113th Pſalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 GReat God, the Heav'n's well order'd Frame
Declares the Glories of thy Name:
There thy rich Works of Wonder ſhine,
A thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear
Of boundleſs Pow'r, and Skill divine.
2 From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heav'nly Wiſdom read;
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.
3 Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journeys of the Sun,
And every Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun, like ſome young Bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.
4 Where-e'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad,
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his Maker GOD;
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe:
Thus GOD in every Creature ſhines;
Fair is the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is the Book of Grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy thoſe Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt! Thy

Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbears my Feet to ſtray,
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to Reſt.
6 From the Diſcov'ries of thy Law
The perfect Rules of Life I draw;
Theſe are my Study and Delight;
Not Honey ſo invites the Taſte,
Nor Gold that hath the Furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the Sight.
7 Thy Threat'nings wake my ſlumb'ring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed Goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty Conſcience clean,
Converts my Soul, ſubdues my Sin,
And gives a free, but large Reward.
8 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My GOD, forgive my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain;
Accept my poor Attempts of Praiſe,
That I have read thy Book of Grace,
And Book of Nature not in vain.

PSALM 20.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1 NOW may the GOD of Pow'r and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry!
Jehovah hears when *Isr'el* prays,
And brings Deliv'rance from on high.
2 The Name of *Jacob*'s GOD defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He from his Sanctuary ſends
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls.
3 Well he remembers all our Sighs,
His Love exceeds our beſt Deſerts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

4 In

4 In his Salvation is our Hope,
And in the Name of Isr'el's GOD,
Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.
5 Some trust in Horses train'd for War,
And some in Chariots make their Boasts;
Our surest Expeditions are
From Thee, the Lord of heav'nly Hosts.
6 [O may the Mem'ry of thy Name
Inspire our Armies for the Fight!
Our Foes shall fall and die with Shame,
Or quit the Field with shameful Flight.]
7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and strong,
Till thy Salvation shall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

PSALM 21. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise
Shall in thy Strength rejoice,
And, blest with thy Salvation, raise
To Heav'n his chearful Voice.
2 Thy sure Defence thro' Nations round
Has spread his glorious Name;
And his successful Actions crown'd
With Majesty and Fame.
3 Then let the King on GOD alone
For timely Aid rely;
His Mercy shall support the Throne,
And all our Wants supply,
4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn Foes
Shall feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those
That hate his mild Command.
5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful Doom

Shall

Shall, like a fiery Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them consume.
6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Power declare,
And thus exalt thy Fame;
While we glad Songs of Praise prepare
For thine Almighty Name.

PSALM 21. *v.* 1----9. Long Metre.

Christ *exalted to the Kingdom.*

1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by special Grace,
But *Christ* the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the Triumph and the Praise.
2 How great is the *Messiah*'s Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.
3 Thy Goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least Request with-hold:
Blessings of Love prevent him still,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.
4 Honour and Majesty divine
Around his sacred Temple shine;
Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlasting Days.
5 Thine Hand shall find out all his Foes;
And as a fiery Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So shall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

PSALM 22. *v.* 1-----16. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

1 WHY has my God my Soul forsook,
Nor will a Smile afford?
(Thus *David* once in Anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)
2 Though 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints, Yet

Yet thou canſt hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.
3 Our Fathers truſted in thy Name,
And great Deliv'rance found;
But I'm a Worm deſpis'd of Men,
And trodden to the Ground.
4 Shaking the Head they paſs me by,
And laugh my Soul to Scorn;
"*In vain he truſts in God,* they cry,
"*Neglected and forlorn.*"
5 But thou art He who form'd my Fleſh,
By thine Almighty Word,
And ſince I hung upon the Breaſt,
My Hope is in the Lord.
6 Why will my Father hide his Face
When Foes ſtand threat'ning round
In the dark Hour of deep Diſtreſs,
And not an Helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy Darling left among
The Cruel and the Proud,
As Bulls of *Baſhan* fierce and ſtrong,
As Lions roaring loud.
8 From Earth and Hell my Sorrows meet
To multiply the Smart;
They nail my Hands, they pierce my Feet,
And try to vex my Heart.
9 Yet if thy Sov'reign Hand let looſe
The Rage of Earth and Hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruiſe
The Son he loves ſo well?
10 My GOD, if poſſible it be,
With-hold this bitter Cup:
But I reſign my Will to Thee,
And drink the Sorrows up.
11 My Heart diſſolves with Pangs unknown,
In Groans I waſte my Breath:

Thy

Thy heavy Hand has brought me down
Low as the Duſt of Death.
12 Father, I give my Spirit up,
And truſt it in thy Hand;
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope,
And riſe at thy Command.

PSALM 22. *v.* 20, 21, 27--31. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Chriſt's *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

1 "*NOW from the roaring Lion's Rage,*
"*O Lord, protect thy Son,*
"*Nor leave thy Darling to engage*
"*The Pow'rs of Hell alone.*"
2 Thus did our ſuff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty Cries and Tears;
GOD heard him in that dreadful Day,
And chas'd away his Fears.
3 Great was the Vict'ry of his Death,
His Throne exalted high:
And all the Kindreds of the Earth
Shall worſhip or ſhall die.
4 A num'rous Offspring muſt ariſe
From his expiring Groans;
They ſhall be reckon'd in his Eyes
For Daughters and for Sons.
5 The meek and humble Souls ſhall ſee
His Table richly ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be
With Joys immortal fed.
6 The Iſles ſhall know the Righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate GOD.
And Nations yet unborn profeſs
Salvation in his Blood.

PSALM 22. Long Metre.

Chriſt's *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

1 NOW let our mournful Songs record
The dying Sorrows of our Lord,

When

When he complain'd in Tears and Blood,
As one forſaken of his GOD.
2 The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhake their Heads and laugh in Scorn;
" He reſcu'd others from the Grave;
" Now let him try himſelf to ſave.
3 " This is the Man did once pretend
" GOD was his Father and his Friend;
" If GOD the Bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
" Why doth he fail to help him now?"
4 Barbarous People! Cruel Prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage Beaſts;
Like Lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their Pow'r.
5 They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Streams of Blood each other meet;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.
6 But GOD his Father heard his Cry;
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high;
The Nations learn his Righteouſneſs,
And humble Sinners taſte his Grace.

PSALM 23. Long Metre.

GOD *our Shepherd.*

1 MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now ſhall my Wants be well ſupply'd;
His Providence and holy Word
Become my Safety and my Guide.
2 In Paſtures where Salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt,
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely bleſt.
3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways miſtake;
But he reſtores my Soul to Peace,
And leads me for his Mercy's Sake
In the fair Paths of Righteouſneſs.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope ſhall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
5 Amidſt the Darkneſs and the Deeps
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay;
Thy Staff ſupports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.
6 The Sons of Earth, and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodneſs and repine
To ſee my Table ſpread ſo well
With living Bread and chearful Wine.
7 [How I rejoice when on my Head
Thy Spirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine Anointing, ſhed
Like Oil of Gladneſs at a Feaſt.
8 Surely the Mercies of the Lord
Attend his Houſhold all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To ſeek his Face, and ſing his Praiſe.]

PSALM 23. Common Metre.

1 MY Shepherd will ſupply my Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living Stream.
2 He brings my wand'ring Spirit back
When I forſake his Ways,
And leads me for his Mercy's Sake
In Paths of Truth and Grace.
3 When I walk through the Shades of Death,
Thy Preſence is my Stay;
A Word of thy ſupporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.
4 Thy Hand in Spite of all my Foes
Doth ſtill my Table ſpread;
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

5 Th

5 The ſure Proviſions of my God
Attend me all my Days;
O may thy Houſe be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praiſe!
6 There would I find a ſettled Reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Gueſt,
But like a Child at Home.

PSALM 23. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?
2 He leads me to the Place
Where heav'nly Paſture grows,
Where living Waters gently paſs,
And full Salvation flows.
3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his moſt holy Name.
4 While he affords his Aid
I cannot yield to Fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
5 In Spite of all my Foes,
Thou doſt my Table ſpread,
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.
6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

PSALM 24. Common Metre,

Dwelling with GOD.

1 THE Earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam*'s num'rous Race;

He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods,
And built it on the Seas.
2 But who among the Sons of Men
May visit thine Abode?
He that has Hands from Mischief clean,
Whose Heart is right with GOD.
3 This is the Man may rise and take
The Blessings of his Grace;
This is the Lot of those that seek
The GOD of *Jacob*'s Face.
4 Now let our Souls immortal Pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting Doors,
The King of Glory's near.
5 The King of Glory! Who can tell
The Wonders of his Might?
He rules the Nations; but to dwell
With Saints is his Delight.

PSALM 24. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's *Ascension*.

1 THIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,
And Men and Worms, and Beasts and Birds;
He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.
2 But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky;
Who shall ascend that blest Abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, GOD?
3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his Soul with Righteousness.
4 These are the Men, the pious Race
That seek the God of *Jacob*'s Face;
These shall enjoy the blissful Sight,
And dwell in everlasting Light.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice ye ſhining Worlds on high;
Behold the King of Glory nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.
6 Ye heav'nly Gates, your Leaves diſplay,
To make the Lord the Saviour Way;
Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
7 Rais'd from the Dead he goes before,
He opens Heav'n's eternal Door,
To give his Saints a bleſt Abode
Near their Redeemer and their GOD.

PSALM 25. *v.* 1---11. *Firſt Part.*

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1 I LIFT my Soul to GOD,
My Truſt is in his Name;
Let not my Foes that ſeek my Blood,
Still triumph in my Shame.
2 Sin, and the Pow'rs of Hell,
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy Cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the Snare.
3 From the firſt dawning Light
Till the dark Ev'ning riſe,
For thy Salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing Eyes.
4 Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;
Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.
5 The Lord is juſt and kind,
The Meek ſhall learn his Ways,
And every humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

6 For his own Goodness Sake,
He saves my Soul from Shame.
He pardons (tho' my Guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM 25. *v.* 12, 14,-10, 13. *Second Part.*
Divine Instruction.

1 WHERE shall the Man be found
That fears t' offend his GOD,
That loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?
2 The Lord shall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart,
The Wonders of his Cov'nant show,
And all his Love impart.
3 The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy still,
With such as to his Cov'nant stand,
And love to do his Will.
4 Their Souls shall dwell at Ease
Before their Maker's Face,
Their Seed shall taste the Promises
In their extensive Grace.

PSALM 25. *v.* 15---22. *Third Part.*
Distress of Soul; or, *Backsliding and Desertion.*

1 MINE Eyes and my Desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his Promises,
And rest upon his Word.
2 Turn, turn thee to my Soul,
Bring thy Salvation near;
When will thy Hand release my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare?
3 When shall the Sov'reign Grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous Ways
My wand'ring Feet have trod!

4 The

4 The Tumult of my Thoughts
  Doth but enlarge my Woe:
My Spirit languiſhes, my Heart
  Is deſolate and low.
5 With every Morning Light
  My Sorrow new begins;
Look on my Anguiſh and my Pain,
  And pardon all my Sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the Hoſts of Hell,
  How cruel is their Hate?
Againſt my Life they riſe, and join
  Their Fury with Deceit.
7 O keep my Soul from Death,
  Nor put my Hope to Shame;
For I have plac'd my only Truſt
  In my Redeemer's Name.
8 With humble Faith I wait
  To ſee thy Face again;
Of *Iſr'el* it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
  He ſought the Lord in vain.

PSALM 26.

Self-Examination; or, *Evidences of Grace.*

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my Ways,
  And try my Reigns, and try my Heart;
My Faith upon thy Promiſe ſtays,
Nor from thy Law my Feet depart.
2 I hate to walk, I hate to ſit
With Men of Vanity and Lies;
The Scoffer and the Hypocrite,
Are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.
3 Amongſt thy Saints will I appear
With Hands well waſh'd in Innocence:
But when I ſtand before thy Bar,
The Blood of *Chriſt* is my Defence.

4 I love thy Habitation, Lord,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonder tell.
5 Let not my Soul be join'd at last
With Men of Treachery and Blood,
Since I my Days on Earth have past
Among the Saints, and near my GOD.

PSALM 27. *v.* 1---6. *First Part.*
The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
GOD is my Strength; nor will I fear
What all my Foes can do.
2 One Privilege my Heart desires;
O grant me an Abode
Among the Churches of thy Saints,
The Temples of my GOD!
3 There shall I offer my Requests,
And see thy Beauty still;
Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
And there enquire thy Will.
4 When Troubles rise, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide;
God has a strong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.
5 Now shall my Head be lifted high
Above my Foes around;
And Songs of Joy and Victory
Within thy Temple sound.

PSALM 27. *v.* 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*
Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"*Ye Children, seek my Grace,*"
My Heart reply'd without Delay,
"*I'll seek my Father's Face.*"

2 Let

2 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away;
God of my Life, I flee to thee
In a distressing Day.
3 Should Friends and Kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die;
My GOD would make my Life his Care;
And all my Need supply.
4 My fainting Flesh had dy'd with Grief,
Had not my Soul believ'd
To see thy Grace provide Relief,
Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.
5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling Saints,
And keep your Courage up;
He'll raise your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceeds your Hope.

PSALM 29.

Storm and Thunder.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the Lord Renown and Pow'r,
Ascribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore.
2 The Lord proclaims his Pow'r aloud
Over the Ocean and the Land;
His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud,
And Lightnings blaze at his Command.
3 He speaks, and Tempest, Hail and Wind,
Lay the wide Forest bare around;
The fearful Hart and frighted Hind,
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.
4 To *Lebanon* he turns his Voice,
And low the stately Cedars break:
The Mountains tremble at the Noise,
The Vallies roar, the Desarts quake.
5 The Lord sits Sov'reign on the Flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;

But makes his Church his bleſt Abode,
Where we his awful Glories ſing.
6 In gentler Language there the Lord
The Counſel of his Grace imparts:
Amidſt the raging Storm, his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

PSALM 30. *Firſt Part.*

Sickneſs healed, and Sorrows removed.

1 I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high,
At thy Command Diſeaſes fly;
Who but a God can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark Borders of the Grave?
2 Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodneſs is;
Let all your Pow'rs rejoice and bleſs,
While you record his Holineſs.
3 His Anger but a Moment ſtays;
His Love is Life and Length of Days:
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning-Star reſtores the Joy.

PSALM 30. *v.* 6. *Second Part.*

Health, Sickneſs, and Recovery.

1 FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be Night:
Fondly I ſaid within my Heart,
" *Pleaſure and Peace ſhall ne'er depart.*"
2 But I forgot thine Arm was ſtrong,
Which made my Mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.
3 I cry'd aloud to Thee, my God;
" What can'ſt thou profit by my Blood?
" Deep in the Duſt can I declare
" Thy Truth, or ſing thy Goodneſs there?

4 " Hear

4 " Hear me, O GOD of Grace, I ſaid,
" And bring me from among the Dead :"
Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning Love remov'd my Guilt.
5 My Groans, and Tears, and Forms of Woe,
Are turn'd to Joy and Praiſes now ;
I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
And Eaſe and Gladneſs gird me round.
6 My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy Name ;
Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound thro' Earth and Heav'n
For Sickneſs heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

PSALM 31. *v.* 13---19, 22, 23. *Firſt Part.*
Deliverance from Death.

1 INTO thine Hand, O GOD of Truth,
My Spirit I commit ;
Thou haſt redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And ſav'd me from the Pit.
2 The Paſſions of my Hope and Fear
Maintain'd a double Strife,
While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conſpir'd
To take away my Life.
3 " *My Times are in thy Hand,*" I cry'd,
" *Tho' I draw near the Duſt :*"
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The GOD in whom I truſt.
4 O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy Mercy-Sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my Haſte, my Spirit ſaid,
" *I muſt deſpair and die,*
" *I am cut off before thine Eyes* ;"
But thou haſt heard my Cry.]
6 Thy Goodneſs how divinely free,
How wond'rous is thy Grace,

To those that fear thy Majesty,
And trust thy Promises!
7 O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
And sing his Praises loud;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompense the Proud.

PSALM 31. *v.* 7---13---18---21. *Second Part.*
Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 MY Heart rejoices in thy Name,
My GOD, my Help, my Trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my Face from Shame,
Mine Honour from the Dust,
2 "My Life is spent with Grief, I cry'd;
"My Years consum'd in Groans,
"My Strength decays, mine Eyes are dry'd,
"And Sorrow wastes my Bones."
3 Among mine Enemies my Name
Was a mere Proverb grown,
While to my Neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.
4 Slander and Fear on every Side
Seiz'd and beset me round,
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd
And speedy Rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great Deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the Sons of Men!
The lying Lips to Silence brought,
And made their Boastings vain!
6 Thy Children from the Strife of Tongues
Shall thy Pavilion hide,
Guard them from Infamy and Wrongs,
And crush the Sons of Pride.
7 Within thy secret Presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced City, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a Saint so well.

PSALM

PSALM 32. Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of Sins upon Confeſſion.

1 O BLESSED Souls are they
Whoſe Sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their Guilt no more.
2 They mourn their Follies paſt,
And keep their Hearts with Care;
Their Lips and Lives without Deceit
Shall prove their Faith ſincere.
3 While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring Wound,
Till I confeſs'd my Sins to thee,
And ready Pardon found.
4 Let Sinners learn to pray,
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
Our Help in Times of deep Diſtreſs,
Is found in GOD alone.

PSALM 32. Common Metre.

Free Pardon, and ſincere Obedience; or, *Confeſſion and Forgiveneſs.*

1 HAPPY the Man to whom his GOD
No more imputes his Sin,
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's Blood,
Hath made his Garments clean!
2 Happy, beyond Expreſſion, he,
Whoſe Debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty Bondage free,
He feels his Soul enlarg'd.
3 His Spirit hates Deceit and Lies,
His Words are all ſincere:
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conſcience clear.
4 While I my inward Guilt ſuppreſt,
No Quiet could I find;

Thy

Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.
5 Then I confess'd my troubled Thoughts,
My secret Sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning Grace forgave my Faults,
Thy Grace my Pardon seal'd.
6 This shall invite thy Saints to pray;
When like a raging Flood,
Temptations rise, our Strength and Stay
Is a forgiving GOD.

PSALM 32. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Repentance and Free Pardon; or, *Justification and Sanctification.*

1 BLEST is the Man, for ever blest,
Whose Guilt is pardon'd by his GOD,
Whose Sins with Sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's Blood.
2 Blest is the Man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his Iniquities,
He pleads no Merit of Reward,
And not on Works, but Grace relies.
3 From Guile his Heart and Lips are free,
His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
With deep Repentance well agree,
And join to prove his Faith sincere.
4 How glorious is that Righteousness
That hides and cancels all his Sins!
While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and shines.

PSALM 32. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

1 WHILE I keep Silence, and conceal
My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
What Torments doth my Conscience feel!
What Agonies of inward Smart!

2 I ſpread my Sins before the Lord,
And all my ſecret Faults confeſs;
Thy Goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning Word,
Thine holy Spirit ſeals the Grace.
3 For this ſhall every humble Soul
Make ſwift Addreſſes to thy Seat:
When Floods of huge Temptations roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſt Retreat.
4 How ſafe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear,
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me ſafe from every Snare.

PSALM 33. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye Righteous, in the Lord,
This Work belongs to you:
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, juſt and true!
2 His Mercy and his Righteouſneſs
Let Heaven and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wond'rous Name.
3 His Wiſdom and Almighty Word
The heav'nly Arches ſpread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their ſhining Hoſts were made.
4 He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.
5 Ye Tenants of the ſpacious Earth,
With Fear before him ſtand;
He ſpake; and Nature took its Birth,
And reſts on his Command.
6 He ſcorns the angry Nations Rage,
And breaks their vain Deſigns;

His

His Counſel ſtands thro' every Age,
And in full Glory ſhines.

PSALM 33. *Second Part.* Common Metre.
Creatures vain, and God All-ſufficient.

1 BLEST is the Nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious Throne:
Where he reveals his heav'nly Word,
And calls their Tribes his own.
2 His Eye with infinite Survey,
Does the whole World behold;
He form'd us all of equal Clay,
And knows our feeble Mould.
3 Kings are not reſcu'd by the Force
Of Armies from the Grave;
Nor Speed, nor Courage of an Horſe
Can the bold Rider ſave.
4 Vain is the Strength of Beaſts or Men,
To hope for Safety thence;
But holy Souls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure Defence.
5 GOD is their Fear, and GOD their Truſt;
When Plagues or Famine ſpread,
His watchful Eye ſecures the Juſt
Among ten thouſand Dead.
6 Lord, let our Hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy Throne;
For we have made thy Word our Choice,
And truſt thy Grace alone.

PSALM 33. As the 113th Pſalm. *First Part.*
Works of Creation and Providence.

1 YE holy Souls, in GOD rejoice,
Your Maker's Praiſe becomes your Voice,
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new:
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways.
His Works of Nature, and of Grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true!

2 Juſtice

2 Justice and Truth he ever loves!
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,
His Word the heav'nly Arches spread;
How wide they shine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the starry Armies made.
3 He gathers the wide flowing Seas,
Those wat'ry Treasures know their Place
In the vast Store-house of the Deep.
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth;
And Fires, and Seas, and Heav'n, and Earth
His everlasting Orders keep.
4 Let Mortals tremble and adore
A GOD of such resistless Pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage;
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands;
But his eternal Counsel stands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

PSALM 33. As the 113th Psalm. *Second Part.*

Creatures vain, and God *All-sufficient.*

1 O HAPPY Nation, where the Lord
Reveals the Treasure of his Word,
And builds his Church, his earthly Throne!
His Eye the Heathen World surveys,
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways,
But GOD their Maker is unknown.
2 Let Kings rely upon their Host,
And of his Strength the Champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal Force;
Or Speed or Courage of an Horse,
To guard his Rider, or to fly.
3 The Eye of thy Compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure Defence afford,
When Death or Dangers threat'ning stand;
Thy

Thy watchful Eye preſerves the Juſt,
Who make thy Name their Fear and Truſt,
When Wars or Famine waſte the Land.
4 In Sickneſs, or the bloody Field,
Thou our Phyſician, thou our Shield,
Send us Salvation from thy Throne;
We wait to ſee thy Goodneſs ſhine;
Let us rejoice in Help divine,
For all our Hope is GOD alone.

PSALM 34. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

God's *Care of the Saints*; or, *Deliverance by Prayer.*

1 LORD, I will bleſs thee all my Days,
Thy Praiſe ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
My Soul ſhall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.
2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his Name;
I ſought th' eternal GOD, and He
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.
3 I told him all my ſecret Grief,
My ſecret Groaning reach'd his Ears,
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.
4 To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feel the heav'nly Shine;
A Beam of Mercy from the Skies
Fills them with Light and Joy divine.
5 His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that ſerve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all his Saints,
Taſte of his Grace, and truſt his Word.
6 The wild young Lions pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger, roar thro' all the Wood;
But none ſhall ſeek the Lord in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

PSALM 34. *v.* 11---22. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

Religious Education; or, *Instructions of Piety.*

1 CHILDREN in Years and Knowledge young,
Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy,
Attend the Counsels of my Tongue,
Let pious Thoughts your Minds employ.
2 If you desire a Length of Days,
And Peace to crown your mortal State,
Restrain your Feet from impious Ways,
Your Lips from Slander and Deceit.
3 The Eyes of GOD regard his Saints,
His Ears are open to their Cries;
He sets his frowning Face against
The Sons of Violence and Lies
4 To humble Souls and broken Hearts,
GOD with his Grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and Hope his Love imparts,
When Men in deep Contrition lie.
5 He tells their Tears, he counts their Groans,
His Son redeems their Souls from Death;
His Spirit heals their broken Bones,
They in his Praise employ their Breath.

PSALM 34. *v.* 1----10. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from Day to Day:
How good are all his Ways!
Ye humble Souls that use to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praise.
2 Sing to the Honour of his Name,
How a poor Suff'rer cry'd,
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Suit deny'd.
3 When threat'ning Sorrows round me stood,
And endless Fears arose,

Like

Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes:
4 I told the Lord my ſore Diſtreſs,
With heavy Groans and Tears,
He gave my ſharpeſt Torments eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my Fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O Sinners, come and taſte his Love,
Come, learn his pleaſant Ways,
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetneſs of his Grace.
6 He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell;
What Ills their heav'nly Care prevents,
No earthly Tongue can tell.]
7 [O love the Lord, ye Saints of his;
His Eye regards the Juſt;
How richly bleſt their Portion is
Who make the Lord their Truſt!
8 Young Lions pinch'd with Hunger roar,
And famiſh in the Wood;
But GOD ſupplies his holy Poor
With ev'ry needful Good.]

PSALM 34. *v.* 11---22. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holineſs.

1 COME, Children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your Days be long,
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.
2 Depart from Miſchief, practiſe Love,
Purſue the Works of Peace;
So ſhall the Lord your Ways approve,
And ſet your Souls at Eaſe.
3 His Eyes awake to guard the Juſt,
His Ears attend their Cry;

When

When broken Spirits dwell in Duſt,
The GOD of Grace is nigh.
4 What tho' the ſorrows here they taſte
Are ſharp and tedious too,
The Lord who ſaves them all at laſt,
Is their ſupporter now.
5 Evil ſhall ſmite the Wicked dead;
But GOD ſecures his own,
Prevents the Miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken Bone.
6 When Deſolation, like a Flood,
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM 35. *v.* 1--- 9. *Firſt Part.*

Prayer and Faith of perſecuted Saints; or, *Imprecations mixed with Charity.*

1 NOW plead my Cauſe, Almighty God,
With all the Sons of Strife;
And fight againſt the Men of Blood,
Who fight againſt my Life.
2 Draw out thy Spear, and ſtop their Way,
Lift thine avenging Rod;
But to my Soul in Mercy ſay,
"*I am thy Saviour God.*"
3 They plant their Snares to catch my Feet,
And Nets of Miſchief ſpread;
Plunge the Deſtroyers in the Pit
That their own Hands have made.
4 Let Fogs and Darkneſs hide their Way,
And ſlippery be their Ground;
Thy Wrath ſhall make their Lives a Prey,
And all their Rage confound.
5 They fly like Chaff before the Wind,
Before thine angry Breath;
The Angel of the Lord behind
Purſues them down to death.

6 They

6 They love the Road that leads to Hell;
Then let the Rebels die,
Whose Malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.
7 But if thou hast a chosen Few
Amongst that impious Race;
Divide them from the bloody Crew
By thy surprizing Grace.
8 Then will I raise my tuneful Voice
To make thy Wonders known;
In their Salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM 35. *v.* 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*
Love to Enemies; or, *The Love of* Christ *to Sinners, typified in* David.

1 BEHOLD the Love, the generous Love,
That holy *David* shows;
Hark, how his sounding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes!
2 When they are sick, his Soul complains,
And seems to feel the Smart;
The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.
3 How did his flowing Tears condole
As for a Brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.
4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their Bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double Blessings on his Head
The righteous GOD returns.
5 O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace!
Thus *Christ* the Lord appears;
While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears.
6 He, the true *David*, *Isr'el*'s King,
Blest and belov'd of GOD,

To

To ſave us Rebels dead in Sin,
Paid his own deareſt Blood.

PSALM 36. *v.* 5----9. Long Metre.
The Perfections and Providence of God; or, *General Providence, and Special Grace.*

1 HIGH in the Heav'ns, eternal GOD,
Thy Goodneſs in full Glory ſhines;
Thy Truth ſhall break thro' every Cloud
That veils and darkens thy Deſigns.
2 For ever firm thy Juſtice ſtands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
Wiſe are the Wonders of thy Hands,
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.
3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beaſt thy Bounty ſhare;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.
4 My GOD! how excellent thy Grace,
Whence all our Hope and Comfort ſprings;
The Sons of *Adam* in Diſtreſs
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.
5 From the Proviſions of thy Houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet Repaſt;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taſte.
6 Life like a Fountain rich and free
Springs from the Preſence of my Lord;
And in thy Light our Souls ſhall ſee
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

PSALM 36. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Common Metre.
Practical Atheiſm expos'd; or, *The Being and Attributes of* God *aſſerted.*

1 WHILE Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a GOD they own,
My Heart within me often ſays,
"Their Thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their

2 Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare
(Whate'er their Lips profeſs)
GOD hath no Wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they ſeek his Grace.
3 What ſtrange Self-flatt'ry blinds their Eyes?
But there's a haſt'ning Hour,
When they ſhall ſee with ſore Surprize
The Terrors of thy Pow'r.
4 Thy Juſtice ſhall maintain its Throne,
Tho' Mountains melt away;
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
A deep unfathom'd Sea.
5 Above theſe Heav'n's created Rounds
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend:
Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds,
Where Time and Nature end.
6 Safety to Man thy Goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the Beaſt;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
Thy Children chuſe to reſt.
7 [From Thee, when Creature-Streams run low,
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our Pleaſures high.
8 Tho' all created Light decay,
And Death cloſe up our Eyes,
Thy Preſence makes eternal Day,
Where Clouds can never riſe.]

PSALM 36. *v.* 1---7. Short Metre.
The Wickedneſs of Man, and the Majeſty of God; or, *Practical Atheiſm expoſed.*

1 WHEN Man grows bold in Sin,
My Heart within me cries,
"He hath no Faith of God within,
"Nor Fear before his Eyes."
2 [He walks a-while conceal'd
In a Self-flatt'ring Dream,

Till

Till his dark Crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful Name.]
3 His Heart is false and foul,
His Words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his Soul,
And leaves no Goodness there.
4 He plots upon his Bed
New Mischiefs to fulfil,
He sets his Heart, and Hand and Head,
To practise all that's ill.
5 But there's a dreadful GOD,
Tho' Men renounce his Fear;
His Justice hid behind the Cloud,
Shall one great Day appear.
6 His Truth transcends the Sky,
In Heav'n his Mercies dwell;
Deep as the Sea his Judgments lie,
His Anger burns to Hell.
7 How excellent his Love,
Whence all our Safety springs!
O never let my Soul remove
From underneath his Wings.

PSALM 37. *v.* 1----15. *First Part.*

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief; or,
The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked; or,
The World's Hatred, and the Saints Patience.

1 WHY should I vex my Soul, and fret
To see the Wicked rise?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lies.
2 As flow'ry Grass cut down at Noon,
Before the Evening fades,
So shall their Glories vanish soon
In everlasting Shades.
3 Then let me make the Lord my Trust,
And practise all that's good;

So ſhall I dwell among the Juſt,
And he'll provide me Food.
4 I to my GOD my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand, which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Deſires fulfil.
5 Mine Innocence ſhalt thou diſplay,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.
6 The Meek at laſt the Earth poſſeſs,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches with abundant Peace,
To humble Souls are giv'n,
PAUSE.
7 Reſt in the Lord, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger riſe,
Tho' Providence ſhould long delay
To puniſh haughty Vice.
8 Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he ſees
Their Day of Vengeance come.
9 They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,
To ſlay the Men that fear the Lord,
And bring the Righteous low.
10 My GOD ſhall break their Bows, and burn
Their perſecuting Darts;
Shall their own Swords againſt them turn,
And Pain ſurprize their Hearts.

PSALM 37. *v.* 16, 21, 26---31. *Second Part*

Charity to the Poor; or, *Religion in Words and Deeds*

1 WHY do the wealthy Wicked boaſt,
And grow profanely bold!
The meaneſt Portion of the Juſt
Excels the Sinner's Gold.

2 Th

2 The Wicked borrows of his Friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The Saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the Poor away.
3 His Alms with lib'ral Heart he gives
Amongst the Sons of Need;
His Mem'ry to long Ages lives,
And blessed is his Seed.
4 His Lips abhor to talk prophane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready Tongue declares to Men
What he has learn'd of GOD.
5 The Law and Gospel of the Lord
Deep in his Heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His Feet shall never slide.
6 When Sinners fall, the Righteous stand,
Preserv'd from ev'ry Snare;
They shall possess the promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. *v.* 23---37. *Third Part.*

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 MY GOD, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy Hand supports them still.
2 The Lord delights to see their Ways,
Their Virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Man he loves.
3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home;
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Blessings long to come.
4 Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;

Ye ſhall confeſs their Pride was vain,
When Juſtice caſts them down.
PAUSE.
5 The haughty Sinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing Man nor GOD,
Like a tall Bay-Tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.
6 And, lo! he vaniſh'd from the Ground,
Deſtroy'd by Hands unſeen,
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found
Where all that Pride had been.
7 But mark the Man of Righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral Steps attend;
True Pleaſure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

PSALM 38.

Guilt of Conſcience and Relief; or, *Repentance an Prayer, for Pardon and Health.*

1 AMIDST thy Wrath remember Love,
Reſtore thy Servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's Chaſt'ning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword.
2 Thine Arrows ſtick within my Heart,
My Fleſh is ſorely preſt;
Between the Sorrow and the Smart
My Spirit finds no Reſt.
3 My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' attone.
4 My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day
Beneath my Father's Frown.
5 Lord, I am weak and broken ſore,
None of my Pow'rs are whole;

The inward Anguish makes me roar,
  The Anguish of my Soul.
All my Desire to Thee is known,
  Thine Eye counts ev'ry Tear,
And ev'ry Sigh and ev'ry Groan
  Is notic'd by thine Ear.
Thou art my GOD, my only Hope;
  My GOD will hear my Cry,
My GOD will bear my Spirit up
  When *Satan* bids me die.
[My Foot is ever apt to slide,
  My Foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their Pleasure and their Pride
  When they supplant my Feet.
But I ll confess my Guilt to Thee,
  And grieve for all my Sin:
I'll mourn, how weak my Graces be,
  And beg Support divine.
O My GOD, forgive my Follies past,
  And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my Salvation haste,
  Before thy Servant die.

PSALM 39. *v.* 1, 2, 3. *First Part.*

Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, *Prudence and Zeal.*

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
  "Now will I watch my Tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful Word,
  "Or do my Neighbour Wrong."
And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
  With Men of Lives profane,
I'll set a double Guard that Day,
  Nor let my Talk be vain.
I'll scarce allow my Lips to speak
  The pious Thoughts I feel,
Lest Scoffers should th' Occasion take
  To mock my holy Zeal.

4 Yet if ſome proper Hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the ſcoffing Sinners hear,
That we can ſpeak for GOD.

PSALM 39. *v.* 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the Meaſure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I would ſurvey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.
2 A Span is all that we can boaſt,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Duſt;
In all his Flow'r and Prime.
3 See the vain Race of Mortals move
Like Shadows o'er the Plain.
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the Noiſe is vain.
4 Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for golden Ore,
They toil for Heirs they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.
5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then?
From Creatures, Earth and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.
6 Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recal;
I give my mortal Int'reſt up,
And make my GOD my All.

PSALM 39. *v.* 9---13. *Third Part.*

Sick-Bed Devotion; or, *Pleading without Repining.*

1 GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy Will.

2 Diſeaſes

2 Diſeaſes are thy Servants, Lord,
They come at thy Command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring Word;
Againſt thy chaſt'ning Hand.
3 Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
Remove thy ſharp Rebukes;
My Strength conſumes, my Spirit dies,
Through thy repeated Strokes.
4 Cruſh'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand
We moulder to the Duſt;
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our Beauty's loſt.
5 [This mortal Life decays apace,
How ſoon the Bubble's broke!
Adam and all his num'rous Race
Are Vanity and Smoke.]
6 I'm but a Sojourner below,
As all my Fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the Summons hear!
7 But if my Life be ſpar'd awhile
Before my laſt Remove,
Thy Praiſe ſhall be my Buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy Love.

PSALM 40. *v.* 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *Firſt Part.*
Common Metre.
A Song of Deliverance from great Diſtreſs.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my Cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.
2 He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.
3 Firm on a Rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my chearful Tongue

To praiſe the Wonders of his Hand
In a new thankful Song.
4 I'll ſpread his Works of Grace abroad,
The Saints with Joy ſhall hear;
And Sinners learn to make my GOD
Their only Hope and Fear.
5 How many are thy Thoughts of Love!
Thy Mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not Words nor Hours enough
Their Numbers to repeat.
6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart,
My GOD beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

PSALM 40. *v.* 6--9. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Chriſt.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord, "Your Work is vain,
"Give your Burnt-Offerings o'er,
"In dying Goats and Bullocks ſlain
"My Soul delights no more."
2 Then ſpake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
"My GOD, to do thy Will;
"Whate'er thy ſacred Books declare,
"Thy Servant ſhall fulfil.
3 "Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
"I keep it near my Heart:
"Mine Ears are open'd with Delight
"To what thy Lips impart."
4 And ſee the bleſt Redeemer comes,
Th' Eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed Time aſſumes
The Body GOD prepares.
5 Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
And much his Truth he ſhew'd,
And preach'd the Way of Righteouſneſs
Where great Aſſemblies ſtood.

6 His

6 His Father's Honour touch'd his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners Cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's Part
Was made a Sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
Could wash the Conscience clean;
But the rich Sacrifice he paid,
Attones for all our Sin.

8 Then was the great Salvation spread,
And *Satan*'s Kingdom shook;
Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed
The Serpent's Head was broke.

PSALM 40. *v.* 5---10. Long Metre.

Christ *our Sacrifice.*

1 THE Wonders, Lord, thy Love has wrought
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought:
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

2 No Blood of Beasts on Altar spilt
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou hast set before our Eyes
An All-sufficient Sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy Designs he bows his Ears;
Assumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy Load
"Of Sins, and do thy Will, my GOD.

5 "'Tis written in thy great Decree,
"'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's Part,
"And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

6 " I'll magnify thy holy Law,
" And Rebels to Obedience draw,
" When on my Crofs I'm lifted high,
" Or to my Crown above the Sky.
7 " The Spirit fhall defcend and fhow
" What thou haft done, and what I do;
" The wond'ring World fhall learn thy Grace,
" Thy Wifdom and thy Righteoufnefs."

PSALM 41. *v.* 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or, *Pity to the Afflicted.*

1 BLEST is the Man whofe Bowels move,
And melt with Pity to the Poor;
Whofe Soul by fympathizing Love
Feels what his Fellow Saints endure.
2 His Heart contrives for their Relief
More Good than his own Hands can do;
He in the Time of gen'ral Grief,
Shall find the Lord has Bowels too.
3 His Soul fhall live fecure on Earth,
With fecret Bleffings on his Head;
When Drought, and Peftilence, and Dearth,
Around him multiply their Dead.
4 Or if he languifh on his Couch,
God will pronounce his Sins forgiv'n,
Will fave him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heav'n.

PSALM 42. *v.* 1---5 *Firft Part.*

Defertion and Hope; or, *Complaint of Abfence from publick Worfhip.*

1 WITH earneft Longings of the Mind,
My GOD, to Thee I look;
So pants the hunted Hart, to find
And tafte the cooling Brook.
2 When fhall I fee thy Courts of Grace
And meet my God again?

So

So long an Absence from thy Face
My Heart endures with Pain.
3 Temptations vex my weary Soul,
And Tears are my Repast;
The Foe insults without Controul,
"*And where's your GOD at last?*"
4 'Tis with a mournful Pleasure now
I think on ancient Days;
Then to thy House did Numbers go,
And all our Work was Praise.
5 But why, my Soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy Load?
Why do my Thoughts indulge Despair,
And sin against my GOD?
6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty Hand
Can all thy Woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring Love.

PSALM 42. *v.* 6---11. *Second Part. Melancholy Thoughts reproved*; or, *Hope in Afflictions.*

1 MY Spirits sink within me, Lord,
But I will call thy Name to mind,
And Times of past Distress record,
When I have found my GOD was kind.
2 Huge Troubles with tumultuous Noise
Swell like a Sea, and round me spread;
Thy Water-spouts drown all my Joys,
And rising Waves roll o'er my Head.
3 Yet will the Lord command his Love,
When I address his Throne by Day,
Nor in the Night his Grace remove;
The Night shall hear me sing and pray.
4 I'll cast myself before his Feet,
And say, "My GOD, my heav'nly Rock,
"Why doth thy Love so long forget
"The Soul that groans beneath thy Stroke?"

5 I'll chide my Heart that ſinks ſo low,
Why ſhould my Soul indulge her Grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my Reſt, my ſure Relief.
6 Thy Light and Truth ſhall guide me ſtill,
Thy Word ſhall my beſt Thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill,
My GOD, my moſt exceeding Joy.

PSALM 44. *v.* 1, 2, 3, 8, 15---26.

The Church's Complaint on Perſecution.

1 LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace;
When to our Ears our Fathers told
The Wonders of their Days.
2 How thou didſt build thy Churches here,
And make thy Goſpel known;
Amongſt them did thine Arm appear,
Thy Light and Glory ſhone.
3 In GOD they boaſted all the Day,
And in a chearful Throng
Did Thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
And Grace was all their Song.
4 But now our Souls are ſeiz'd with Shame,
Confuſion fills our Face;
To hear the Enemy blaſpheme,
And Fools reproach thy Grace.
5 Yet have we not forgot our GOD,
Nor falſly dealt with Heav'n,
Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road,
Of Duty thou haſt giv'n.
9 Tho' Dragons all around us roar
With their deſtructive Breath,
And thine own Hand has bruis'd us ſore
Hard by the Gates of Death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all Day to die
As Martyrs for thy Cauſe,

As Sheep for Slaughter, bound we lie
By sharp and bloody Laws
8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why should we look like Men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy Face?
9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our Cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly Love
From our afflicted Eyes?
10 Down to the Dust our Soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the Ground;
Rise for our Help, rebuke the Proud,
And all their Pow'rs confound.
11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our GOD;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM 45. Short Metre.

The Glory of Christ, *The Success of the Gospel, and the Gentile Church.*

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are divine;
Thy Lips with Blessings overflow,
And ev'ry Grace is thine.
2 Now make thy Glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
And ride in Majesty to spread
The Conquests of thy Word.
3 Strike through thy stubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t' obey,
While Justice, Meekness, Grace and Truth
Attend thy glorious Way.
4 Thy Laws, O GOD, are right;
Thy Throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious Gospel proves
A Scepter in thy Hand.

5 [Thy

5 [Thy Father and thy GOD
Hath without Measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful Oil
T' anoint thy sacred Head.]
6 [Behold, at thy Right-Hand
The *Gentile* Church is seen,
Like a fair Bride in rich Attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.]
7 Fair Bride, receive his Love,
Forget thy Father's House:
Forsake thy Gods, thy Idol-Gods,
And pay thy Lord thy Vows.
8 O let thy GOD and King
Thy sweetest Thoughts employ;
Thy Children shall his Honour sing
In Palaces of Joy.

PSALM 45. Common Metre.

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ.

1 I'LL speak the Honours of my King,
His Form divinely fair;
None of the Sons of mortal Race
May with the Lord compare.
2 Sweet is thy Speech, and heav'nly Grace
Upon thy Lips is shed;
Thy GOD with Blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred Head.
3 Gird on thy Sword, victorious Prince;
Ride with majestic Sway;
Thy Terror shall strike through thy Foes,
And make the World obey.
4 Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever stands;
Thy Word of Grace shall prove
A peaceful Scepter in thy Hands,
To rule the Saints by Love.
5 Justice and Truth attend thee still,
But Mercy is thy Choice:

And

And GOD, thy GOD, thy Soul ſhall fill
With moſt peculiar Joys.

PSALM 45. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

The Glory of Chriſt, *and Power of his Goſpel.*

1 NOW be my Heart inſpir'd to ſing
The Glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His Form! how bright his Beauties are!
2 O'er all the Sons of human Race
He ſhines with a ſuperior Grace,
Love from his Lips divinely flows,
And Bleſſings all his State compoſe.
3 Dreſs thee in Arms, moſt mighty Lord,
Gird on the Terror of thy Sword,
In Majeſty and Glory ride
With Truth and Meekneſs at thy Side.
4 Thine Anger, like a pointed Dart,
Shall pierce the Foes of ſtubborn Heart;
Or Words of Mercy kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.
5 Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever ſtands,
Grace is the Sceptre in thy Hands;
Thy Laws and Works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and Grace are thy Delight.
6 GOD, thine own GOD, has richly ſhed
His Oil of Gladneſs on thy Head,
And with his ſacred Spirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM 45. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Chriſt *and his Church*; or, *The myſtical Marriage.*

1 THE King of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majeſty and Grace!
He comes with Bleſſings from above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

2 At

2 At his Right-hand, our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt Gold;
The World admires her heav'nly Dreſs;
Her Robe of Joy and Righteouſneſs.
3 He forms her Beauties like his own;
He calls and ſeats her near his Throne;
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State.
4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee the Fav'rite of his Choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
5 O happy Hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair Palace in the Skies,
And all thy Sons (a num'rous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign!
6 Let endleſs Honours crown his Head:
Let ev'ry Age his Praiſes ſpread;
While we with chearful Songs approve
The Condeſcenſions of his Love.

PSALM 46. *Firſt Part.*

The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Deſolations.

1 GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of ſharp Diſtreſs invade;
E'er we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him preſent with his Aid.
2 Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there:
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid World,
Our Faith ſhall never yield to Fear.
3 Loud may the troubl'd Ocean roar,
In ſacred Peace our Souls abide,
While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore,
Trembles and dreads the ſwelling Tide.
4 There is a Stream whoſe gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our GOD;

Life,

Life, Love, and Joy ſtill gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine Abode.
5 That ſacred Stream, thine holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls:
Sweet Peace thy Promiſes afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.
6 *Sion* enjoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

PSALM 46. *Second Part.*

God *fights for his Church.*

1 LET *Sion* in her King rejoice
Though Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms riſe;
He utters his Almighty Voice,
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.
2 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob*'s GOD is ſtill our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
What Deſolations he has made.
3 From Sea to Sea, through all the Shores
He makes the Noiſe of Battle ceaſe;
When from on high his Thunder roars,
He awes the trembling World to Peace.
4 He breaks the Bow he cuts the Spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame;
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.
5 "Be ſtill, and learn that I am GOD,
"I'll be exalted o'er the Lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But ſtill my Throne in *Sion* ſtands."
6 O Lord of Hoſts, Almighty King,
While we ſo near thy Preſence dwell,
Our Faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

PSALM

PSALM 47.

Christ *Ascending and Reigning.*

1 O FOR a Shout of sacred Joy
To GOD the sov'reign King!
Let every Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.
2 *Jesus* our GOD ascends on high;
His heav'nly Guards around,
Attend him rising through the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.
3 While Angels shout and praise their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;
Let all the Earth his Honours sing:
O'er all the Earth he reigns.
4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song,
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.
5 In *Isr'el* stood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race;
But now he calls the World his own,
And *Heathens* taste his Grace.
6 The *British* Islands are the Lord's,
There *Abraham*'s GOD is known,
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords
Submit before his Throne.

PSALM 48. *v.* 1---8. *First Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

1 [GREAT is the Lord our GOD,
And let his Praise be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His most delightful Seat.
2 These Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.]

3 In

3 In *Sion* GOD is known,
A Refuge in Diſtreſs;
How bright has his Salvation ſhone
Through all her Palaces!
4 When Kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild Confuſion of the Mind,
They fled with haſty Fear.
5 When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our Peace,
He ſends his Tempeſt roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the Seas.
6 Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often ſeen,
How well our GOD ſecures the Fold
Where his own Sheep have been.
7 In ev'ry new Diſtreſs
We'll to his Houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,
And ſeek Deliv'rance there.

PSALM 48. *v.* 10----14. *Second Part.*
The Beauty of the Church; or, *Goſpel Worſhip and Order.*

1 FAR as thy Name is known,
The World declares thy Praiſe;
Thy Saints, O Lord, before thy Throne
Their Songs of Honour raiſe.
2 With Joy let *Judah* ſtand
On *Sion*'s choſen Hill,
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counſels of thy Will.
3 Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well.
4 The Orders of thy Houſe,
The Worſhip of thy Court,

The

The chearful Songs, the ſolemn Vows,
And make a fair Report.
5 How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.
6 The GOD we worſhip now,
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our GOD while here below,
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM 49. *v.* 6---14. *Firſt Part.* Com. Met.

Pride and Death; or, *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

1 WHY doth the Man of Riches grow
To Inſolence and Pride,
To ſee his Wealth and Honours flow,
With ev'ry riſing Tide?
2 [Why doth he treat the poor with Scorn,
Made of the ſelf-ſame Clay,
And boaſt as though his Fleſh were born
Of better Duſt than they?]
3 Not all his Treaſures can procure
His Soul a ſhort Reprieve,
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,
Or make his Brother live.
4 [Life is a Bleſſing can't be ſold,
The Ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold,
That Man may never die.
5 He ſees the Brutiſh and the Wiſe,
The Tim'rous and the Brave,
Quit their Poſſeſſions, cloſe their Eyes,
And haſten to the Grave.
6 Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,
"My Houſe ſhall ever ſtand;
"And that my Name may long abide
"I'll give it to my Land."

7 Vain

7 Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are loſt,
How ſoon his Mem'ry dies!
His Name is written in the Duſt
Where his own Carcaſe lies.]

PAUSE.

8 This is the Folly of their Way;
And yet their Sons as vain,
Approve the Words their Fathers ſay,
And act their Works again.
9 Men void of Wiſdom, and of Grace,
If Honour raiſe them high,
Live like the Beaſt, a thoughtleſs Race,
And like the Beaſt they die.
10 [Laid in the Grave like ſilly ſheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the laſt Trumpet breaks their Sleep
In Terror and Deſpair.]

PSALM 49. *v.* 14, 15. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Death, and the Reſurrection.

1 YE Sons of Pride, that hate the Juſt,
And trample on the Poor;
When Death has brought you down to Duſt,
Your Pomp ſhall riſe no more.
2 The laſt great Day ſhall change the Scene:
When will that Hour appear?
When ſhall the Juſt revive, and reign
O'er all that ſcorn'd them here?
3 GOD will my naked Soul receive,
When ſep'rate from the Fleſh:
And break the Priſon of the Grave,
To raiſe my Bones afreſh.
4 Heav'n is my everlaſting Home,
Th' Inheritance is ſure;
Let Men of Pride their Rage reſume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM

PSALM 49. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

1 WHY do the Proud insult the Poor,
And boast the large Estates they have!
How vain are Riches to secure
Their haughty Owners from the Grave!
2 They can't redeem one Hour from Death
With all the Wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying Brother Breath,
When GOD commands him down to Dust.
3 There the dark Earth and dismal Shade
Shall clasp their naked Bodies round;
That Flesh so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the Ground.
4 Like thoughtless Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat:
The Saints shall in the Morning rise,
And find th' Oppressor at their Feet.
5 His Honours perish in the Dust,
And Pomp, and Beauty, Birth and Blood:
That glorious Day exalts the Just
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.
6 My Saviour shall my Life restore,
And raise me from my dark Abode:
My Flesh and Soul shall part no more;
But dwell for ever near my GOD.

PSALM 50. *v.* 1--6. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

The last Judgment; or, *The Saints rewarded.*

1 THE Lord, the Judge before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh,
The Nations near the rising Sun,
And near the *Western* Sky.
2 No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
"*Judgment will never begin*;"
No more abuse his long Delay
To Impudence and Sin.

3 Thron'd

3 Thron'd on a Cloud our GOD ſhall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way,
Thunder and Darkneſs, Fire and Storm,
Lead on the dreadful Day.
4 Heav'n from above his Call ſhall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And Earth and Hell ſhall know and fear
His Juſtice and their Doom.
5 " But gather all my Saints (he cries)
" That made their Peace with God
" By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
" And ſeal'd it with his Blood.
6 " Their Faith and Works brought forth to [Light,
" Shall make the World confeſs
" My Sentence of Reward is right,
" And Heav'n adore my Grace.

PSALM 50. *v.* 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *2d. Part.*
Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord, " The ſpacious Fields,
" And Flocks and Herds are mine,
" O'er all the Cattle of the Hills
" I claim a Right divine.
2 " I aſk no Sheep for Sacrifice,
" Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire;
" To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
" Is all that I require.
3 " Call upon me when Trouble's near,
" My Hand ſhall ſet thee free;
" Then ſhall thy thankful Lips declare
" The Honour due to me.
4 " The Man that offers humble Praiſe,
" He glorifies me beſt:
" And thoſe that tread my holy Ways,
" Shall my Salvation taſte."

PSALM

PSALM 50. *v.* 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1 WHEN *Christ* to Judgment shall descend,
And Saints surround their Lord,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

2 "Not for the Want of Bullocks slain
"Will I the World reprove;
"Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain,
"Without the Fire of Love.

3 "And what have Hypocrites to do
"To bring their Sacrifice?
"They call my Statutes just and true,
"But deal in Theft and Lies.

4 "Could you expect t'escape my Sight,
"And sin without Controul?
"But I shall bring your Crimes to Light
"With Anguish in your Soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliv'rer there.

PSALM 50. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

1 THE Lord the Judge his Churches warns;
Let Hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their Hope in Rites and Forms,
But make not Faith nor Love their Care.

2 Vile Wretches dare rehearse his Name
With Lips of Falshood and Deceit;
A Friend or Brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their Neighbours Wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's Face;
They take his Cov'nant on their Tongue,
But break his Laws, abuse his Grace.

4 To

4 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,
Defil'd with Luſt, defil'd with Blood;
By Night they practiſe ev'ry Sin,
By Day their Mouths draw near to God.
5 And while his Judgments long delay,
They grow ſecure, and ſin the more;
They think he ſleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful Hour.
6 O dreadful Hour! when God draws near,
And ſets their Crimes before their Eyes!
His Wrath their guilty Souls ſhall tear,
And no Deliv'rer dare to riſe.

PSALM 50. To a new Tune.

The Laſt Judgment.

1 THE Lord, the Sov'reign, ſends his Summons [forth,
Calls the *South* Nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* the ſounding Orders ſpread
Thro' diſtant Worlds and Regions of the Dead:
No more ſhall Atheiſts mock his long Delay;
His Vengeance ſleeps no more: Behold the Day.
2 Behold the Judge deſcends; his Guards are nigh,
Tempeſt and Fire attend him down the Sky:
Heav'n, Earth, and Hell draw near; let all [Things come
To hear his Juſtice, and the Sinner's Doom;
But gather firſt my Saints (the Judge commands)
Bring 'em, ye Angels, from their diſtant Lands.
3 Behold my Cov'nant ſtands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood, [*Jew*,
And ſign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the
That paid the ancient Worſhip, or the new,
There's no Diſtinction here; come, ſpread their [Thrones,
And near me ſeat my Fav'rites and my Sons.
4 I their Almighty Saviour and their GOD,
I am their Judge; ye Heav'ns, proclaim abroad

My just eternal Sentence, and declare
Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear;
Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.
5 Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee: Bulls and Goats are vain
Without the Flames of Love: In vain the Store
Of brutal Off'rings, that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Forests where [they feed.
6 If I were hungry, wou'd I ask thee Food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
Thy solemn Chatt'rings and fantastick Vows;
Are my Eyes charm'd thy Vestments to behold?
Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?
7 Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou hope [to please,
A GOD, a Spirit, with such Toys as these;
While with my Grace & Statutes on thy Tongue,
Thou lov'st Deceit, and dost thy Brother wrong.
In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
Thieves and Adult'rers are thy chosen Friends
8 Silent I waited with long-suffering Love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove
And cherish such an impious Thought within
That GOD the Righteous would indulge thy Sin
Behold my Terrors now; my Thunders roll,
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.
9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful Morning rise;
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked [Works amend
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend
Left like a Lion his last Vengeance tear
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliv'rer near.

PSALM 50. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

1 THE God of Glory sends his Summons forth,
Calls the *South* Nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *East* to *West* the sov'reign Orders spread,
Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.
The Trumpet sounds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

2 No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay;
His Vengeance sleeps no more; behold the Day:
Behold the Judge descends, his Guards are nigh;
Tempests and Fire attend him down the Sky.
When God appears, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, draw near, let all [Things come
"To hear my Justice, and the Sinner's Doom;
"But gather first my Saints (the Judge commands)
"Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.
When Christ returns, wake every chearful Passion;
And shout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.

4 "Behold my Cov'nant stands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood, [*Jew*,
"And sign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the
"That paid the antient Worship, or the new.
There's no Distinction here, join all your Voices,
And raise you Heads, ye Saints, for Heav'n rejoices.

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye Angels, spread their [Thrones,
"And near me seat my Fav'rites and my Sons.
"Come, my Redeem'd, possess the Joys prepar'd
"E'er Time began; 'tis your divine Reward.
When Christ returns, wake every chearful Passion;
And shout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.

PAUSE the First.

6 " I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty GOD,
" I am the Judge: Ye Heav'ns proclaim abroad
" My just eternal Sentence, and declare
" Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear.

When GOD appears, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

7 " Stand forth thou bold Blasphemer & Profane,
" Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threatnings [vain;
" Thou Hypocrite, once dreft in Saint's Attire,
" I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.

Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Vaices.

8 " Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks slain
" Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goatsare vain
" Without the Flame of Love: In vain the Store
" Of brutal Off'rings that were mine before.

Earth is the Lord's, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.

9 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee Food?
" When did I thirst or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
" Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
" Flocks, Herds and Fields, and Forests where [they feed.

All is the Lord's, he rules the wide Creation;
Gives Sinners Vengeance, and the Saints Salvation.

10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
" Thy solemn Chatt'rings and fantastick Vows?
" Are my Eyes charm'd thy Vestments to behold
" Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?

God is the Judge of Hearts; no fair Disguises
Can screen the Guilty, when his Vengeance rises.

PAUSE

PAUSE the Second.

11 " Unthinking Wretch! how could'ſt thou [hope to pleaſe
" A GOD, a Spirit, with ſuch Toys as theſe?
" While with my Grace and Statutes on thy [Tongue,
" Thou lov'ſt Deceit, and doſt thy Brother wrong;
Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.
12 " In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
" Thieves & Adult'rers are thy choſen Friends,
" While the falſe Flatt'rer at my Altar waits,
" His harden'd Soul divine Inſtruction hates.
God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Diſguiſes
Can ſereen the Guilty, when his Vengeance riſes.
13 " Silent I waited with long-ſuffering Love;
" But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?
" And cheriſh ſuch an impious Thought within,
" That the All-holy would indulge thy Sin?
See, God appears, all Nature joins t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and Sinners fall before him.
14 " Behold my Terrors now; my Thunders roll,
" And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.
" Now like a Lion ſhall my Vengeance tear
" Thy bleeding Heart, and no Deliv'rer near."
Judgment concludes; Hell trembles; Heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

Epiphonema.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools, be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful Morning riſe,
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works [amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend.
Then join ye Saints: Wake ev'ry chearful Paſſion:
When Chriſt returns, he comes for your Salvation.

PSALM 51. *First Part.* Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 SHEW Pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting Rebel live;
Are not thy Mercies large and free;
May not a Sinner trust in Thee?
2 My Crimes are great, but not surpass
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace;
Great GOD, thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.
3 O wash my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
And make my guilty Conscience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.
4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess
Against thy Law, against thy Grace:
Lord, should thy Judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
5 Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in Death:
And if my Soul were sent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.
6 Yet save a trembling Sinner, Lord,
Whose Hope still hov'ring round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair.

PSALM 51. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
Corrupts the Race, and taints us all.
2 Soon as we draw our Infant-breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry Part.

3 [Great

3 [Great GOD, create my Heart a new,
And form my Spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My Danger and my Remedy.]
4 Behold I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean;
The Leprosy lies deep within.
5 No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,
Nor Hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling Priest,
No running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
Can wash the dismal Stain away.
6 *Jesus*, my GOD, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to attone;
Thy Blood can make me white as Snow,
No *Jewish* Types could cleanse me so.
7 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

PSALM 51. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

The Backslider restored; or, *Repentance and Faith in the Blood of* Christ.

1 O THOU that hear'st when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.
2 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.
3 I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight;
Thine holy Joys my GOD restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Help and Comfort ſtill afford;
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Merits of thy Son.
5 A broken Heart, my GOD, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The God of Grace will ne'er deſpiſe
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.
6 My Soul lies humbled in the Duſt,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And ſave the Soul condemn'd to die.
7 Then will I teach the World thy Ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign Grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.
8 O may thy Love inſpire my Tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my Song;
And all my Pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my Strength and Righteouſneſs.

PSALM 51. *v.* 3---13. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

1 LORD, I would ſpread my ſore Diſtreſs
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Againſt thy Laws, againſt thy Grace
How high my Crimes ariſe!
2 Shouldſt thou condemn my Soul to Hell,
And cruſh my Fleſh to Duſt,
Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
And Earth muſt own it juſt.
3 I from the Stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my Original is Shame,
And all my Nature Sin.
4 Born in a World of Guilt, I drew
Contagion with my Breath,

And

And as my Days advanc'd, I grew
A juſter Prey for Death.
5 Cleanſe me, O Lord, and chear my Soul
With thy forgiving Love;
O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove.
6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.
7 Then will I make thy Mercy known,
Before the Sons of Men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy Throne,
And turn to GOD again.

PSALM 51. *v.* 14--17. *Second Part.* Com. Met.
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Chriſt.

1 O GOD of Mercy, hear my Call,
My Loads of Guilt remove;
Break down this ſeparating Wall,
That bars me from thy Love.
2 Give me the Preſence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy Righteouſneſs,
And make thy Praiſe my Song.
3 No Blood of Goat, nor Heifer ſlain,
For Sin could e'er attone;
The Death of *Chriſt* ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.
4 A Soul oppreſt with Sin's Deſert,
My GOD will ne'er deſpiſe;
A humble Groan, a broken Heart,
Is our beſt Sacrifice.

PSALM 53. *v.* 4---6.
Victory and Deliverance from Perſecution.

1 ARE all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints?

Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her Complaints?
2 They shall be seiz'd with sad Surprize;
For GOD's revenging Arm
Scatters the Bones of them that rise,
To do his Children Harm.
3 In vain the Sons of *Satan* boast
Of Armies in Array;
When GOD has first despis'd their Host,
They fall an easy Prey.
4 O for a Word from *Sion*'s King,
Her Captives to restore!
Jacob with all the Tribes shall sing,
And *Judah* weep no more.

PSALM 55. *v.* 1---8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Met.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1 O GOD, my Refuge, hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears,
For Earth and Hell my Hurt devise,
And triumph in my Fears.
2 Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife,
To shake my Hope in GOD.
3 With inward Pain my Heart-strings sound,
I groan with ev'ry Breath;
Horror and Fear beset me round,
Amongst the Shades of Death.
4 O were I like a feather'd Dove,
And Innocence had Wings;
I'd fly, and make a long Remove,
From all these restless Things.
5 Let me to some wild Desart go,
And find a peaceful Home,
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain

6 Vain Hopes, and vain Intentions all
To 'ſcape the Rage of Hell!
The mighty GOD, on whom I call,
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By Morning-Light I'll ſeek his Face,
At Noon repeat my Cry;
The Night ſhall hear me aſk his Grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 GOD ſhall preſerve my Soul from Fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten Thouſand Angels muſt appear,
If he command their Aid.

9 I caſt my Burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My Courage reſts upon his Word,
That Saints ſhall never fall.

10 My higheſt Hopes ſhall not be vain,
My Lips ſhall ſpread his Praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful Men,
Scarce live out Half their Days.

PSALM 55. *v.* 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

Dangerous Proſperity; or, *Daily Devotions encouraged.*

1 LET Sinners take their Courſe,
And chuſe the Road to Death:
But in the Worſhip of my GOD
I'll ſpend my daily Breath.

2 My Thoughts addreſs his Throne
When Morning brings the Light;
I ſeek his Bleſſing ev'ry Noon.
And pay my Vows at Night.

3 Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal GOD;
While Sinners periſh in Surprize
Beneath thine angry Rod.

4 Becauſe they dwell at Eaſe,
And no ſad Changes feel;
They neither fear nor truſt thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.
5 By I, with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my Burdens on his Arm,
And reſt upon his Word.
6 His Arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The Children of his Love;
The Ground on which their Safety ſtands,
No earthly Pow'r can move.

PSALM 56.

Deliverance from Oppreſſion and Falſhood; or, God's Care of his People, in Anſwer to Faith and Prayer.

O THOU whoſe Juſtice reigns on high,
And makes th'Oppreſſor ceaſe,
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace!
2 The Sons of Violence and Lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly Dangers riſe,
My Refuge is thy Word.
3 In GOD, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Fleſh can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.
4 They wreſt my Words to Miſchief ſtill,
Charge me with unknown Faults;
Miſchief doth all their Counſels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.
5 Shall they eſcape without thy Frown?
Muſt their Devices ſtand?
O caſt the haughty Sinner down,
And let him know thy Hand!

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

6 GOD counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;
Thou haſt a Book for my Complaints,
A Bottle for my Tears.
7 When to thy Throne I raiſe my Cry,
The Wicked fear, and flee;
So ſwift is Pray'r to reach the Sky,
So near is GOD to me.
8 In Thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my Truſt;
Nor will I fear what Man can do,
The Offspring of the Duſt.
9 Thy ſolemn Vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my Praiſe;
I'll ſing, *How faithful is thy Word!*
How righteous all thy Ways!
10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my Soul from Death,
O ſet thy Pris'ner free,
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

PSALM 57.

Praiſe for Protection, Grace and Truth.

1 MY GOD, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundleſs Love and Grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading Wings,
Till the dark Cloud is overblown.
2 Up to the Heav'ns I ſend my Cry,
The Lord will my Deſires perform;
He ſends his Angels from the Sky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning Storm.
3 Be thou exalted, O my GOD,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.
4 My Heart is fix'd; my Song ſhall raiſe
Immortal Honours to thy Name;

Awake

Awake, my Tongue, to ſound his Praiſe,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.
5 High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt Sky;
His Truth to endleſs Years remains,
When lower Worlds diſſolve and die.
6 Be thou exalted, O my GOD,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM 58. As the 113th Pſalm.

Warning to Magiſtrates,

1 JUDGES, who rule the World by Laws,
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous Cauſe,
When th' injur'd Poor before you ſtands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
And let rich Sinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While Gold & Greatneſs bribe your Hands?
2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That GOD will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heav'ns his Juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the Rights of GOD;
And ſend your bold Decrees abroad,
To bind the Conſcience in your Chains.
3 A poiſon'd Arrow is your Tongue.
The Arrow ſharp, the Poiſon ſtrong,
And Death attends where-e'er it wounds:
You hear no Counſels, Cries or Tears;
So the deaf Adder ſtops her Ears
Againſt the Pow'r of charming Sounds.
4 Break out their Teeth, eternal GOD,
Thoſe Teeth of Lions dy'd in Blood;
And cruſh the Serpents in the Duſt:
As empty Chaff when Whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping Tempeſt flies,
So let their Hopes and Names be loſt.

5 Th-

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
As Hills of Snow diſſolve and run,
Or Snails that periſh in their Slime,
Or Births that come before their Time,
Vain Births that never ſee the Sun.
6 Thus ſhall the Vengeance of the Lord
Safety and Joy to Saints afford;
And all that hear ſhall join and ſay,
"Sure there's a GOD that rules on high,
"A GOD that hears his Children cry,
"And will their Suff'rings well repay."

PSALM 60. *v.* 1---5---10---12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Diſappointment in War.

1 LORD, haſt thou caſt the Nation off?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath?
Shall Mercy ne'er return?
2 The Terror of one Frown of thine
Melts all our Strength away;
Like Men that totter, drunk with Wine,
We tremble in Diſmay.
3 *Great-Britain* ſhakes beneath thy Stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning Hand;
O heal the Iſland thou haſt broke,
Confirm the wav'ring Land.
4 Lift up a Banner in the Field,
For thoſe that fear thy Name;
Save thy Beloved with thy Shield,
And put our Foes to Shame.
5 Go with our Armies to the Fight,
Like a Confed'rate GOD;
In vain confed'rate Pow'rs unite
Againſt thy lifted Rod.
6 Our Troops ſhall gain a wide Renown,
By thine aſſiſting Hand;
'Tis GOD that treads the Mighty down,
And makes the Feeble ſtand.

PSALM

PSALM 61. *v.* 1---6.

Safety in GOD.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief,
My Heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all Relief,
To Heav'n I lift mine Eyes.
2 O lead me to the Rock,
That's high above my Head,
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.
3 Within thy Presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tow'r of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.
4 Thou givest me the Lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless Life be their Reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62. *v.* 5---12.

No Trust in the Creatures; or, *Faith in Divine Grace and Power.*

1 MY Spirit looks to GOD alone,
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne;
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul on his Salvation waits.
2 Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face;
When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
GOD is our all-sufficient Aid.
3 False are the Men of high Degree,
The baser Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Ballance both appear,
Light as a Puff of empty Air.
4 Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
Nor set your Heart on glittering Dust;

Why

Why will you grasp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?
5 Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
"All Pow'r is his eternal Due;
"He must be fear'd, and trusted too."
6 For sov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne;
Thy Grace and Justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last Reward.

PSALM 63. *v.* 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *1st Part.* Com. Met.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

1 EARLY, my GOD, without Delay,
I haste to seek thy Face;
My thirsty Spirit faints away,
Without thy chearing Grace.
2 So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand,
Beneath a burning Sky,
Long for a cooling Stream at Hand,
And they must drink or die.
3 I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temple shine;
My GOD, repeat that heav'nly Hour,
That Vision so divine.
4 Not all the Blessings of a Feast
Can please my Soul so well,
As when thy richer Grace I taste,
And in thy Presence dwell.
5 Not Life itself, with all her Joys,
Can my best Passions move;
Or raise so high my chearful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.
6 Thus till my last expiring Day,
I'll bless my GOD and King;
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

PSALM

PSALM 63. *v.* 6---10. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the Watches of the Night
I thought upon thy Pow'r;
I kept thy lovely Face in Sight,
Amidst the darkest Hour.
2 My Flesh lay resting on my Bed,
My Soul arose on high;
"*My GOD, my Life, my Hope,* I said,
"*Bring thy Salvation nigh.*"
3 My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heav'nly Road;
But thy Right-hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my GOD.
4 Thy Mercy stretches o'er my Head,
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
My Tongue awakes and sings.
5 But the Destroyers of my Peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The Tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my Sins be slain.
6 Thy Sword shall give my Foes to Death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
Or to the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM 63. Long Metre.

Longing after GOD; or, The Love of GOD better than Life.

1 GREAT GOD, indulge my humble Claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
The Glories that compose thy Name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou

2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my GOD;
And I am thine by sacred Ties;
Thy Son, thy Servant, bought with Blood.
3 With Heart and Eyes, and lifted Hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As Travellers in thirsty Lands
Pant for the cooling Water-brook.
4 With early Feet I love t' appear
Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;
Oft have I seen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of Sov'reign Grace.
5 Not Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taste,
Nor all the Joys our Senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my chearful Passion so.
6 My Life itself, without thy Love,
No Taste of Pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
7 Amidst the wakeful Hours of Night,
When busy Cares afflict my Head,
One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,
And adds Refreshment to my Bed.
8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praise;
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

PSALM 63. Short Metre.

Seeking GOD.

1 MY GOD, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine,
And let my early Cries prevail
To taste thy Love divine.
2 My thirsty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy doth implore:

Not

Not Travellers in Desart Lands,
Can pant for Water more.
3 Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place,
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.
4 For Life without thy Love
No Relish can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
5 To Thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praise Thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
Such Food and Pleasure give.
6 In wakeful Hours at Night,
I call my GOD to Mind;
I think how wise thy Counsels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.
7 Since thou hast been my Help,
To thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My chearful Hope relies.
8 The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps!
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my Steps.

PSALM 65. *v.* 1---5. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Public Prayer and Praise.

1 THE Praise of *Sion* waits for Thee,
My GOD; and Praise becomes thy House:
There shall thy Saints thy Glory see,
And there perform their public Vows.
2 O Thou, whose Mercy bends the Skies
To save, when humble Sinners pray;
All Lands to Thee shall lift their Eyes,
And Islands of the Northern Sea.

3 Against

3 Against my Will my Sins prevail,
But Grace shall purge away their Stain;
The Blood of CHRIST will never fail
To wash my Garments white again.
4 Blest is the Man whom thou shalt chuse,
And give him kind Access to Thee;
Give him a Place within thy House,
To taste thy Love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays;
Babel prepare for long Distress,
When *Sion*'s GOD himself arrays
In Terror and in Righteousness.
6 With dreadful Glory GOD fulfils
What his afflicted Saints request;
And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love, to give his Churches Rest.
7 Then shall the flocking Nations run
To *Sion*'s Hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting Sun
Shall see the Saviour's Name ador'd.

PSALM 65. *v.* 5--13. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea; or, *The GOD of Nature and Grace.*

1 THE GOD of our Salvation hears
The Groans of *Sion* mix'd with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Designs,
Through all the Way his Terror shines.
2 On him the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remotest Ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known,
By Nature's feeble Light alone,
3 Sailors, that travel o'er the Flood,
Address their frighted Souls to GOD,
When Tempests rage, and Billows roar
A dreadful Distance from the Shore.

4 He

4 He bids the noiſy Tempeſts ceaſe;
He calms the raging Croud to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.
5 Whole Kingdoms ſhaken by the Storm,
He ſettles in a peaceful Form;
Mountains eſtabliſh'd by his Hand,
Firm on their old Foundations ſtand.
6 Behold his Enſigns ſweep the Sky,
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly;
The *Heathen* Lands with ſwift Surprize,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.
7 At his Command the Morning-Ray
Smiles in the *Eaſt*, and leads the Day.
He guides the Sun's declining Wheels
Over the Tops of *Weſtern* Hills.
8 Seaſons and Times obey his Voice;
The Ev'ning and the Morn rejoice
To ſee the Earth made ſoft with Show'rs,
Laden with Fruit and dreſt in Flow'rs.
9 'Tis from his watry Stores on high,
He gives the thirſty Ground Supply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops diſpenſe.
10 The Deſart grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Fruit the Vallies yield;
The Vallies ſhout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.
11 The Paſtures ſmile in green Array,
Their Lambs and larger Cattle play;
The larger Cattle and the Lamb,
Each in his Language ſpeaks thy Name.
12 Thy Works pronounce thy Pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry Field thy Glories ſhine;
Through ev'ry Month thy Gifts appear;
Great GOD, thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM 65. *First Part.* Common Metre.

A Prayer-Hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 PRAISE waits in *Sion*, Lord, for thee:
There shall our Vows be paid;
Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.
2 Lord, our Iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning Grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us Pow'r and Skill
To conquer every Sin.
3 Bless'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuse
To bring them near thy Face,
Give them a Dwelling in thine House,
To feast upon thy Grace.
4 In answ'ring what thy Church requests,
Thy Truth and Terror shine,
And Works of dreadful Righteousness,
Fulfil thy kind Design.
5 Thus shall the wond'ring Nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant Islands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their Trust.
6 They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, Lord,
When Signs in Heav'n appear;
But they shall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Providence of GOD in Air, Earth and Sea; or, *The Blessing of Rain.*

1 'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,
GOD of eternal Pow'r;
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempests cease to roar.
2 Thy Morning Light, and Ev'ning Shade,
Successive Comforts bring;

Thy

Thy plenteous Fruits make Harveſt glad,
Thy Flow'rs adorn the Spring.
3 Seaſons and Times, and Moons and Hours,
Heav'n, Earth and Air are thine;
When Clouds diſtil in fruitful Show'rs,
The Author is divine.
4 Thoſe wond'ring Ciſterns in the Sky,
Borne by the Winds around,
With watry Treaſures well ſupply
The Furrows of the Ground.
5 The thirſty Ridges drink their Fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear;
Thy Ways abound with Bleſſings ſtill,
Thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

PSALM 65. *Third Part.* Common Metre.
The Bleſſings of the Spring; or, *GOD gives Rain.*
A Pſalm for the Huſbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care;
Viſits the Paſtures ev'ry Spring,
And bids the Graſs appear.
2 The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command
Their watry Bleſſings from the Sky,
To chear the thirſty Land.
3 The ſoften'd Ridges of the Field
Permit the Corn to ſpring:
The Vallies rich Proviſion yield,
And the poor Lab'rers ſing.
4 The little Hills on ev'ry Side
Rejoice at falling Show'rs;
The Meadows, dreſs'd in all their Pride,
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.
5 The barren Clods, refreſh'd with Rain,
Promiſe a joyful Crop;
The parching Grounds look green again,
And raiſe the Reaper's Hope.

6 The

5 The various Months thy Goodneſs crowns;
How bount'ous are thy Ways!
The bleating Flocks ſpread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds ſhout thy Praiſe.

PSALM 66. *Firſt Part.*

Governing Power and Goodneſs; or, *Our Grace tried by Afflictions.*

1 SING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful Noiſe;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.
2 Say to the Pow'r that ſhakes the Sky,
"How terrible art Thou!
"Sinners before thy Preſence fly,
"Or at thy Feet they bow."
3 [Come, ſee the Wonders of our GOD,
How glorious are his Ways;
In *Moſes'* Hand he puts his Rod,
And cleaves the frighted Seas.
4 He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While *Iſr'el* paſs'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And triumph in their GOD.]
5 He rules by his reſiſtleſs Might:
Will Rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
And tempt that dreadful War?
6 O bleſs our GOD, and never ceaſe;
Ye Saints fulfil his Praiſe;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.
7 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring Souls,
To make our Graces ſhine;
So Silver bears the burning Coals,
The Metal to refine.
8 Thro' watry Deeps and fi'ry Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to poſſeſs the promis'd Place,
By thine unerring Hand.

PSALM 66. v. 13---20. *Second Part.*

Praiſe to GOD for hearing Prayer.

1 NOW ſhall my ſolemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long Requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful Hour.
2 My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
To make his Mercies known:
Come ye that fear my GOD, and hear
The Wonders he has done.
3 When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I ſought his heav'nly Aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.
4 If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
The Lord had ſhewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praiſes ſung.
5 But GOD (his Name be ever bleſt)
Has ſet my Spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor Requeſt,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM 67.

The Nation's Proſperity, and the Church's Increaſe.

1 SHINE, mighty GOD, on *Britain*, ſhine
With Beams of heav'nly Grace;
Reveal thy Pow'r through all our Coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling Face.
2 [Amidſt our Iſle exalted high,
Do thou our Glory ſtand,
And like a Wall of Guardian Fire
Surround the Fav'rite Land.]
3 When ſhall thy Name from Shore to Shore
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And diſtant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Sing loud with solemn Voice;
While *British* Tongues exalt his Praise,
And *British* Hearts rejoice.
5 He, the great Lord, the Sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the Worlds he made
In Justice and in Love.
6 Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increase;
Our GOD will crown his chosen Isle
With Fruitfulness and Peace.
7 GOD, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest Favours here,
While the Creation's utmost Bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. *First Part. v.* 1---6, 32---35.

The Vengeance and Compassion of GOD.

1 LET GOD arise in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to Flight;
As Smoke that sought to cloud the Skies
Before the rising Tempest flies.
2 [He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his Names;
Behold his fainting Foes expire,
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]
3 He rides and thunders through the Sky;
His Name *Jehovah* sounds on high,
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints, rejoice before his Face.
4 The Widow and the Fatherless
Fly to his Aid in sharp Distress:
In him the Poor and Helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father *kind*.
5 He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Pris'ners see the Light again;

But Rebels that dispute his Will,
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and Thrones to GOD belong;
Crown him, ye Nations, in your Song:
His wond'rous Names and Pow'rs rehearse;
His Honours shall enrich your Verse.
7 He shakes the Heav'ns with loud Alarms!
How terrible is GOD in Arms!
In *Isr'el* are his Mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar Throne.
8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest;
When Terrors rise, and Nations faint,
GOD is the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

PSALM 68. *v.* 17, 18. *Second Part.*

Christ's *Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.*

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high
Ten Thousand Angels fill'd the Sky:
Those heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.
2 Not *Sinai*'s Mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And struck the chosen Tribes with Awe.
3 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
That Thousand Souls had Captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.
4 Rais'd by his Father to the Throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel-Men,
That GOD might dwell on Earth again.

PSALM 68. *Third Part.* *v.* 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Praise for Temporal Blessings; or, *Common and special Mercies.*

1 WE bless the Lord, the Just, the Good,
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;
Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,
And loads ours Days with rich Supplies.
2 He sends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
He bids the Clouds with plent'ous Rain
Refresh the thirsty Earth again.
3 'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Escapes from Death;
Safety and Health to GOD belong;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.
4 He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Blessings of his Love;
But the wide Diff'rence that remains
Is endless Joy, or endless Pains.
5 The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread,
The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.
6 But his Right-Hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas,
And bring them to his Courts above;
There shall they taste his special Love.

PSALM 69. *v.* 1---14. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

The Sufferings of Christ *for our Salvation.*

1 "SAVE me, O GOD, the swelling Floods,
"Break in upon my Soul:
"I sink, and Sorrows o'er my Head
"Like mighty Waters roll.
2 "I cry till all my Voice be gone,
"In Tears I waste the Day;

" My GOD, behold my longing Eyes,
" And ſhorten thy Delay.
3 " They hate my Soul without a Cauſe,
" And ſtill their Number grows
" More than the Hairs around my Head,
" And mighty are my Foes.
4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful Debt
" That Men could never pay,
" And gave thoſe Honours to thy Law,
" Which Sinners took away."
5 Thus, in the great *Meſſiah*'s Name
The Royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns.
6 " Now ſhall the Saints rejoice, and find
" Salvation in my Name,
" For I have borne their heavy Load
" Of Sorrow, Pain and Shame.
7 " Grief like a Garment cloath'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteouſneſs.
8 " Amongſt my Brethren, and the *Jews*,
" I like a Stranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile Reproach to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to GOD.
9 " I came in ſinful Mortals Stead
" To do my Father's Will;
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's Houſe,
" They ſcandaliz'd my Zeal.
10 " My Faſting and my holy Groans
Were made the Drunkard's Song;
" But GOD from his celeſtial Throne
" Heard my complaining Tongue.
11 " He ſav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
" Nor let my Soul be drown'd;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking Feet
" On well eſtabliſh'd Ground.

12 " 'Twas

12 " 'Twas in a moſt accepted Hour
" My Pray'r aroſe on high,
" And for my Sake my GOD ſhall hear
" The dying Sinner's Cry."

PSALM 69. *v.* 14--21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part.*

The Paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.

1 NOW let our Lips with holy Fear
And mournful Pleaſure ſing
The Suff'rings of our great High-Prieſt,
The Sorrows of our King.
2 He ſinks in Floods of deep Diſtreſs;
How high the Waters riſe!
While to his heav'nly Father's Ear
He ſends perpetual Cries.
3 " Hear me, O Lord, and ſave thy Son,
" Nor hide thy ſhining Face;
" Why ſhould thy Fav'rite look like one
" Forſaken of thy Grace?
4 " With Rage they perſecute the Man
" That groans beneath thy Wound,
" While for a Sacrifice I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.
5 " They tread my Honour to the Duſt,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their ſharp inſulting Slanders add
" Freſh Anguiſh to my Pain.
6 " All my Reproach is known to Thee,
" The Scandal and the Shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
" And Lies defil'd my Name.
7 " I look'd for Pity, but in vain;
" My Kindred are my Grief;
" I aſk my Friends for Comfort round,
" But meet with no Relief.
8 " With Vinegar they mock my Thirſt,
" They give me Gall for Food,

" And sporting with my dying Groans,
" They triumph in my Blood.
9 " Shine into my distressed Soul,
" Let thy Compassion save;
" And though my Flesh sink down to Death,
" Redeem it from the Grave.
10 " I shall arise to praise thy Name,
" Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
" And thy Salvation, O my GOD,
" Shall seat me on thy Throne.

PSALM 69. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Christ's *Obedience and Death*; or, God *glorified, and Sinners saved.*

1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous Grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name;
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinner's Shame.
2 His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy Will.
3 His dying Groans, his living Songs,
Shall better please my GOD,
Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.
4 This shall his humble Follow'rs see,
And set their Hearts at Rest;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.
5 Let Heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To GOD their Voices raise,
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
And join t' advance the Praise.
6 *Sion* is thine, Most Holy GOD,
Thy Son shall bless her Gates;
And Glory, purchas'd by his Blood,
For thy own *Isr'el* waits.

PSALM

PSALM 69. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's *Passion, and Sinners Salvation.*

1 DEEP in our Hearts let us record
The deeper Sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising Billows roll
To overwhelm his holy Soul.
2 In long Complaints he spends his Breath,
While Hosts of Hell, and Pow'rs of Death,
And all the Sons of Malice join
To execute their curst Design.
3 Yet, gracious GOD, thy Pow'r and Love
Has made the Curse a Blessing prove;
Those dreadful Suff'rings of thy Son
Atton'd for Sins which we had done.
4 The Pangs of our expiring Lord,
The Honours of thy Law restor'd:
His Sorrows made thy Justice known,
And paid for Follies not his own.
5 O for his Sake our Guilt forgive,
And let the mourning Sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his Name,
Nor shall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

PSALM 69. *v. 7, &c. Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's *Sufferings and Zeal.*

1 'TWAS for my Sake, eternal GOD,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy Load
Of base Reproach and sore Disgrace,
And Shame defil'd his sacred Face.
2 The *Jews*, his Brethren and his Kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their Sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy Laws,
They hate him, but without a Cause.
3 [*My Father's House*, said he, *was made*,
A Place for Worship, not for Trade:
Then scatt'ring all their Gold and Brass,
He scourg'd the Merchants from the Place.]

4 [Zeal for the Temple of his GOD,
Consum'd his Life, expos'd his Blood;
Reproaches at thy Glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd 'em as his own.]
5 [His Friends forsook, his Followers fled,
While Foes and Arms surround his Head;
They curse him with a sland'rous Tongue,
And the false Judge maintains the Wrong.]
6 His Life they load with hateful Lies,
And charge his Lips with Blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful Tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.
7 [Wretches, with Hearts as hard as Stones,
Insult his Piety and Groans;
Gall was the Food they gave him there,
And mock'd his Thirst with Vinegar.]
8 But GOD beheld; and from his Throne
Marks out the Men that hate his Son;
The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead,
Shall pour the Vengeance on their Head.

PSALM 71. *v.* 5---9. *First Part.*

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

1 MY GOD, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth;
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my Youth.
2 My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Pow'r,
With all these Limbs of mine;
And from my Mother's painful Hour
I've been entirely thine.
3 Still has my Life new Wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry Year;
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy Care.
4 Cast me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs arise;

And

And round me let thy Glory shine,
Whene'er thy Servant dies.
5 Then in the History of my Age,
When Men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

PSALM 71. *v.* 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *2d. Part.*

Christ *our Strength and Righteousness.*

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace?
2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy Graces first
I speak thy Glories more.
3 My Feet shall travel all the Length,
Of the celestial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength,
To see my Father GOD.
4 When I am fill'd with sore Distress
For some surprising Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
5 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Victories of my King!
My Soul, redeem'd from Sin and Hell,
Shall thy Salvation sing.
6 [My Tongue shall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my GOD;
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd 'em in his Blood.
7 Awake, awake, my tuneful Pow'rs;
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkest Hours,
Nor think the Season long.]

PSALM 71. v. 17---21. *Third Part.*

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or, *Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.*

1 GOD of my Childhood, and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.
2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking Years,
If GOD my Strength depart?
3 Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
To the surviving Age,
And leave a Savour of thy Name,
When I shall quit the Stage.
4 The Lands of Silence and of Death
Attend my next Remove;
O may these poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy Righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praise exceeds.
6 Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief:
But when thy Hand has prest me sore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.
7 By long Experience have I known
Thy sov'reign Pow'r to save;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.
8 When I lie bury'd deep in Dust,
My Flesh shall be thy Care;
These withering Limbs with Thee I trust,
To raise 'em strong and fair.

PSALM 72. *First Part.*

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT GOD, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne.
2 Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,
All Heav'n submits to his Commands;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.
3 With Pow'r he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust;
His Worship and his Fear shall last
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be past.
4 As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down:
His Grace on fainting Souls distils,
Like heav'nly Dew on thirsty Hills.
5 The Heathen Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of overspreading Death,
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Desarts blossom at the Sight.
6 The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Dreft in the Robes of Joy and Praise;
Peace, like a River, from his Throne
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72. *Second Part.*

Christ's *Kingdom among the* Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where-e'er the Sun
Does his successive Journies run;
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.
2 [Behold the Islands, with their Kings,
And *Europe* her best Tribute brings;
From North to South the Princes meet,
To pay their Homage at his Feet.

3 There

3 There *Persia*, glorious to behold,
There *India* shines in Eastern Gold;
And barb'rous Nations at his Word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]
4 For him shall endless Pray'r be made,
And Praises throng to crown his Head;
His Name like swee Perfume shall rise
With ev'ry Morning Sacrifice.
5 People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.
6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The Pris'ner leaps to loose his Chains;
The Weary find eternal Rest,
And all the Sons of Want are blest,
7 [Where he displays his healing Pow'r,
Death and the Curse are known no more;
In him the Tribes of *Adam* boast
More Blessings than their Father lost.
8 Let ev'ry Creature rise and bring
Peculiar Honours to our King:
Angels descend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat his loud *Amen*.]

PSALM 73. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To Men of Heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Despair.
2 I griev'd to see the Wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry Breath,
" How pleasant and profane they live!
" How peaceful is their Death!
3 " With well-fed Flesh and haughty Eyes
" They lay their Fears to sleep;

" Against

" Againſt the Heav'ns their Slanders riſe,
" While Saints in Silence weep,
4 " In vain I lift my Hands to pray,
" And cleanſe my Heart in vain,
" For I am chaſten'd all the Day,
" The Night renews my Pain."
5 Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
" Sure I ſhall thus offend thy Saints,
" And grieve the Men I Love."
6 But ſtill I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too ſevere,
Till I retir'd to ſearch thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.
7 There, as in ſome prophetic Glaſs,
I ſaw the Sinner's Feet
High mounted on a ſlipp'ry Place
Beſide a fi'ry Pit.
8 I heard the Wretch profanely boaſt,
'Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were loſt,
And he awakes in Hell.
9 Lord, what an envious Fool I was!
How like a thoughtleſs Beaſt!
Thus to ſuſpect thy promis'd Grace,
And think the Wicked bleſt.
10 Yet I was kept from full Deſpair,
Upheld by Pow'r unknown:
That bleſſed Hand that broke the Snare,
Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PSALM 73. *v.* 23---28. *2d Part.* Com. Metre.

GOD our Portion here and hereafter.

1 GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near,
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up,
When ſinking in Deſpair.

2 Thy

2 Thy Counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my Feet
Through this dark Wilderneſs;
Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.
3 Were I in Heav'n without my GOD,
'Twould be no Joy to me;
And whilſt this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but Thee.
4 What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Fleſh and Heart ſhould faint,
GOD is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.
5 Behold, the Sinners that remove
Far from thy Preſence die;
Not all the Idol Gods they love,
Can ſave 'em when they cry.
6 But to draw near to Thee, my GOD,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Tongue ſhall found thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

PSALM 73. *v.* 22, 3, 6, 17---20. Long Metre.

The Proſperity of Sinners curſed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtleſs Wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine
To ſee the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour ſhine!
2 But, O their End, their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me ſo;
On ſlipp'ry Rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fi'ry Billows roll below.
3 Now let 'em boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may ſtand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endleſs Pain.
4 Their fancy'd Joys, how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a Dream when Men awakes;

Their

Their Songs of ſofteſt Harmony
Are but a Preface to thir Plagues.
5 Now I eſteem their Mirth and Wine
Too dear to purchaſe with my Blood:
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my GOD.

PSALM 73. Short Metre.

The Myſtery of Providence unfolded.

1 SURE there is a righteous GOD,
Nor is Religion vain;
Though Men of Vice may boaſt aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.
2 I ſaw the Wicked riſe,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools, with ſcornful Eyes,
In Robes of Honour ſhine.
3 [Pamper'd with wanton Eaſe,
Their Fleſh looks full and fair;
Their Wealth rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.
4 Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
Through all their Life Oppreſſion reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.
5 Their impious Tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting GOD;
Their Malice blaſts the good Man's Name,
And ſpreads their Lies abroad.
6 But I, with flowing Tears,
Indulg'd my Doubts to riſe;
" Is there a GOD that ſees or hears
" The Things below the Skies?"]
7 The Tumults of my Thought
Held me in hard Suſpenſe,
Till to thy Houſe my Feet were brought,
To learn thy Juſtice thence.

8 Thy

8 Thy Word with Light and Pow'r
Did my Mistakes amend;
I view'd the Sinner's Life before,
But here I learnt their End.
9 On what a slipp'ry Steep
The thoughtless Wretches go!
And O that dreadful fi'ry Deep
That waits their Fall below!
10 Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:
I call my GOD my Portion now,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

PSALM 74.

The Church pleading with GOD under sore Persecutions.

1 WILL GOD for ever cast us off?
His Wrath for ever smoak
Against the People of his Love,
His little chosen Flock?
2 Think of the Tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's Blood;
Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,
Where once thy Glory stood.
3 Lift up thy Feet, and march in Haste,
Aloud our Ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful Waste
Is made within thy Walls.
4 Where once thy Churches pray'd and sang,
Thy Foes profanely roar;
Over thy Gates their Ensigns hang.
Sad Tokens of their Pow'r.
5 How are the Seats of Worship broke?
They tear the Buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest Stroke,
Procures the chief Renown.
6 With Flames they threaten to destroy
Thy Children in their Nest;

Come

Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The Temple and the Priest.
7 And still to heighten our Distress,
Thy Presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted Signs of Pow'r and Grace,
Thy Pow'r and Grace are gone.
8 No Prophet speaks to calm our Woes,
But all the Seers mourn;
There's not a Soul amongst us knows
The Time of thy Return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal GOD, how long,
Shall Men of Pride blaspheme?
Shall Saints be made their endless Song,
And bear immortal Shame?
10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy Name profan'd?
And still thy Jealousy forbear,
And still with-hold thine Hand?
11 What strange Deliv'rance hast thou shown
In Ages long before?
And now no other GOD we own,
No other GOD adore.
12 Thou didst divide the raging Sea,
By thy resistless Might,
To make thy Tribes a wond'rous Way,
And then secure their Flight.
13 Is not the World of Nature thine,
The Darkness and the Day?
Didst not thou bid the Morning shine,
And mark the Sun his Way?
14 Hath not thy Pow'r form'd ev'ry Coast,
And set the Earth its Bounds?
With Summer's Heat and Winter's Frost,
In their perpetual Rounds?
15 And shall the Sons of Earth and Dust
That sacred Pow'r blaspheme;

Will

Will not thy Hand that form'd 'em first,
Avenge thine injur'd Name?
16 Think on the Cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy Words of Love;
Nor let the Birds of Prey invade,
And vex thy mourning Dove.
17 Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jest;
Plead thine own Cause, Almighty GOD,
And give thy Children Rest.

PSALM 75.

Power and Government from GOD alone.

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King WILLIAM, or the happy Accession of King GEORGE to the Throne.

1 TO Thee, most Holy, and most High,
To Thee, we bring our thankful Praise:
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.
2 *Britain* was doom'd to be a Slave,
Her Frame dissolv'd; her Fears were great;
When GOD a new Supporter gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.
3 He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome Laws;
His Foot shall tread th' Oppressor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cause.
4 Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful Head;
But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
And own the King that GOD hath made.
5 Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
'Tis GOD the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis GOD that lays another low.
6 No vain Pretence to Royal Birth,
Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne;

GOD,

GOD, the great Sov'reign of the Earth,
Will rise, and make his Justice known.
7 [His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Vengeance, mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink 'em up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter Dregs.
8 Now shall the Lord exalt the Just,
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Dust,
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.]

PSALM 76.

Israel *saved, and the* Assyrians *destroyed*; or, *GOD's Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

1 IN *Judah*, GOD of old was known;
His Name in *Isr'el* great;
In *Salem* stood his holy Throne,
And *Sion* was his Seat.
2 Among the Praises of his Saints,
His Dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just Complaints,
Against their haughty Foes.
3 From *Sion* went his dreadful Word,
And broke the threat'ning Spear,
The Bow, the Arrow, and the Sword,
And crush'd th' *Assyrian* War.
4 What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms else
But mighty Hills of Prey;
The Hill on which *Jehovah* dwells,
Is glorious more than they.
5 'Twas *Sion*'s King that stopp'd the Breath
Of Captains and their Bands;
The Men of Might slept fast in Death,
And never found their Hands.
6 At thy Rebuke, O *Jacob*'s GOD,
Both Horse and Chariot fell;

Who

Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod?
Thy Vengeance who can tell?
7 What Pow'r can ſtand before thy Sight
When once thy Wrath appears?
When Heav'n ſhines round with dreadful Light,
The Earth lies ſtill and fears.
8 When GOD, in his own ſov'reign Ways,
Comes down to ſave th' Oppreſt,
The Wrath of Man ſhall work his Praiſe,
And he'll reſtrain the reſt.
9 [Vow to the Lord, and Tribute bring,
Ye Princes, fear his Frown:
His Terror ſhakes the proudeſt King,
And cuts an Army down.
10 The Thunder of his ſharp Rebuke
Our haughty Foes ſhall feel;
For *Jacob*'s GOD hath not forſook,
But dwells in *Sion* ſtill.]

PSALM 77. *Firſt Part.*

Melancholy aſſaulting, and Hope prevailing.

1 TO GOD I cry'd with mournful Voice,
I ſought his gracious Ear,
In the ſad Day, when Troubles roſe,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.
2 Sad were my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief;
I thought on GOD, the Juſt and Wiſe,
But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.
3 Still I complain'd, and ſtill oppreſt,
My Heart began to break;
My GOD, thy Wrath forbad my Reſt,
And kept my Eyes awake.
4 My overwhelming Sorrows grew,
Till I could ſpeak no more;
Then I within myſelf withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back Years and ancient Times,
When I beheld thy Face:
My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
That might with-hold thy Grace.
6 I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His Face appear no more?
7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His Promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender Love?
Shall Anger still prevail?
8 But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark despairing Frame,
Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought;
Thy Hand is still the same.
9 I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er;
Thy Wonders of recov'ring Grace,
When Flesh could help no more.
10 Grace dwells with Justice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word,
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. *Second Part.*

Comfort derived from ancient Providence; or, Israel *delivered from* Egypt, *and brought to* Canaan.

1 "HOW awful is thy chast'ning Rod?
"(May thy own Children say)
"The Great, the Wise, the dreadful GOD!
"How holy is his Way!"
2 I'll meditate his Works of old;
The King that reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient Wonders told,
And learn to trust his Love.
3 Long did the House of *Joseph* lie
With *Egypt*'s Yoke oppreſt;

Long

Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
Nor gave his People Reſt.
4 The Sons of good old *Jacob* ſeem'd
Abandon'd to their Foes;
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The Nation that he choſe.
5 *Iſr'el*, his People, and his Sheep,
Muſt follow where he calls;
He bid them venture through the Deep,
And made the Waves their Walls.
6 The Waters ſaw Thee, mighty GOD,
The Waters ſaw Thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
To make thine Armies Room.
7 Strange was thy Journey through the Sea,
Thy Footſteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wond'rous Way,
That brings thy Mercies down.
8 [Thy Voice with Terror in the Sound
Through Clouds and Darkneſs broke;
All Heav'n in Lightning ſhone around,
And Earth with Thunder ſhook.
9 Thine Arrows through the Skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprize and Trembling ſeiz'd the World,
And his own Saints ador'd.
10 He gave them Water from the Rock;
And ſafe by *Moſes'* Hand,
Through a dry Deſart led his Flock
Home to the promis'd Land.]

PSALM 78. *First Part.*

Providences of God *recorded*; or, *pious Education and Inſtruction of Children.*

1 LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which GOD perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we ſaw,
And which our Father's told.

2 He

2 He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Through ev'ry rising Race.
3 Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs,
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.
4 Thus they shall learn, in GOD alone
Their Hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practise his Commands.

PSALM 78. *Second Part.*

Israel's *Rebellion and Punishment*; or, *The Sins and Chastisements of GOD's People.*

1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious House
Was *Jacob*'s ancient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.
2 They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works he wrought, to prove
His Pow'r, before their Eyes.
3 They saw the Plagues on *Egypt* light
From his revenging Hand;
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the stubborn Land.
4 They saw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd in Safety through,
With wat'ry Walls to guard their Way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the Foe.
5 A wond'rous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;
By Day it prov'd a shelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

6 He from the Rock their Thirſt ſupply'd,
The guſhing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A conſtant Miracle.
7 Yet they provok'd the Lord moſt High,
And dar'd diſtruſt his Hand:
" *Can he with Bread our Hoſt ſupply*
" *Amidſt this deſart Land?*"
8 The Lord with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame;
His Terrors ever ſtand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

PSALM 78. *Third Part.*

The Puniſhment of Luxury and Intemperance; or, *Chaſtiſement and Salvation.*

1 WHEN *Iſr'el* ſins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And ſends them heav'nly Bread.
2 He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treaſures known;
He gave the Midnight Clouds Command
To pour Proviſion down.
3 The *Manna*, like a Morning Show'r,
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heav'n, ſo light, ſo pure,
As though 'twere Angels Meat.
4 But they in murm'ring Language ſaid,
" *Manna* is all our Feaſt;
" We loath this light, this airy Bread;
" We muſt have Fleſh to taſte."
5 *Ye ſhall have Fleſh to pleaſe your Luſt*,
The Lord in Wrath reply'd,
And ſent 'em Quails, like Sand or Duſt,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.
6 He gave 'em all their own Deſire;
And greedy as they fed,

His Vengeance burnt with ſecret Fire,
And ſmote the Rebels dead.
7 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd,
And ſought the Lord with Tears;
Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But ſoon forgot their Fears.
8 Oft he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
'Till by his gracious Hand,
The Nation he reſolv'd to ſave
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd Land.

PSALM 78. *v.* 32. &c. *Fourth Part.*

Backſliding and Forgiveneſs; or, *Sin puniſhed, and Saints ſaved.*

1 GREAT GOD, how oft did *Iſr'el* prove
By Turns thine Anger and thy Love?
There in a Glaſs our Hearts may ſee
How fickle and how falſe they be.
2 How ſoon the faithleſs *Jews* forgot
The dreadful Wonders GOD had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his Face,
Nor fear his Pow'r, nor truſt his Grace.
3 The Lord conſum'd their Years in Pain,
And made their Travels long and vain;
A tedious March through unknown Ways,
Wore out their Strength, and ſpent their Days.
4 Oft when they ſaw their Brethren ſlain,
They mourn'd, and ſought the Lord again:
Call'd him the Rock of their Abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their GOD.
5 Their Pray'rs and Vows before him riſe,
As flatt'ring Words, or ſolemn Lyes,
While their rebellious Tempers prove
Falſe to his Cov'nant and his Love.
6 Yet did his ſov'reign Grace forgive
The Men who not deſerv'd to live;

His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle Flame it burn'd.
7 He ſaw their Fleſh was weak and frail,
He ſaw Temptations ſtill prevail:
The GOD of *Abra'm* lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy Hill.

PSALM 80.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, *The Vineyard of GOD waſted.*

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine *Iſrael*,
Who didſt between the Cherubs dwell,
And lead the Tribes, thy choſen Sheep,
Safe through the Deſart and the Deep.
2 Thy Church is in the Deſart now,
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.
3 Great GOD, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall we lament and pray?
And wait in vain thy kind Return?
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
4 Inſtead of Wine and chearful Bread,
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed:
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Haſt thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in *Heathen* Lands?
Did not thy Power defend it round,
And heav'nly Dews enrich the Ground?
6 How did the ſpreading Branches ſhoot,
And bleſs the Nations with their Fruit?
But now, dear Lord, look down and ſee
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.
7 Why is its Beauty thus defac'd?
Why haſt thou laid her Fences waſte?

Strangers

Strangers and Foes againſt her join,
And ev'ry Beaſt devours the Vine.
8 Return, Almighty GOD, return;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn:
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew,
Thou waſt its Strength and Glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
'Till the fair *Branch of Promiſe* roſe.
10 Fair Branch ordain'd of old to ſhoot
From *David*'s Stock, from *Jacob*'s Root;
Himſelf a noble Vine, and we
The leſſer Branches of the Tree.
11 'Tis thy own Son; and he ſhall ſtand
Girt with thy Strength at thy Right-Hand;
Thy firſt-born Son, adorn'd and bleſt
With Pow'r and Grace above the reſt.
12 O! for his Sake, attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches, leſt they die;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PSALM 81. *v.* 1. 8---16.

The Warnings of GOD to his People; or, *Spiritual Bleſſings and Puniſhmemts.*

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful Noiſe;
GOD is our Strength, our Saviour GOD;
Let *Iſr'el* hear his Voice.
2 " From vile Idolatry
" Preſerve my Worſhip clean;
" I am the Lord, who ſet thee free
" From Slavery and Sin.
3 " Stretch thy Deſires abroad,
" And I'll ſupply them well:

" But if ye will refuſe your GOD,
" If *Iſr'el* will rebel;
4 " I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
" To their own Luſts a Prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous Road;
" 'Tis their own choſen Way.
5 " Yet, O! that all my Saints
" Would hearken to my Voice!
" Soon I would eaſe their ſore Complaints,
" And bid their Hearts rejoice.
6 " While I deſtroy their Foes,
" I'd richly feed my Flock,
" And they ſhall taſte the Stream that flows
" From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82.

GOD the Supreme Governor; or, *Magiſtrates warned.*

1 AMONG th' Aſſemblies of the Great,
A greater Ruler takes his Seat;
The GOD of Heav'n as Judge ſurveys
Thoſe Gods on Earth, and all their Ways.
2 Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
Or why ſupport th' unrighteous Cauſe!
When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more?
3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the Ways in which they go;
Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,
For they ſhall fall and die like Men.
4 Ariſe, O Lord, and let thy Son
Poſſeſs his univerſal Throne,
And rule the Nations with his Rod;
He is our Judge, and he our GOD.

PSALM 83.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

1 AND will the GOD of Grace
Perpetual Silence keep;
The GOD of Justice hold his Peace,
And let his Vengeance sleep?
2 Behold, what cursed Snares
The Men of Mischief spread:
The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee,
Lift up their threat'ning Head.
3 Against thy hidden Ones
Their Counsels they employ,
And Malice with her watchful Eye
Pursues them to destroy.
4 The Noble and the Base
Into thy Pastures leap;
The Lion and the stupid Ass
Conspire to vex thy Sheep.
5 "Come let us join, they cry,
"To root them from the Ground,
"Till not the Name of Saints remain,
"Nor Mem'ry shall be found."
6 Awake, Almighty GOD,
And call thy Wrath to Mind;
Give them like Forests to the Fire,
Or Stubble to the Wind.
7 Convince their Madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy Name;
Or else their stubborn Rage confound,
That they may die in Shame.
8 Then shall the Nations know
That glorious dreadful Word,
JEHOVAH is thy Name alone,
And thou the Sov'reign Lord.

PSALM 84. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Desire my Spirit faints,
To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.
2 My Flesh would rest in thine Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for GOD;
My GOD! my King! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and Thee?
3 The Sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her Young provides her Nest;
But will my GOD to Sparrows grant
That Pleasure which his Children want?
4 Blest are the Saints who sit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majesty;
The brightest Glories shine above,
And all their Work is Praise and Love.
5 Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.
6 Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to *Sion*'s Gate;
GOD is their Strength; and thro' the Road
They lean upon their Helper, GOD.
7 Chearful they walk with growing Strength,
'Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length,
'Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

PSALM 84. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

GOD and his Church; or, *Grace and Glory.*

1 GREAT GOD, attend while *Sion* sings
The Joy that from thy Presence springs;
To spend one Day with Thee on Earth
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

2 Might

2 Might I enjoy the meaneſt Place
Within thy Houſe, O GOD of Grace,
Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Pow'r
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.
3 GOD is our Son, he makes our Day;
GOD is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th' Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without, and Foes within.
4 All needful Grace will GOD beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too;
He gives us all Things, and with-holds
No real Good from upright Souls.
5 O GOD, our King, whoſe ſov'reign Sway
The glorious Hoſts of Heaven obey,
And Devils at thy Preſence flee;
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in Thee.

PSALM 84. *v.* 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. Paraphraſed in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worſhip; or, *GOD preſent in his Churches.*

1 MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
To which thy GOD reſorts!
'Tis Heaven to ſee his ſmiling Face,
Though in his earthly Courts.
2 There the great Monarch of the Skies
His ſaving Pow'r diſplays,
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes,
With kind and quick'ning Rays.
3 With his rich Gifts the heav'nly *Dove*
Deſcends, and fills the Place,
While *Chriſt* reveals his wond'rous Love,
And ſheds abroad his Grace.
4 There, mighty GOD, thy Words declare
The Secrets of thy Will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy Mercy there,
And ſing thy Praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

5 My Heart and Flesh cry out for Thee,
While far from thine Abode;
When shall I tread thy Courts, and see
My Saviour, and my GOD.
6 The Sparrow builds herself a Nest,
And suffers no Remove;
O make me, like the Sparrows, blest,
To dwell but where I love.
7 To sit one Day beneath thine Eye,
And hear thy gracious Voice,
Exceeds a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.
8 Lord, at thy Threshold I would wait
While JESUS is within,
Rather than fill a Throne of State,
Or live in Tents of Sin.
9 Could I command the spacious Land,
And the more boundless Sea,
For one blest Hour at thy Right Hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are:
To thine Abode
My Heart aspires,
With warm Desires
To see my GOD.
2 The Sparrow for her Young,
With Pleasure seeks a Nest,
And wand'ring Swallows long
To find their wonted Rest;

My

My Spirit faints
With equal Zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy Saints.
O happy Souls that pray,
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant Service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To *Sion*'s Hill.

4 They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears:
O glorious Seat,
When GOD our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred Day,
Where GOD and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thousand Days beside.
Where GOD resorts
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than shine in Courts.

6 GOD is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Blessings thence;
He shall bestow
On *Jacob*'s Race
Peculiar Grace,
And Glory too.

7 The Lord his People loves;
His Hand no Good with-holds
From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls:
Thrice happy he,
O GOD of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

PSALM 85. *v.* 1---8. *First Part.*

Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, *Deliverance begun and compleated.*

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy Grace to Mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy Doom:
So GOD forgave when *Isr'el* sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring Captives Home.
2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest Wrath abate:
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy Salvation be complete.
3 Revive our dying Graces, Lord,
And let thy Saints in Thee rejoice;
Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word;
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice.
4 We wait to hear what GOD will say;
He'll speak, and give his People Peace,
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

PSALM 85. *v.* 9, &c. *Second Part.*

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And Grace descending from on high
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.
2 Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since *Christ* the Lord came down from Heav'n,

By

By his Obedience ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.
3 Now Truth and Honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heav'nly Influence bleſs the Ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.
4 His Righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free Acceſs to God;
Our wand'ring Feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

PSALM 86. *v.* 8---13.

A general Song of Praiſe to GOD.

1 AMONG the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Pow'r divine;
Nor is their Nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their Works like thine.
2 The Nations thou haſt made, ſhall bring
Their Off'rings round thy Throne:
For thou alone doſt wond'rous Things,
For thou art GOD alone.
3 Lord, I would walk with holy Feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly Ways,
And my poor ſcatter'd Thoughts unite
In GOD my Father's Praiſe.
4 Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue
Shall thoſe great Wonders tell,
How by thy Grace my ſinking Soul
Roſe from the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM 87.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; or, Jews *and* Gentiles *united in the Chriſtian Church.*

1 GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly Praiſe:
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well,
But ſtill in *Sion* loves to dwell.

2 His

2 His Mercy visits ev'ry House
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praise and pray.
3 What Glories were describ'd of old?
What Wonders are of *Sion* told?
Thou City of our God below,
Thy Fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.
4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their Lives anew:
Angels and Men shall join to sing
The Hill where living Waters spring.
5 When God makes up his last Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,
'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born, or nourish'd there.

PSALM 89. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Covenant made with Christ; or, *The true* David.

1 FOR ever shall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and Truth for ever stand
Like Heav'n, establish'd by his Hand.
2 " Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
" With thee my Cov'nant first is made;
" In thee shall dying Sinners live,
" Glory and Grace are thine to give.
3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
" Thy Children shall be ever blest;
" Thou art my chosen King; thy Throne
" Shall stand eternal like my own.
4 " There's none of all my Sons above
" So much my Image or my Love;
" Celestial Pow'rs thy Subjects are,
" Then what can Earth to thee compare?

5 *David*

5 " *David*, my Servant, whom I chose
" To guard my Flock, to crush my Foes,
" And rais'd him to the *Jewish* Throne,
" Was but a Shadow of my Son."
6 Now let the Church rejoice and sing
JESUS her Saviour and her King;
Angels his heav'nly Wonders show,
And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM 89. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Faithfulness of GOD.

1 MY never ceasing Songs shall show
The Mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.
2 The sacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure:
And if he speak a Promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.
3 How long the Race of *David* held
The promis'd *Jewish* Throne!
But there's a nobler Cov'nant seal'd
To *David*'s greater Son.
4 His Seed for ever shall possess
A Throne above the Skies;
The meanest Subjects of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.
5 Lord GOD of Hosts, thy wond'rous Ways
Are sung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

PSALM 89. *v.* 7, &c. *Second Part.*

The Power and Majesty of GOD; or, *Reverential Worship.*

1 WITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,

His

His high Commands with Rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his Word.
2 How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies ſhine!
Where is the Pow'r that vies with Thee?
Or Truth compar'd with thine?
3 The *Northern* Pole, and *Southern*, reſt
On thy ſupporting Hand;
Darkneſs and Day, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
Move round at thy Command.
4 Thy Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boiſt'rous Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows ſleep.
5 Heav'n, Earth and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance ſhine,
When *Egypt* durſt rebel!
6 Juſtice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace;
While Truth and Mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy Face.

PSALM 89. *v.* 15, &c. *Third Part.*

A bleſſed Goſpel.

1 BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound;
Peace ſhall attend the Paths they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.
2 Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteouſneſs exalts their Hope,
Nor *Satan* dares condemn.
3 The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives;
Iſr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

PSALM

PSALM 89. *v.* 19, &c. *Fourth Part.*

Christ's *Mediatorial Kingdom*; or, *His divine and human Nature.*

1 HEAR what the Lord in Vision said,
And made his Mercy known;
"Sinners, behold, your Help is laid
"On my Almighty Son."
2 Behold the Man my Wisdom chose
Among your mortal Race;
His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my Grace.
3 High shall he reign on *David*'s Throne,
My People's better King;
My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
And still new Subjects bring.
4 My Truth shall guard him in his Way,
With Mercy by his Side,
While in my Name through Earth and Sea
He shall in Triumph ride.
5 Me for his Father, and his God,
He shall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
And I'll support my Son.
6 My first-born Son array'd in Grace,
At my Right hand shall sit;
Beneath him Angels know their Place,
And Monarchs at his Feet.
7 My Cov'nant stands for ever fast,
My Promises are strong;
Firm as the Heav'ns his Throne shall last,
His Seed endure as long.

PSALM 89. *v.* 30, &c. *Fifth Part.*

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, *Affliction without Rejection.*

1 YET (saith the Lord) if *David*'s Race,
The Children of my Son,

Should

Should break my Laws, abuſe my Grace,
And tempt mine Anger down;
2 Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
And make their Folly ſmart;
But I'll not ceaſe to be their God,
Nor from my Truth depart.
3 My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my Grace in Mind;
And what eternal Love hath ſpoke,
Eternal Truth ſhall bind.
4 Once have I ſworn (I need no more)
And pledg'd my Holineſs,
To ſeal the ſacred Promiſe ſure
To *David* and his Race.
5 The Sun ſhall ſee his Offspring riſe,
And ſpread from Sea to Sea,
Long as he travels round the Skies
To give the Nations Day.
6 Sure as the Moon that rules the Night,
His Kingdom ſhall endure,
'Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
Shall be obſerv'd no more.

PSALM 89. *v. 47, &c. Sixth Part.*
Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.
A Funeral Pſalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal State,
How frail our Life, how ſhort the Date!
Where is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Diſeaſe, ſecure from Death?
2 Lord, while we ſee whole Nations die,
Our Fleſh and Senſe repine and cry,
"Muſt Death for ever rage and reign!
"Or haſt thou made Mankind in vain?"
3 Where is thy Promiſe to the Juſt?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Duſt?

But

But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.
4 That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word:
Awake our Souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89, *v.* 47, &c. *Last Part.* As the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

1 THINK, mighty GOD, on feeble Man;
How few his Hours! how short his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can secure his vital Breath
Against the bold Demands of Death,
With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to save?
2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
" The Race of Man was only made
" For Sickness, Sorrow, and the Dust!"
Are not thy Servants, Day by Day,
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
Lord, where's thy Kindness to the Just?
3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed, a heav'nly Crown?
But Flesh and Sense indulge Despair;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Resurrection there.
4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a long Reward,
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain;
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

PSALM 90. Long Metre.

Man Mortal, and God *Eternal.*

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 THROUGH every Age, eternal GOD,
Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode:
High was thy Throne e'er Heav'n was made,
Or Earth, thy humble Footſtool, laid.
2 Long hadſt thou reign'd, e'er Time began,
Or Duſt was faſhion'd to a Man;
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure,
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.
3 But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was juſt,
Return, ye Sinners, to your Duſt.
4 [A Thouſand of our Years amount
Scarce to a Day in thine Account.
Like Yeſterday's departed Light,
Or the laſt Watch of ending Night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;
An empty Tale; a Morning Flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.
6 [Our Age to ſeventy Years is ſet;
How ſhort the Term! How frail the State!
And if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan, than live.
7 But O! how oft thy Wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected Years!
Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread:
We fear that Pow'r that ſtrikes us dead.]
8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
'Till a wiſe Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

PSALM

PSALM 90. *v.* 1---5. *First Part.* Com. Metre.
Man frail, and God *eternal.*

1 OUR GOD, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

3 Before the Hills in Order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From Everlasting thou art GOD,
To endless Years the same.

4 Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
Return ye Sons of Men:
All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

5 A thousand Ages, in thy Sight,
Are like an Ev'ning gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

6 [The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
With all their Lives and Cares,
Are carried downwards by the Flood,
And lost in following Years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

8 Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand
Pleas'd with the Morning-Light;
The Flow'rs, beneath the Mower's Hand,
Lie with'ring e'er 'tis Night.]

9 Our GOD, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

PSALM

PSALM 90. *v.* 8. 11. 9. 10. 12. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or, *Life, Old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

1 LORD, if thine Eyes ſurvey our Faults,
And Juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Duſt;
By one Offence to Thee,
Adam, with all his Sons, have loſt
Their Immortality.

3 Life, like a vain Amuſement flies,
A Fable or a Song;
By ſwift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whoſe Days amount
To threeſcore Years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort Account
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

5 [Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag thoſe poor Remains of Life
Along the tireſome Road.]

6 Almighty GOD, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
Oh! let our ſweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

7 Our Souls would learn the heav'nly Art
T' improve the Hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

PSALM 90. *v.* 13, &c. *Third Part.* Com. Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

1 RETURN, O GOD of Love, return;
Earth is a tireſome Place:

How

How long ſhall we, thy Children, mourn
Our Abſence from thy Face?
2 Let Heav'n ſucceed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow ceaſe,
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increaſe.
3 Thy Wonders to thy Servants ſhow,
Make thy own Work complete,
Then ſhall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.
4 Then ſhall we ſhine before thy Throne
In all thy Beauty, Lord;
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

PSALM 90. *v.* 5. 10. 12. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life.

1 LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame!
Our Life, how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name.
2 Alas, the brittle Clay
That built our Body firſt!
And every Month and every Day
'Tis mould'ring back to Duſt.
3 Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes ſtay;
Juſt like a Flood, our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.
4 Well, if our Days muſt fly,
We'll keep their End in Sight,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdom's Way,
And let them ſpeed their Flight.
5 They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This Life's tempeſtuous Sea:
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful Shore
Of bleſt Eternity.

PSALM

PSALM 91. *v.* 1---7. *First Part.*

Safety in publick Diseases and Dangers.

1 HE that hath made his Refuge GOD,
Shall find a most secure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night shall rest his Head.
2 Then will I say, "My GOD, thy Pow'r
" Shall be my Fortress and my Tow'r:
" I that am form'd of feeble Dust,
" Make thine Almighty Arm my Trust."
3 Thrice happy Man! thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare,
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguardad Souls a thousand Ways.
4 Just as a Hen protects her Brood,
From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood,
Under her Feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.
5 If burning Beams of Noon conspire
To dart a pestilential Fire,
GOD is their Life, his Wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful Shade.
6 If Vapours with malignant Breath
Rise thick, and scatter Midnight Death;
Isr'el is safe: The poison'd Air
Grow's pure, if *Isr'el*'s GOD be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy Side,
At thy right Hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen People saves
Amongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.
8 So when he sent his Angels down
To make his Wrath in *Egypt* known;
And slew their Sons, his careful Eye
Past all the Doors of *Jacob* by.
9 But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword,
Receive Commission from the Lord,

To

To ſtrike his Saints among the reſt,
Their very Pains and Deaths are bleſt.
10 The Sword, the Peſtilence, or Fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt Deſire;
From Sins and Sorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy Children, Lord, to Thee.

PSALM 91. *v.* 9---16. *Second Part.*
Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

1 YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to every Snare;
Come, make the Lord your Dwelling-place,
And try and truſt his Care.
2 No Ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And ſweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raiſe his Saints on high.
3 He'll give his Angels Charge to keep
Your Feet in all your Ways;
To watch your Pillow while you ſleep,
And guard your happy Days.
4 Their Hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall
And daſh againſt the Stones:
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And ſent t'attend his Sons?
5 Adders and Lions ye ſhall tread;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head,
Puts him beneath your Feet.
6 "Becauſe on me they ſet their Love,
"I'll ſave them (ſaith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful Souls above
"Deſtruction and the Sword.
7 "My Grace ſhall anſwer when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh:
"My Pow'r ſhall help 'em when they fall,
"And raiſe them when they die.

8 " Thoſe that on Earth my Name have known,
" I'll honour them in Heav'n;
" There my Salvation ſhall be ſhown,
" And endleſs Life be giv'n."

PSALM 92. *First Part.*

A Pſalm for the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the Work, my GOD, my King,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks and ſing;
To ſhew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.
2 Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Cares ſhall ſeize my Breaſt;
O may my Heart in Tune be found,
Like *David*'s Harp of ſolemn Sound!
3 My Heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his Works, and bleſs his Word;
Thy Works of Grace how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!
4 Fools never raiſe their Thoughts ſo high;
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Graſs they flouriſh, till thy Breath
Blaſts them in everlaſting Death.
5 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious Part
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
And freſh Supplies of Joy are ſhed,
Like holy Oil, to chear my Head.
6 Sin (my worſt Enemy before)
Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more;
My inward Foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor *Satan* break my Peace again.
7 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry Pow'r find ſweet Employ
In that eternal World of Joy.

PSALM

PSALM 92. *v.* 12, &c. *Second Part.*
The Church is the Garden of God.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand
In Gardens planted by thine Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be seen
Like a young *Cedar*, fresh and green.
2 There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Blest with thine Influence from above;
Not *Lebanon*, with all its Trees,
Yields such a comely Sight as these.
3 The Plants of Grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but Grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all Things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
4 Laden with Fruits of Age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true:
None that attend his Gates, shall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. 1st Metre, as the 100th Psalm.
The Eternal and Sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might:
The World created by his Hands
Still on its first Foundation stands.
2 But e'er this spacious World was made,
Or had its first Foundations laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living GOD.
3 Like Floods the angry Nations rise,
And aim their Rage against the Skies;
Vain Floods that aim their Rage so high,
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.
4 For ever shall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

PSALM 93. 2d Metre, as the Old 50th Psalm.

1 THE Lord of Glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His Robes of State are Strength & Majesty:
This wide Creation rose at his Command,
Built by his Word, and 'stablish'd by his Hand.
Long stood his Throne e'er he began Creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.
2 GOD is th' Eternal King. Thy Foes in vain
Raise their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:
In vain the Storms, in vain the Floods arise,
And roar, and toss their Waves against the Skies;
Foaming at Heav'n they rage with wild Commotion,
But Heav'n's high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.
3 Ye Tempests rage no more; ye Floods be still,
And the mad World submissive to his Will:
Built on his Truth his Church must ever stand:
Firm are his Promises, and strong his Hand:
See his own Sons, when they appear before him,
Bow at his Footstool, and with Fear adore him.

PSALM 93. 3d Metre, as the old 122d Psalm.

1 THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with sov'reign Might,
And Rays of Majesty around.
2 Upheld by thy Commands,
The World securely stands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
Thy Throne was fix'd on high,
Before the Starry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.
3 In vain the noisy Croud,
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Against thine Empire rage and roar;

In

In vain with angry Spite
The surly Nations fight,
And dash like Waves against the Shore.
4 Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs engage,
Let swelling Tides assault the Sky;
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madness down;
Thy Throne for ever stands on high.
5 Thy Promises are true,
Thy Grace is ever new;
There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove;
Thy Saints with holy Fear,
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting Love.
[*Repeat the fourth Stanza, to compleat the Tune.*]

PSALM 94. *v.* 1, 2. 7---14. *First Part.*
Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed; or,
Instructive Afflictions

1 O GOD! to whom Revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy Wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign Pow'r redress our Wrongs,
Let Justice smite the Proud.
2 They say, *The Lord nor sees nor hears*;
When will the Fools be wise?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their Ears?
Or blind, who made their Eyes?
3 He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his Pow'r;
His Wrath shall pierce their Souls with Pain
In some surprising Hour.
4 But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler Rod;
Thy Providences and thy Book
Shall make them know their GOD.
5 Blest is the Man thy Hands chastise,
And to his Duty draw:

Thy Scourges make thy Children wise
When they forget thy Law.
6 But GOD will ne'er cast off his Saints,
Nor his own Promise break;
He pardons his Inheritance
For their Redeemer's Sake.

PSALM 94. *v.* 16----23. *Second Part.*

God *our Support and Comfort*; or, *Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.*

1 WHO will arise and plead my Right
Against my num'rous Foes,
While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
And all my Hopes oppose?
2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
Sustain'd my fainting Head,
My Life had now in Silence dwelt,
My Soul amongst the Dead.
3 *Alas! my sliding Feet!* I cry'd,
Thy Promise was my Prop;
Thy Grace stood constant by my Side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.
4 While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
Within my Bosom roll,
Thy boundless Love forgives my Faults,
Thy Comforts chear my Soul.
5 Pow'rs of Iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious Laws;
But GOD, my Refuge, rules the Skies,
He will defend my Cause.
6 Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
Let bold Blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our GOD shall judge the Proud,
And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM

PSALM 95. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

1 SING to the Lord *Jehovah*'s Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.
2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Psalms of Honour sing;
The Lord's a GOD of boundless Might,
The whole Creation's King.
3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
How mean their Natures seem,
Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.
4 Earth, with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.
5 Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Pow'r
Be Children of his Grace!
6 Now is the Time, he bends his Ear,
And waits for your Request;
Come, lest he rouse his Wrath, and swear,
"*Ye shall not see my Rest.*"

PSALM 95. Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound this Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing:
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign GOD,
The universal King.
2 He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The watry Worlds are all his own,
And all the solid Ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his Throne;
  Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his Works, and not our own;
  He form'd us by his Word.
4 To Day attend his Voice,
  Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
  And own your gracious GOD.
5 But if your Ears refuſe
  The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard, like ſtubborn *Jews*,
  That unbelieving Race:
6 The Lord, in Vengeance dreſt,
  Will lift his Hand and ſwear,
" *You that deſpiſe my promis'd Reſt,*
  " *Shall have no Portion there.*"

PSALM 95. *v.* 1, 2, 3, 6 ---11. Long Metre.
Canaan *loſt through Unbelief*; or, *A Warning to delaying Sinners.*

1 COME, let our Voices join to raiſe,
  A ſacred Song of ſolemn Praiſe:
GOD is a ſov'reign King; rehearſe
His Honour in exalted Verſe.
2 Come, let our Souls addreſs the Lord,
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word:
He is our Shepherd; we the Sheep,
His Mercy choſe, his Paſtures keep.
3 Come, let us hear his Voice To-day,
The Counſels of his Love obey;
Nor let our harden'd Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that *Iſr'el* knew.
4 *Iſr'el*, that ſaw his Works of Grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his Face;
A faithleſs unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their GOD.
5 Thus ſaith the Lord, " *How falſe they prove!*
" *Forget my Pow'r; abuſe my Love;*

" *Since*

"Since they despise my Rest, I swear,
"Their Feet shall never enter there."
6 [Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view those ancient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace To-day,
Nor lose the Blessing by Delay.
7 Seize the kind Promise while it waits,
And march to *Sion*'s heav'nly Gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd Rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM 96. *v.* 1. 10, &c. Common Metre.
Christ's *first and second Coming.*

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of ev'ry Tongue;
His new-discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.
2 Say to the Nations, *JESUS* reigns,
GOD's own Almighty Son;
His Pow'r the sinking World sustains,
And Grace surrounds his Throne.
3 Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful Day,
Joy through the Earth be seen;
Let Cities shine in bright Array,
And Fields in chearful Green.
4 Let an unusual Joy surprize
The Islands of the Sea:
Ye Mountains sink, ye Vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his Way.
5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The Nations as their GOD:
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And send his Truth abroad.
6 But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,
And bid the World draw near,
How will the guilty Nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 96. As the 113th Psalm.
The God *of the Gentiles.*

1 LET all the Earth their Voices raise,
To sing the choisest Psalm of Praise,
To sing and bless *Jehovah*'s Name;
His Glory let the Heathens know,
His Wonders to the Nations show,
And all his saving Works proclaim.
2 The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word;
In *Britain* is *Jehovah* known:
Our Worship shall no more be paid
To Gods, which mortal Hands have made;
Our Maker is our GOD alone.
3 He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the shining Worlds on high,
And reigns complete in Glory there:
His Beams are Majesty and Light:
His Beauties, how divinely bright;
His Temple, how divinely fair!
4 Come, the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth shall feel his saving Pow'r,
And barb'rous Nations fear his Name;
Then shall the Race of Men confess
The Beauty of his Holiness,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. *v.* 1----5. *First Part.*
Christ *reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.*

1 HE reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.
2 Deep are his Counsels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne;
Though gloomy Clouds his Ways surround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.

3 In

3 In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.
4 His Enemies with ſore Diſmay
Fly from the Sight, and ſhun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints on high,
And ſing, for your Redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97. *v.* 6---9. *Second Part.*
Chriſt's *Incarnation*

1 THE Lord is come; the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of *Eaſtern* Sages to their GOD.
2 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worſhip where the Saviour lies;
Angels and Kings before him bow,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below.
3 Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound;
But *Judah* ſhout, but *Sion* ſing,
And Earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

PSALM 97. *Third Part.*
Grace and Glory.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
Though Clouds and Darkneſs veil his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-ſeat.
2 O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate ev'ry Work of Sin and Shame:
He guards the Souls of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.
3 Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
Are for the Saints in Darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious Seeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright Harveſt bleſs our Eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye Righteous, and record
The sacred Honours of the Lord;
None but the Soul that feels his Grace
Can triumph in his Holiness.

PSALM 97. *v.* 1. 3. 5---7, 11. Common Metre.
Christ's *Incarnation, and the last Judgment.*

1 YE Islands of the *Northern* Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.
2 His Presence sinks the proudest Hills,
And makes the Vallies rise;
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.
3 The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worshippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.
4 Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.
5 His Foes shall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire:
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.
6 The Seeds of Joy and Glory sown
For Saints in Darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harvest bear.

PSALM 98. *First Part.*
Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, GOD,
New Honours be addrest;
His great Salvation shines abroad,
And makes the Nations blest.

2 He

2 He ſpake the Word to *Abr'am* firſt,
His Truth fulfils his Grace,
The *Gentiles* make his Name their Truſt,
And learn his Righteouſneſs.
3 Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her diff'rent Tongues;
And ſpread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

PSALM 98. *Second Part.*
The Meſſiah'*s Coming and Kingdom.*

1 JOY to the World; the Lord is come;
Let Earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry Heart prepare him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.
2 Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let Men their Songs employ;
While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and (Plains,
Repeat the ſounding Joy.
3 No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infeſt the Ground;
He comes to make his Bleſſings flow,
Far as the Curſe is found.
4 He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteouſneſs,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM 99. *Firſt Part.*
Chriſt'*s Kingdom and Majeſty.*

1 THE GOD *JEHOVAH* reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.
2 *Jeſus* the Saviour reigns;
Let Earth adore its Lord;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his Word,

3 In

3 In *Sion* is his Throne,
His Honours are divine;
His Church shall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories shine.
4 How holy is his Name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and Truth, and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

PSALM 99. *Second Part.*
A Holy God *worshi ped with Reverence.*

1 EXALT the Lord our GOD,
And worsh p at his Feet,
His Nature is all Holiness,
And Mercy is his Seat.
2 When *Isr'el* was his Church,
When *Aaron* was his Priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his People Rest.
3 Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would destroy their Race;
And oft he made his Vengeance known,
When they abus'd his Grace.
4 Exalt the Lord our GOD,
Whose Grace is still the same;
Still he's a GOD of Holiness,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM 100. First Metre. A plain Translation.
Praise to our Creator.

1 YE Nations round the Earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King;
Serve him with chearful Heart and Voice,
With all your Tongues his Glory sing.
2 The Lord is GOD; 'tis he alone
Doth Life and Breath, and Being give:
We are his Work, and not our own;
The Sheep that on his Pastures live.

3 Enter-

3 Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
With Praiſes to his Courts repair;
And make it your Divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.
4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his Grace, his Mercy ſure:
And the whole Race of Man ſhall find
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM 100. Second Metre. A Paraphraſe.

1 SING to the Lord with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;
The *Britiſh* Iſles ſhall ſend the Noiſe
Acroſs the Ocean to the Shore.
2 Nations attend before his Throne
With ſolemn Fear, with ſacred Joy:
Know that the Lord is GOD alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy.
3 His ſov'reign Pow'r without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
And when like wand'ring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.
4 We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls and all our mortal Frame:
What laſting Honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?
5 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heav'ns our Voices raiſe;
And Earth, with her ten thouſand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.
6 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love:
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM

PSALM 101. Long Metre.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

1 MERCY and Judgment are my Song;
And since they both to Thee belong.
My gracious GOD, my righteous King,
To Thee my Songs and Vows I bring.
2 If am rais'd to bear the Sword,
I'll take my Counsels from thy Word;
Thy Justice and thy heav'nly Grace
Shall be the Pattern of my Ways.
3 Let Wisdom all my Actions guide,
And let my GOD with me reside;
No wicked Thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy Jealousy.
4 No Sons of Slander, Rage and Strife
Shall be Companions of my Life;
The haughty Look, the Heart of Pride
Within my Doors shall ne'er abide.
5 [I'll search the Land, and raise the Just
To Posts of Honour, Wealth and Trust:
The Men that work thy holy Will,
Shall be my Friends and Fav'rites still.]
6 In vain shall Sinners hope to rise,
By flatt'ring or malicious Lyes:
And while the Innocent I guard,
The bold Offender shan't be spar'd.
7 The impious Crew (that factious Band)
Shall hide their Heads, or quit the Land;
And all that break the publick Rest,
Where I have Pow'r, shall be suppreſt.

PSALM 101 Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

1 OF Justice and of Grace I sing,
And pay my GOD my Vows;

Thy

Thy Grace and Juſtice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my Houſe.
2 Now, to my Tent, O GOD, repair,
And make thy Servant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer Nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thine Eyes.
3 The Man that doth his Neighbour Wrong,
By Falſhood or by Force,
The ſcornful Eye, the ſland'rous Tongue,
I'll thruſt 'em from my Doors.
4 I'll ſeek the faithful and the Juſt,
And will their Help enjoy;
Theſe are the Friends that I ſhall truſt,
The Servants I'll employ.
5 The Wretch that deals in ſly Deceit,
I'll not endure a Night;
The Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
And baniſh from my Sight.
6 I'll purge my Family around,
And make the Wicked flee;
So ſhall my Houſe be ever found
A Dwelling fit for Thee.

PSALM 102. *v.* 1---13. 20, 21. *First Part.*

A Prayer of the Afflicted.

1 HEAR me, O GOD, nor hide thy Face,
But anſwer, leſt I die:
Haſt thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry?
2 My Days are waſted like the Smoke
Diſſolving in the Air;
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And ſinking in Deſpair.
3 My Spirits flag like with'ring Graſs
Burnt with exceſſive Heat:
In ſecret Groans my Minutes paſs,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on ſome lonely Building's Top,
The Sparrow tells her Moan,
Far from the Tents of Joy and Hope
I ſit and grieve alone.
5 My Soul is like a Wilderneſs,
Where Beaſts of Midnight howl;
There the ſad Raven finds her Place,
And there the ſcreaming Owl.
6 Dark diſmal Thoughts, and boding Fears,
Dwell in my troubled Breaſt;
While ſharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Reſt.
7 My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
And Tears are my Repaſt;
My daily Bread, like Aſhes, grows
Unpleaſant to my Taſte.
8 Senſe can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown:
Lord, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
Thy Hand hath caſt me down.
9 My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear;
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint, as Ev'ning Shadows are
That vaniſh into Night.
10 But Thou for ever art the ſame,
O my Eternal GOD;
Ages to come ſhall know thy Name,
And ſpread thy Works abroad.
11 Thou wilt ariſe, and ſhew thy Face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long-expected Day.
12 He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by myſterious Ways,
Redeems the Priſoners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praiſe.

PSALM

PSALM 102. *v.* 13----21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Sion *restored.*

1 LET *Sion* and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour:
Her GOD hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t' exalt his Pow'r.
2 Her Dust and Ruins that remain,
Are precious in our Eyes;
Those Ruins shall be built again,
And all that Dust shall rise.
3 The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,
And stand in Glory there;
Nations shall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.
4 He sits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes;
He hears the dying Pris'ners Groan
And sees their Sighs arise.
5 He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
It shan't be said, "That praying Breath
"Was ever spent in vain."
6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. *v.* 23---28. *Third Part.*

Man's Mortality, and Christ's *Eternity*; or, *Saints die, but* Christ *and the Church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race;
Disease and Death at his Command
Arrest us, and cut short our Days.
2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon;

Thy

Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And must thy Children die so soon?
3 Yet in the Midst of Death and Grief
This Thought our Sorrow should assuage:
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"*Christ* is the same through ev'ry Age."
4 'Twas he this Earth's Foundations laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand;
This Earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his Command.
5 The starry Curtains of the Sky
Like Garments shall be laid aside:
But still thy Throne stands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever must abide.
6 Before thy Face thy Church shall live,
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World shall they survive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

PSALM 103. *v.* 1---7. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Blessing God *for his Goodness both to Soul and Body.*

1 BLESS, O my Soul, the living GOD,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the Pow'rs within me join
In Work and Worship so divine.
2 Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace;
His Favours claim thy highest Praise
Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in Silence, and forgot?
3 'Tis he, my Soul, that sent his Son
To die for Crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.
4 The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels,
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting Life from threat'ning Graves.

5 Our

5 Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years:
He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.
6 He sees th' Oppressor and th' Oppreſt,
And often gives the Suff'rers Reſt:
But will his Juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding Day.
7 [His Pow'r he ſhew'd by *Moſes'* Hands,
And gave to *Iſr'el* his Commands;
But ſent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.
8 Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* ſhall join
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.]

PSALM 103. *v.* 8-----18. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

God's *gentle Chaſtiſement*; or *His tender Mercy to his People.*

1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his Ways!
How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!
He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
And thence he makes his Glories known.
2 Not half ſo high his Pow'r hath ſpread
The ſtarry Heav'ns above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt Hopes we raiſe.
3 Not half ſo far hath Nature plac'd
The riſing Morning from the *Weſt*,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of thoſe he loves.
4 How ſlowly doth his Wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter Wings Salvation flies:
And if he lets his Anger burn,
How ſoon his Frowns to Pity turn!

5 Amidſt

5 Amidſt his Wrath Compaſſion ſhines;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins:
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints
6 So Fathers their young Sons chaſtiſe
With gentle Hands and melting Eyes:
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty GOD, the Wiſe and Juſt,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Duſt;
And will no heavy Loads impoſe
Beyond the Strength that he beſtows.
8 He knows how ſoon our Nature dies,
Blaſted by ev'ry Wind that flies;
Like Graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
As Morning Flow'rs that fade at Noon.
9 But his eternal Love is ſure
To all the Saints, and ſhall endure:
From Age to Age his Truth ſhall reign,
Nor Children's Children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. *v.* 1---7. *Firſt Part.* Short Metre.
Praiſe for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bleſs the Name,
Whoſe Favours are divine.
2 O bleſs the Lord, my Soul;
Nor let his Mercies lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs;
And without Praiſes die.
3 'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
'Tis he relieves thy Pain,
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneſſes,
And makes thee young again.

4 He

4 He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ranſom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell
Hath ſov'reign Pow'r to ſave.
5 He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Suff'rers Reſt;
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Juſtice for th' Oppreſt.
6 His wond'rous Works and Ways
He made by *Moſes* known;
But ſent the World his Truth and Grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. *v.* 8---18 *Second Part.* Short Metre.
Abounding Compaſſion of God; or, *Mercy in the Midſt of Judgment.*

1 MY Soul, repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.
2 GOD will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.
3 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.
4 His Pow'r ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love,
Far as the *Eaſt* is from the *Weſt*,
Doth all our Guilt remove.
5 The Pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.
6 He knows we are but Duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath:

His

His Anger, like a rising Wind,
Can send us swift to Death.
7 Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one sharp Blast sweeps o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.
8 But thy Compassion, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Words of Promise sure.

PSALM 103. *v.* 19---22. *Third Part.* Short Metre.
God's *universal Dominion*; or, *Angels praise the Lord.*

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.
2 Ye Angels, great in Might,
And swift to do his Will;
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.
3 Let the bright Hosts, who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.
4 While all his wond'rous Works
Through his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt sing his Graces too.

PSALM 104.

The Glory of God *in Creation and Providence.*

1 MY Soul thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays,
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

[Note,

[Note, *This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the Old* 112*th or* 127*th Pſalm, by adding theſe two Lines to every Stanza*, viz.]
Great is the Lord; what Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name?
[*Otherwiſe it may be ſung as the* 100*th Pſalm.*]
2 The Heav'ns are for his Curtains ſpread;
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed;
Clouds are his Chariot when he flies
On winged Storms acroſs the Skies.
3 Angels, whom his own Breath inſpires,
His Miniſters are flaming Fires;
And ſwift as Thought their Armies move
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.
4 The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the Earth again.
5 When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.
6 The ſwelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;
Yet thence convey'd by ſecret Veins,
They ſpring on Hills, and drench the Plains.
7 He bids the Cryſtal Fountains flow;
And chear the Vallies as they go,
Tame Heifers there their Thirſt allay,
And for the Stream wild Aſſes bray.
8 From pleaſant Trees which ſhade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet light to drink;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raiſe,
And chide our Silence in his Praiſe.

PAUSE I.

9 GOD from his cloudy Ciſtern pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs;

The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.
10 He makes the grassy Food arise,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies;
With Herbs for Man, of various Pow'r,
To nourish Nature, or to cure.
11 What noble Fruit the Vines produce!
The Olive yields a shining Juice;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces shine.
12 O bless his Name, ye *Britons*, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread:
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately Cedar stands
Rais'd in the Forest by his Hands:
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Nests secure and high.
14 To craggy Hill ascends the Goat;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell;
He gives them Wisdom where to dwell.
15 He sets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face;
And when thick Darkness veils the Day,
Calls out wild Beasts to hunt their Prey.
16 Fierce Lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring, ask their Meat from GOD;
But when the Morning-Beams arise,
The savage Beast to Covert flies.
17 Then Man to daily Labour goes:
The Night was made for his Repose:
Sleep is thy Gift, that sweet Relief
From tiresome Toil and wasting Grief.
18 How strange thy Works! how great thy Skill
And ev'ry Land thy Riches fill:

Thy

Thy Wisdom round the World we see.
This spacious Earth is full of Thee.
19 Nor less thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fish in Millions swim and creep,
With wond'rous Motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the Paths below.
20 There Ships divide their wat'ry Way,
And Flocks of scaly Monsters play;
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*.
And foams and sports in spite of Man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy Works, Almighty Lord,
All Nature rests upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures stands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.
22 While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their chearful Looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent Forms.
23 But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their Dust return;
Both Man and Beast their Souls resign;
Life, Breath and Spirit, all is thine.
24 But thou canst breathe on Dust again,
And fill the World with Beasts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.
25 His Works the Wonders of his Might
Are honour'd with his own Delight:
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his Praise.
26 The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke,
And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke;
Yet humble Souls may see thy Face,
And tell their Wants to sov'reign Grace.
27 In Thee my Hopes and Wishes meet,
And make my Meditations sweet;

Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs Joy.
28 While haughty Sinners die accurſt,
Their Glory bury'd with their Duſt,
I to my GOD, my heav'nly King,
Immortal *Hallelujahs* ſing.

PSALM 105. Abridged.

God's *Conduct of* Iſrael, *and the Plagues of* Egypt.

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD, invoke his Name,
And tell the World his Grace;
Sound through the Earth his Deeds of Fame,
That all may ſeek his Face.
2 His Cov'nant which he kept in Mind
For num'rous Ages paſt,
To num'rous Ages yet behind
In equal Force ſhall laſt.
3 He ſware to *Abra'm* and his Seed,
And made the Bleſſing ſure:
Gentiles the antient Promiſe read,
And find his Truth endure.
4 "Thy Seed ſhall make all Nations bleſt,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
"*Canaan*'s Land ſhall be their Reſt,"
The Type of heav'nly Joys.
5 [How large the Grant! how rich the Grace,
To give them *Canaan*'s Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band!
6 Like Pilgrims through the Countries round,
Securely they remov'd:
And haughty Kings that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.
7 "Touch mine anointed, and my Arm
"Shall ſoon avenge the Wrong:
"The Man that does my Prophets Harm
"Shall know their GOD is ſtrong."

3 *Then*

8 *Then let the World forbear its Rage,*
Nor put the Church in Fear;
Isra'l *must live through ev'ry Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the Saints,
And thus provok'd their GOD,
Moses was sent at their Complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful Rod.
10 He call'd for Darkness: Darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming Flood;
He turn'd each Lake, and ev'ry Stream,
To Lakes and Streams of Blood.
11 He gave the Sign, and noisome Flies
Through the whole Country spread;
And Frogs in croaking Armies rise
About the Monarch's Bed.
12 Through Fields, and Towns, and Palaces,
The tenfold Vengeance flew;
Locusts in Swarms devour their Trees,
And Hail their Cattle slew.
13 Then by an Angel's Midnight Stroke,
The Flow'r of *Egypt* dy'd;
The Strength of ev'ry House was broke,
Their Glory and their Pride.
14 *Now let the World forbear its Rage,*
Nor put the Church in Fear;
Isr'el *must live through ev'ry Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground;
Each some *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.
15 The Lord himself chose out their Way,
And mark'd their Journies right,
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

17 They thirſt; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow,
And following ſtill the Courſe they took,
Ran all the Deſart through.
18 O wond'rous Stream! O bleſſed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace!
So *Chriſt* our Rock maintains our Life
Through all this Wilderneſs.
19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The choſen Tribes poſſeſt
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Reſt.
20 *Then let the World forbear its Rage,*
The Church renounce her Fear;
Iſr'el *muſt live through ev'ry Age,*
And be th' Almighty's Care.

PSALM 106. *v.* 1---5. *Firſt Part.*

Praiſe to God; or, *Communion with Saints.*

1 TO GOD the great, the ever-bleſt,
Let Songs of Honour be addreſt;
His Mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.
2 Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs Praiſe?
Bleſt are the Souls that fear Thee ſtill,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.
3 Remember what thy Mercy did
For *Jacob*'s Race, thy choſen Seed;
And with the ſame Salvation bleſs
The meaneſt Suppliant of thy Grace.
4 O may I ſee thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM 106. *v.* 7, 8, 12---14, 43---48. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

Iſrael *puniſh'd and pardon'd*; or, God's *unchangeable Love.*

1 GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!
And yet how oft did *Iſr'el* prove
Thy Conſtancy of Grace!
2 They ſaw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy Works of Pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.
3 Now they believe his Word,
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.
4 Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Groans,
Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his Sons.
5 Their Names were in his Book,
He ſav'd 'em from their Foes:
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The People that he choſe.
6 Let *Iſr'el* bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient Race:
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn Word,
Amen, to all the Praiſe.

PSALM 107. *Firſt Part.*

Iſrael *led to* Canaan, *and* Chriſtians *to Heaven.*

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD: He reigns above,
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love;
His Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And Ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Isr'el, the Nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.
3 [When GOD's Almighty Arm had broke
Their Fetters and th' *Egyptian* Yoke,
They trac'd the Desart, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary Ground!
4 There they could find no leading Road,
Nor City for a fix'd Abode;
Nor Food nor Fountain to assuage
Their burning Thirst, or Hunger's Rage.]
5 In their Distress to GOD they cry'd;
GOD was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan*'s Ground.
6 Thus when our first Release we gain
From Sin's old Yoke, and *Satan*'s Chain,
We have this desart World to pass,
A dangerous and tiresome Place.
7 He feeds and clothes us all the Way,
He guides our Footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.
8 O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodness of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praise.

PSALM 107. *Second Part.*

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

1 FROM Age to Age exalt his Name,
GOD and his Grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry Soul with Food,
And feeds the Poor with ev'ry Good.
2 But if their Hearts rebel and rise
Against the GOD that rules the Skies,

If

If they reject his heav'nly Word,
And ſlight the Counſels of the Lord;
3 He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
And no Deliv'rer ſhall be found;
Laden with Grief they waſte their Breath
In Darkneſs and the Shades of Death.
4 Then to the Lord they raiſe their Cries,
He makes the dawning Light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal Shade
That hung ſo heavy round their Head.
5 He cuts the Bars of Braſs in two,
And lets the ſmiling Pris'ners through,
Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,
And gives the lab'ring Soul Relief.
6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let ev'ry Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

PSALM 107. *Third Part.*

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned; or, *A Pſalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

1 VAIN Man on fooliſh Pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own Puniſhment,
What Pains, what loathſome Maladies,
From Luxury and Luſt ariſe!
2 The Drunkard feels his Vitals waſte;
Yet drowns his Health to pleaſe his Taſte;
Till all his active Pow'rs are loſt,
And fainting Life draws near the Duſt.
3 The Glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
His Soul abhors delicious Meat;
Nature, with heavy Loads oppreſt,
Would yield to Death to be releas'd.
4 Then how the frighted Sinners fly
To GOD for Help with earneſt Cry!

He hears their Groans, prolongs their Breath,
And ſaves them from approaching Death.
5 No Med'cines could effect the Cure
So quick, ſo eaſy, or ſo ſure:
The deadly Sentence GOD repeals,
He ſends his ſov'reign Word and heals.
6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the Lord!
And let their thankful Off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's Love.

PSALM 107. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.
Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or, *The Seaman's Song.*

1 WOULD you behold the Works of God,
His Wonders in the World abroad,
Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.
2 They leave their native Shores behind,
And ſeize the Favour of the Wind;
Till GOD commands, and Tempeſts riſe
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.
3 Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful Deeps again;
What ſtrange Affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a ſtaggering Drunkard reel!
4 When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Loſt to all Hope, to GOD they cry:
His Mercy hears the loud Addreſs,
And ſends Salvation in Diſtreſs.
5 He bids the Winds their Wrath aſſwage,
The furious Waves forget their Rage:
'Tis calm; and Sailors ſmile to ſee
The Haven where they wiſh'd to be.
6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private Off'rings bring,
And in the Church his Glory ſing.

PSALM

PSALM 107. *Fifth Part.* Common Metre.

The Mariners Psalm.

1 THY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps,
The Sons of Courage ſhall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

2 At thy Commands the Winds ariſe,
And ſwell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men aſtoniſh'd mount the Skies,
And ſink in gaping Graves.

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry Hills,
And plunge in Deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring Drunkard reels,
And finds his Courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the Tempeſts roar,
They pant with flutt'ring Breath,
And hopeleſs of the diſtant Shore,
Expect immediate Death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raiſe their Cries;
He hears the loud Requeſt,
And orders Silence through the Skies,
And lays the Floods to reſt.

6 Sailors rejoice to loſe their Fears,
And ſee the Storm allay'd:
Now to their Eyes the Port appears;
There let their Vows be paid.

7 'Tis GOD that brings them ſafe to Land;
Let ſtupid Mortals know
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

8 O that the Sons of Men would praiſe
The Goodneſs of the Lord!
And thoſe that ſee thy wond'rous Ways,
Thy wond'rous Love record.

PSALM 107. *Last Part.*

Colonies planted; or, *Nations blest and punished.*

A Psalm for *New-England.*

1 WHEN God provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the Madness of the Times,
He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.
2 His Word can raise the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green,
Send show'ry Blessings from the Skies,
And Harvests in the Desarts rise.
3 [Where nothing dwelt but Beasts of Prey,
Or Men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' Oppress't and Poor repair,
And builds them Towns and Cities there.
4 They sow the Fields, and Trees they plant,
Whose yearly Fruit supplies their Want:
Their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,
Their Wealth increases with their Flocks.
5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen Nations in,
A savage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barb'rous Hands.
6 Their captive Sons expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn:
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Desolation spreads the Field.
7 Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns:
Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]
8 The Righteous, with a joyful Sense,
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the GOD that Saints adore.

9 How

9 How few with pious Care record
These wond'rous Dealings of the Lord!
But wise Observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM 109. *v.* 1----5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

1 GOD of my Mercy and my Praise,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Though Sinners speak against thy Grace
With a blaspheming Tongue.
2 When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders false and vain
They compass'd him around.
3 Their Mis'ries his Compassion move,
Their Peace he still pursu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good,
4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cause,
Yet with his dying Breath
He pray'd for Murd'rers on the Cross,
And blest his Foes in Death.
5 Lord, shall thy bright Example shine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul, a-kin to thine,
To love mine Enemies.
6 The Lord shall on my Side engage,
And in my Saviour's Name
I shall defeat their Pride and Rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Christ *exalted, and Multitudes converted*; or, *The Success of the Gospel.*

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To *Christ* the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At

" At my Right-hand, till I ſhall make
" Thy Foes ſubmiſſive at thy Feet.
2 " From *Sion* ſhall thy Word proceed,
" Thy Word, the Scepter in thy Hand,
" Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
" And bow their Wills to thy Command.
3 " That Day ſhall ſhew thy Pow'r is great,
" When Saints ſhall flock with willing Minds,
" And Sinners croud thy Temple Gate,
" Where Holineſs in Beauty ſhines."
4 O bleſſed Pow'r! O glorious Day!
What a large Vict'ry ſhall enſue!
And Converts, who thy Grace obey,
Exceed the Drops of Morning Dew.

PSALM 110. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Prieſthood of Chriſt.

1 THUS the great Lord of Earth and Sea,
Spake to his Son, and thus he ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
" And change from Hand to Hand no more.
2 " *Aaron*, and all his Sons muſt die,
" But everlaſting Life is thine,
" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For Refuge from the Wrath divine.
3 " By me *Melchiſedec* was made
" On Earth a King and Prieſt at once:
" And thou, my heav'nly Prieſt, ſhalt plead;
" And thou, my King, ſhalt rule my Sons."
4 *Jeſus* the Prieſt aſcends his Throne,
While Counſels of eternal Peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with Honour and Succeſs.
5 Through the whole Earth his Reign ſhall ſpread,
And cruſh the Pow'rs that dare rebel:
Then ſhall he judge the riſing Dead,
And ſend the guilty World to Hell.

6 Though

6 Though while he treads his glorious Way,
He drinks the Cup of Tears and Blood,
The Suff'rings of that dreadful Day
Shall but advance him near to GOD.

PSALM 110. Common Metre.
Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy Throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In *Sion* shall thy Pow'r be known,
And make thy Foes submit.
2 What Wonders shall thy Gospel do!
Thy Converts shall surpass
The num'rous Drops of Morning Dew,
And own thy sov'reign Grace.
3 GOD hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
" Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
" When *Aaron* is no more.
4 " *Melchisedec*, that wond'rous Priest,
" That King of high Degree,
" That holy Man who *Abr'am* blest,
" Was but a Type of Thee."
5 *Jesus*, our Priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The Blessings of his Love.
6 GOD shall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain,
Shall strike the Pow'rs and Princes dead,
Who dare oppose his Reign.

PSALM 111. *First Part.*
The Wisdom of God *in his Works.*

1 SONGS of immortal Praise belong
To our Almighty GOD;
He has my Heart, and he my Tongue
To spread his Name abroad.

2 How

2 How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in ev'ry Age have ſought
His Wonders with Delight.
3 How moſt exact is Nature's Frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His Counſels never change the Scheme
That his firſt Thoughts deſign'd.
4 When he redeem'd his choſen Sons,
He fixt his Cov'nant ſure;
The Orders that his Lips pronounce
To endleſs Years endure.
3 Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim:
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy Name?
6 To fear thy Pow'r, to truſt thy Grace
Is our divineſt Skill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our Race
That beſt obeys thy Will.

PSALM 111. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his Works of Might
Demand our nobleſt Songs:
Let his aſſembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.
2 Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promiſe good.
3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To ſeal his Cov'nant ſure:
Holy and Reverend is his Name,
His Ways are juſt and pure.
4 They that would grow divinely wiſe,
Muſt with his Fear begin;

Our

Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

PSALM 112. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

1 THAT Man is blest who stands in Awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred Law,
His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd;
His House the Seat of Wealth shall be,
An inexhausted Treasury,
And with successive Honours crown'd.
2 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
A generous Pity fills his Mind:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus he's just to all Mankind.
3 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd;
The sweet Remembrance of the Just
Like a green Root revives, and bears
A Train of Blessings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature sleeps in Dust.
4 Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground;
His Conscience holds his Courage up:
The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night:
And sees in Darkness Beams of Hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill Tidings never can surprize
His Heart, that fix'd on GOD relies,
Though Waves and Tempests roar around:
Safe on the Rock he sits, and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

6 The

6 The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations croſt;
They and their Envy, Pride and Spite,
Sink down to everlaſting Night,
And all their Names in Darkneſs loſt.]

PSALM 112. Long Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 THRICE happy Man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his Commands, and truſts his Word;
Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Bleſſings to his Seed deſcend.
2 Compaſſion dwells upon his Mind,
To Works of Mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the Poor ſome preſent Aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid:
3 When Times grow dark, and Tidings ſpread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd againſt the Fear,
For GOD with all his Pow'r is there.
4 His Soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly Courage from his Word;
Amidſt the Darkneſs Light ſhall riſe,
To chear his Heart and bleſs his Eyes.
5 He hath diſpers'd his Alms abroad,
His Works are ſtill before his God;
His Name on Earth ſhall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

PSALM 112. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his Commands,
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with lib'ral Hands.
2 As Pity dwells within his Breaſt
To all the Sons of Need;

So

So GOD shall answer his Request,
With Blessings on his Seed.
3 No evil Tidings shall surprize
His well establish'd Mind;
His Soul to GOD, his Refuge, flies,
And leaves his Fears behind.
4 In Times of general Distress
Some Beams of Light shall shine.
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And give him Peace divine.
5 His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on Earth, and Joys above,
Shall be his sure Reward.

PSALM 113. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The Honours of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confess.
2 Nor Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds,
Can give his vast Dominion Bounds;
The Heav'ns are far below his Height:
Let no created Greatness dare
With our eternal GOD compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.
3 He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things;
His sov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.
4 When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessing of an Heir,
To rescue their expiring Name;

The

The Mother with a thankful Voice
Proclaims his Praiſes and her Joys;
Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

PSALM 113. Long Metre.

God *Sovereign and Gracious.*

1 YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry Age his Praiſes ſing;
Where-e'er the Sun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The Nations ſhall his Praiſe repeat.

2 Above the Earth, beyond the Sky
Stands his high Throne of Majeſty;
Nor Time nor Place his Power reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal Reign.

3 Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,
Or Angels, with their GOD compare?
His Glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light?

4 Behold his Love, he ſtoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

5 From Duſt and Cottages obſcure,
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;
Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

[6 A Word of his creating Voice
Can make the barren Houſe rejoice:
Though *Sarah*'s ninety Years were paſt,
The promis'd Seed is born at laſt.

7 With Joy the Mother views her Son,
And tells the Wonders GOD has done;
Faith may grow ſtrong when Senſe deſpairs;
If Nature fails the Promiſe bears.]

PSALM

PSALM 114.

Miracles attending Israel's *Journey.*

1 WHEN *Isr'el*, freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant, and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.
2 Acrofs the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way,
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward Current to his Head.
3 The Mountains fhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap!
Not *Sinai* on her Bafe could ftand,
Confcious of fov'reign Pow'r at Hand.
4 What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?
5 Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood
Retire and know th' approaching GOD,
The King of *Isr'el:* See him here:
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.
6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
The Rock to ftanding Pools he turns,
Flints fpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confefs the Lord.

PSALM 115. Firft Metre.

The true God *our Refuge*; or, *Idolatry reproved.*

1 NOT to ourfelves, who are but Duft,
Not to ourfelves is Glory due,
Eternal GOD, Thou only Juft,
Thou only Gracious, Wife and True.
2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name:
Why fhould a *Heathen*'s haughty Tongue
Infult

Insult us, and to raise our Shame,
Say, *Where's the GOD you've serv'd so long?*
4 The GOD we serve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies,
Through all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.
4 But the vain Idols they adore,
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At best a Mass of glitt'ring Ore,
A silver Saint or golden God.
5 [With Eyes and Ears they carve their Head;
Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind;
In vain are costly Off'rings made,
And Vows are scatter'd in the Wind.
6 Their Feet were never made to move,
Nor Hands to save when Mortals pray,
Mortals that pay them Fear or Love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
7 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest;
The Lord shall build thy Ruins up,
And bless the People and the Priest.
8 The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave;
But we shall live to sing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

PSALM 115. Second Metre. As the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reproved.

A Psalm for the 5th of *November*.

1 NOT to our Names, thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless Names is Glory due;
Thy Pow'r & Grace, thy Truth & Justice claim
Immortal Honours to thy sov'reign Name,
[Abode,
Shine through the Earth from Heav'n, thy blest
Nor let the Heathens say, "*And where's your God?*

2 Heaven

[Throne,
2 Heav'n is thine higher Court: There ſtands thy
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done:
[ſpread,
Our God fram'd all this Earth, theſe Heav'ns he
But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made.
The kneeling Croud with Looks devout behold
Their Silver Saviours, and their Saints of Gold.
3 [Vain are thoſe artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;
The molten Image neither ſees nor hears:
Their Hands are helpleſs, nor their Feet can move,
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Pow'r,
[nor Love;
Yet ſottiſh Mortals make their long Complaints
To their deaf Idols, and their moveleſs Saints.
4 The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold,
The Poor content with Gods of coarſer Mould,
With Tools of Iron carve the ſenſeleſs Stock,
Lopt from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:
People and Prieſt drive on the ſolemn Trade,
And truſt the Gods that Saws & Hammers made.]
5 Be Heav'n and Earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay
Which is more ſtupid, or their Gods, or they,
O *Iſr'el*, truſt the Lord: He hears and ſees,
He knows thy Sorrows, and reſtores thy Peace:
His Worſhip does a thouſand Comforts yield,
He is thy Help, and he thine heav'nly Shield.
6 O *Britain*, truſt the Lord: Thy Foes in vain
Attempt thy Ruin, and oppoſe his Reign;
Had they prevail'd, Darkneſs had clos'd our
[Days,
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live: Let Songs ariſe,
And *Britons* bleſs the GOD that built the Skies.

PSALM

PSALM 116. *First Part.*

Recovery from Sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord: He heard my Cries,
And pity'd every Groan,
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.
2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away:
O let my Heart no more despair,
While I have Breath to pray!
3 My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead,
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.
4 "My GOD, I cry'd, thy Servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy Pow'r can rescue from the Grave,
"Thy Pow'r is all my Trust."
5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bid my Pains remove:
Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.
6 My GOD hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PSALM 116. *v.* 12, &c. *Second Part.*

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, *public Thanks for private Deliverance.*

1 WHAT shall I render to my GOD
For all his Kindness shown?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.
2 Among the Saints that fill thine House
My Off'ring shall be paid;

There

There ſhall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguiſh made.
3 How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever bleſſed GOD!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!
4 How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which thou haſt made thy Care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor ſhall my Purpoſe móve;
Thy Hand has loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.
6 Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;
Witneſs, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM 117. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God *from all Nations.*

1 O ALL ye Nations praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent Tongue;
In ev'ry Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be ſung.
2 His Mercy reigns through ev'ry Land;
Proclaim his Grace abroad:
For ever firm his Truth ſhall ſtand;
Praiſe ye the faithful GOD.

PSALM 117. Long Metre.

1 FROM all that dwell below the Skies,
Let the Creator's Praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung
Through ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.
2 Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word;

Thy Praiſe ſhall ſound from Shore to Shore,
Till Sun ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM 117. Short Metre.

1 THY Name, Almighty Lord,
Shall ſound through diſtant Lands;
Great is thy Grace, and ſure thy Word;
Thy Truth for ever ſtands.
2 Far be thine Honour ſpread,
And long thy Praiſe endure,
Till Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM 118. *v.* 6---15. *Firſt Part.*

Deliverance from a Tumult.

1 THE Lord appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
What all the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heav'n affords its Aid.
2 'Tis ſafer, Lord, to hope in Thee,
And have my GOD my Friend,
Than truſt in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.
3 Like Bees, my Foes beſet me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I ſhall all their Rage confound,
By thine Almighty Arm.
4 'Tis through the Lord my Heart is ſtrong,
In him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How chearful is my Voice!
5 Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When GOD appears they fly;
So burning Thorns, with crackling Sound,
Make a fierce Blaze, and die.
6 Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The Lord protects their Days;

Let

Let *Isr'el* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM 118. *v.* 17----21. *Second Part.*

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

1 LORD, thou hast heard thy Servant's Cry,
And rescu'd from the Grave;
Now shall he live (and none can die,
If GOD resolve to save.)
2 Thy Praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily Breath;
Thy Hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from Death.
3 Open the Gates of *Sion* now,
For we shall worship there,
The House where all the Righteous go,
Thy Mercy to declare.
4 Among th' Assemblies of thy Saints,
Our thankful Voice we raise;
There we have told Thee our Complaints,
And there we speak thy Praise.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22, 23. *Third Part.*

Christ *the Foundation of his Church.*

1 BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone,
Which GOD in *Sion* lays,
To build our heav'nly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praise.
2 Chosen of GOD, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name,
They trust their whole Salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer Shame.
3 The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest,
Reject it with Disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And Envy rage in vain.

4 What though the Gates of Hell withstood,
Yet must this Building rise:
'Tis thy own Work, Almighty GOD,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

PSALM 118. *Fourth Part.* *v.* 24, 25, 26.

Hosanna; *the Lord's Day*; or, Christ's *Resurrection, and our Salvation.*

1 THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praise surround thy Throne.
2 To-day he rose and left the Dead;
And *Satan*'s Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph spread,
And all his Wonders tell.
3 *Hosanna* to th' anointed King,
To *David*'s holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne.
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to Men
With Messages of Grace;
Who comes in GOD his Father's Name,
To save our sinful Race.
5 *Hosanna* in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise;
The Highest Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praise.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22---27. Short Metre.

An Hosanna *for the Lord's-Day*; or, *a new Song of Salvation by* Christ.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuse;
Yet GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In Spite of envious *Jews*.

2 The

2 The Scribe and angry Prieſt
  Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock ſhall *Sion* reſt,
  As the chief Corner-Stone,
3 The Work, O Lord, is Thine,
  And wond'rous in our Eyes:
This Day declares it all divine,
  This Day did *Jeſus* riſe.
4 This is the glorious Day
  That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing and pray,
  Let all the Church be glad.
5 *Hoſanna* to the King
  Of *David*'s Royal Blood;
Bleſs Him, ye Saints, He comes to bring
  Salvation from your GOD.
6 We bleſs thine holy Word,
  Which all this Grace diſplays;
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,
  Our Sacrifice of Praiſe.

PSALM 118. *v.* 22---27. Long Metre.

An Hoſanna *for the Lord*'s-*Day*; or, *A new Song of Salvation by* Chriſt.

1 LO, what a glorious Corner-Stone
  The *Jewiſh* Builders did refuſe:
But GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In Spite of Envy, and the *Jews*.
2 Great GOD, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes;
This is the Day that proves it thine,
The Day that ſaw our Saviour riſe.
3 Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad;
Hoſanna, let his Name be bleſt;
A thouſand Honours on his Head,
With Peace and Light and Glory reſt.

4 In GOD's own Name he comes, to bring
Salvation to our dying Race;
Let the whole Church addreſs their King
With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

[*I have collected and diſpoſed the moſt uſeful Verſes of this Pſalm under eighteen different Heads, and formed a* Divine Song *upon each of them. But the Verſes are much tranſpoſed, to attain ſome Degree of Connection.*

In ſome Places, among the Words, Law, Commands, Judgments, Teſtimonies, *I have uſed* Goſpel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promiſes, *&c. as more agreeable to the New-Teſtament, and the common Language of Chriſtians, and it equally anſwers the Deſign of the* Pſalmiſt, *which was to recommend the holy Scripture.*]

PSALM 119. *Firſt Part.*

The Bleſſedneſs of Saints, and Miſery of Sinners.

Ver, 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whoſe Ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

2 Bleſt are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practiſe thy Commands;
With their whole Heart they ſeek the Lord,
And ſerve Thee with their Hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their ſteady Feet aſide.

Ver. 6.

4 Then ſhall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,

When

When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.
Ver. 21, 118.
5 But haughty Sinners God will hate,
The Proud ſhall die accurſt;
The Sons of Falſhood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Duſt.
Ver. 119. 155.
6 Vile as the Droſs the Wicked are;
And thoſe that leave thy Ways
Shall ſee Salvation from afar,
But never taſte thy Grace.

PSALM 119. *Second Part.*

Secret Devotion and Spiritual Mindedneſs; or, *Conſtant Converſe with* God.

Ver. 147, 55.
1 TO Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious GOD, I pray;
I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.
Ver. 81.
2 My Spirit faints to ſee thy Grace,
Thy Promiſe bears me up,
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word ſupports my Hope.
Ver. 164.
3 Sev'n Times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee;
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praiſe from me.
Ver. 62.
4 When Midnight Darkneſs veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion riſe,
And ſweet Acceptance find.

PSALM 119. *Third Part.*

Profession of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1 THOU art my Portion, O my GOD;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes Haste t' obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I choose the Path of Heav'nly Truth,
And glory in my Choice;
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The Testimonies of thy Grace
I set before my Eyes;
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways,
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pard'ning Grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy Servant, Lord;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place;
My Hope is in thy Word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal Life shall end
Would I perform thy Will.

PSALM 119. *Fourth Part.*

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin;

Thy

Thy Word the choiceſt Rules imparts
To keep the Conſcience clean.
Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the Mind,
It ſpreads ſuch Light abroad,
The meaneſt ſouls Inſtruction find,
And raiſe their Thoughts to GOD.
Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And through the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.
Ver. 99, 100.

4 The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiſer than their Teachers are,
And better know the Lord.
Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy Precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the Sinner's Road;
I hate my own vain Thoughts that riſe,
But love thy Law, my GOD.
Ver 89, 90, 91.

6 [The ſtarry Heav'ns thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place;
And theſe thy Servants Night and Day
Thy Skill and Pow'r expreſs.

7 But ſtill thy Law and Goſpel, Lord,
Have Leſſons more divine:
Not Earth ſtands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars ſo nobly ſhine.]
Ver. 160. 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy Word is everlaſting Truth;
How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
And well ſupport our Age.

PSALM 119. *Fifth Part.*

Delight in Scripture; or, *The Word of* God *dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

1 O HOW I love thy holy Law;
'Tis daily my Delight;
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking Eyes prevent the Day
To meditate thy Word;
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy Word my Heart engage!
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tiresome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly Song.

Ver. 19, 103.

4 Am I a Stranger, or at Home:
'Tis my perpetual Feast;
Not Honey dropping from the Comb
So much allures the Taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No Treasures so enrich the Mind;
Nor shall thy Word be sold
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When Nature sinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promises of Grace
Are Pillars to support my Hope,
And there I write thy Praise.

PSALM 119. *Sixth Part.*

Holineſs and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

1 LORD, I eſteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Luſt.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy Precepts often I ſurvey:
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Through all the Buſineſs of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
"How ſweet thy Comforts be;"
My Thoughts in holy Wonder riſe,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fill,
At ſome good Word of thine,
Not mighty Men that ſhare the Spoil,
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96 Paraphraſed.

1 LET all the *Heathen* Writers join
To form one perfect Book;
Great GOD, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look.

2 Not the moſt perfect Rules they gave
Could ſhew one Sin forgiv'n:
Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave;
But thine conducts to Heav'n.

3 I've ſeen an End to what we call
Perfection here below;

How ſhort the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.
4 Yet Men would fain be juſt with God,
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.
5 In vain we boaſt Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame;
And ſinks our Virtues down ſo far,
They ſcarce deſerve the Name.
6 Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Eighth Part.*

The Word of God *is the Saint's Portion*; or,
The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

Ver. 111. Paraphraſed.

1 LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My laſting Heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt Pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt Thoughts engage.
2 I'll read the Hiſt'ries of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight,
While through the Promiſes I rove,
With ever-freſh Delight.
3 'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal Bliſs are ſown,
And hidden Glory lies.
4 The beſt Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Reſt.

PSALM 119. *Ninth Part.*

Desire of Knowledge; or, *The Teachings of the Spirit with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy due,
O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid,
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain:
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If GOD to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,
His Works for ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

Ver. 51.

7 [In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,

Nor

Nor let that bleſſed Goſpel go
Whence all my Hopes I draw.
Ver. 27, 171.
8 When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips inſpir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.]

PSALM 119. *Tenth Part.*
Pleading the Promiſes.
Ver. 38, 49
1 BEHOLD thy waiting Servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember, and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.
Ver. 41, 58, 107.
2 Haſt thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning Grace?
Doth not my Heart addreſs thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.
Ver. 123, 42.
3 Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
Nor let the ſcoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.
Ver. 49, 74.
4 Didſt thou not raiſe my Faith, O Lord?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my Reward,
And truſt as well as fear.

PSALM 119. *Eleventh Part.*
Breathing after Holineſs.
Ver. 5, 33.
1 O That the Lord would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will!

Ver.

Ver. 29.

2 O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Deſign,
Nor covetous Deſires ariſe
Within this Soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my Footſteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart ſincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
But keep my Conſcience clear.

Ver. 176.

5 My Soul hath gone too far aſtray,
My Feet too often ſlip;
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy Way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring Sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy Commands;
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend againſt my GOD.

PSALM 119. *Twelfth Part.*

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

1 MY GOD, conſider my Diſtreſs,
Let Mercy plead my Cauſe;
Though I have ſinn'd againſt thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the ſharp Reproach,
Which I ſo juſtly fear;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear,

Ver.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a Surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the Proud oppreſs;
But make thy waiting Servant ſee
The Shinings of thy Face.

Ver. 82.

4 My Eyes with Expectation fail,
My Heart within me cries,
" *When will the Lord his Truth fulfil,*
" *And make my Comforts riſe.*"

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my Sorrows, Lord,
And ſhew thy Grace the ſame,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To thoſe that love thy Name.

PSALM 119. *Thirteenth Part.*
Holy Fear, and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.

Ver. 10.

1 WITH my whole Heart I've ſought thy (Face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy Commands, O GOD of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy Word I've hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conſcience clean,
And be an everlaſting Guard
From ev'ry riſing Sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and Love the Lord;
My Sorrows riſe, my Nature faints,
When Men tranſgreſs thy Word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While Sinners do thy Goſpel wrong,
My Spirit ſtands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

Ver.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My Heart with ſacred Rev'rence hears
The Threatnings of thy Word;
My Fleſh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My GOD, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation ſtill;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

PSALM 119. *Fourteenth Part.*
Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER all my Sorrows, Lord,
And thy Deliv'rance ſend;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my GOD.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Diſtreſs begins:
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy Word been my Delight,
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppreſt with Sorrows Weight,
Had ſunk amongſt the Dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt Suff'rings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful Care.

Ver.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaſt'ning Rod,
My Feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

PSALM 119. *Fifteenth Part.*
Holy Reſolutions.

Ver. 93.

1 O THAT thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy Precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;
My Soul ſhall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart diſcharge
From Sin and *Satan*'s hateful Chains,
And ſet my Feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My Lips with Courage ſhall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll ſpeak thy Word, though Kings ſhould hear,
Nor yield to ſinful Shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let Bands of Perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my Right;
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whoſe Hands and Hearts are ill;
I love my GOD, I love his Ways,
And muſt obey his Will.

PSALM

PSALM 119. *Sixteenth Part.*

Prayer for quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 MY Soul lies cleaving to the Duſt;
Lord, give me Life divine;
From vain Deſires, and ev'ry Luſt
Turn off theſe Eyes of mine.

2 I need th' Influence of thy Grace
To ſpeed me in thy Way,
Leſt I ſhould loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet aſtray.

Ver. 107.

3 When ſore Afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have reſted on,
Shall help my heavieſt Hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4 Are not thy Mercies ſov'reign ſtill,
And thou a faithful GOD?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to ſee thy Face?
And yet how ſlow my Spirits move,
Without enliv'ning Grace!

Ver. 93.

6 Then ſhall I love thy Goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt its quick'ning Pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Seventeenth Part.*

Courage and Perſeverance under Perſecution; or, *Grace ſhining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

1 WHEN Pain and Anguiſh ſeize me, Lord,
All my Support is from thy Word:

My

My Soul diſſolves for Heavineſs;
Uphold me with thy ſtrength'ning Grace.
Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lies,
They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,
And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin;
Yet thy Commands I ne'er decline.
Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a Cauſe,
They hate to ſee me love thy Laws;
But I will truſt and fear thy Name,
Till Pride and Malice die with Shame.

PSALM 119. *Laſt Part.*

Sanctified Afflictions; or, *Delight in the Word of* God.
Ver. 67. 59.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chaſtizing Rod,
That forc'd my Conſcience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to GOD!

2 Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray
E'er I had felt thy Scourges, Lord,
I left my Guide, and loſt my Way,
But now I love and keep thy Word.
Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.
Ver. 72.

4 The Law that iſſues from thy Mouth,
Shall raiſe my chearful Paſſions more
Than all the Treaſures of the *South*,
Or *Weſtern* Hills of golden Ore.
Ver. 73.

5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;

Teach

Teach me to know thy wond'rous Name,
And guard me safe from Death and Sin.
Ver. 74.
6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my Salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

PSALM 120.

Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours; or, *A devout Wish for Peace.*

1 THOU GOD of Love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suff'ring State;
When wilt thou set my Soul at Rest,
From Lips that love Deceit?
2 Hard Lot of mine! My Days are cast
Among the Sons of Strife,
Whose never-ceasing Brawlings waste
My golden Hours of Life.
3 O might I fly to change my Place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wild lonesome Wilderness,
And leave these Gates of Hell!
4 Peace is the Blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its Charms!
I am for Peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for Arms.
5 New Passions still their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue!
6 Should burning Arrows smite them through,
Strict Justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

PSALM 121. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

1 UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lies.
2 He lives; the everlasting GOD,
That built the World, that spread the Flood;
The Heav'ns, with all their Hosts, he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.
3 He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning Smiles bless all the Day;
He spreads the Ev'ning Veil, and keeps
The silent Hours, while *Isr'el* sleeps.
4 *Isr'el*, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprize.
5 No Sun shall smite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with sickly Ray
Shall blast thy Couch; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire so far.
6 Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.
7 On thee foul Spirits have no Pow'r;
And in thy last departing Hour,
Angels, that trace the airy Road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy GOD.

PSALM 121. Common Metre.

Preservation by Day and Night.

1 TO Heav'n I lift my waiting Eyes;
There all my Hopes are laid:
The Lord, that built the Earth and Skies,
Is my perpetual Aid.

2 Their

2 Their Feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep;
His Ear attends the ſofteſt Call;
His Eyes can never ſleep.
3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt Pow'rs
With his Almighty Arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded Hours
Againſt ſurpriſing Harm.
4 *Iſr'el* rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful Eyes employ his Pow'r
For thine eternal Guard.
5 Nor ſcorching Sun, nor ſickly Moon,
Shall have his Leave to ſmite;
He ſhields thy Head from burning Noon,
From blaſting Damps at Night.
6 He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
Where thickeſt Dangers come;
Go and return, ſecure from Death,
Till GOD commands thee Home.

PSALM 121. As the 148th Pſalm.

God *our Preſerver.*

1 UPWARD I lift mine Eyes,
From GOD is all my Aid;
The GOD that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
GOD is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.
2 My Feet ſhall never ſlide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since GOD, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my Fears.
Thoſe wakeful Eyes
That never ſleep,

Shall

Shall *Isr'el* keep,
When Dangers rise.
3 No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of Evening Air,
Shall take my Health away,
If GOD be with me there:
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.
4 Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal Breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

PSALM 122. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

1 HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly say,
" *In* Sion *let us all appear,*
" *And keep the solemn Day!*"
2 I love her Gates, I love the Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace,
Stands like a Palace built for GOD
To shew his milder Face.
3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The Son of *David* holds his Throne,
And sits in Judgment there.
4 He hears our Praises and Complaints;
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace

5 Peace be within this ſacred Place,
And Joy a conſtant Gueſt!
With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendants bleſt!
6 My Soul ſhall pray for *Sion* ſtill,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my beſt Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There GOD my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 122. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

1 HOW pleas'd and bleſt was I
To hear the People cry,
"*Come, let us ſeek our GOD to Day*;"
Yes, with a chearful Zeal
We haſte to *Sion*'s Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.
2 *Sion*, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In thee our Tribes appear,
To pray, and praiſe, and hear
The ſacred Goſpel's joyful Sound.
3 There *David*'s greater Son
Has fix'd his Royal Throne,
He ſits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner ſad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.
4 May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To bleſs the Soul of ev'ry Gueſt!
The Man that ſeeks thy Peace,
And wiſhes thine Increaſe,
A thouſand Bleſſings on him reſt!

5 My Tongue repeats her Vows,
Peace to this sacred House!
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And since my glorious GOD
Makes thee his blest Abode,
My Soul shall ever love thee well.
[*Repeat the 4th Stanza, to complete the Tune.*]

PSALM 123.

Pleading with Submission.

1 O Thou whose Grace and Justice reign,
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To Thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To Thee we lift our Eyes.
2 As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke;
Or Maids before their Mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful Look:
3 So for our Sins we justly feel
Thy Discipline, O GOD;
Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
Till thou remove thy Rod.
4 Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live,
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Fresh Courage to their Pride.
5 Our Foes insult us, but our Hope
In thy Compassion lies;
This Thought shall bear our Spirits up,
That GOD will not despise.

PSALM 124.

A Song for the 5th of November.

1 HAD not the Lord, may *Isr'el* say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When

When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
Rose like the Swelling of the Tide:
2 The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
3 We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke;
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.
4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care.
5 Our Help is in *Jehovah*'s Name,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies:
He that upholds that wond'rous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM 125. Common Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.
2 Not Walls nor Hills could guard so well
Old *Salem*'s happy Ground,
As those eternal Arms of Love
That ev'ry Saint surround.
3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge
To drive them near to GOD,
Divine Compassion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.
4 Deal gently, Lord, with Souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright Gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him first to Hell
Shall smite his Followers too.

PSALM 125. Short Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety; or, *moderated Afflictions.*

1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their Souls on GOD;
Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.
2 As Mountains stood to guard
The City's sacred Ground,
So GOD, and his Almighty Love,
Embrace his Saints around.
3 What though the Father's Rod
Drop a chastising Stroke,
Yet lest it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury shall be broke.
4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose Faith and pious Fear,
Whose Hope, and Love, and ev'ry Grace
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.
5 Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saint;
The GOD of *Isr'el* will support
His Children, lest they faint.
6 But if our slavish Fear
Will chuse the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. Long Metre.

Surprizing Deliverance.

1 WHEN GOD restor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, and Grace our Theme;
The

The Grace beyond our Hopes ſo great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.
2 The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name;
While we with Pleaſure ſhout thy Praiſe,
With chearful Notes thy Love proclaim.
3 When we review our diſmal Fears,
'Twas hard to think they vaniſh'd ſo;
With GOD we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.
4 The Man that in his furrow'd Field,
His ſcatter'd Seed with Sadneſs leaves,
Will ſhout to ſee the Harveſt yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM 126. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Converſion; or, *Melancholy removed.*

1 WHEN GOD reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing Dream,
The Grace appear'd ſo great.
2 The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confeſs:
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And ſung ſurpriſing Grace.
3 *Great is the Work*, my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Power divine;
Great is the Work, my Heart reply'd,
And be the Glory thine.
4 The Lord can clear the darkeſt Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of ſacred Sorrow riſe
To Rivers of Delight.
5 Let thoſe that ſow in Sadneſs wait
Till the fair Harveſt come,

They ſhall confeſs their Sheaves are great,
And ſhout the Bleſſings home.
6 Though Seed lie bury'd long in Duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their Hope!
The precious Gain can ne'er be loſt,
For Grace inſures the Crop.

PSALM 127. Long Metre.

The Bleſſing of God on the Buſineſs and Comforts of Life.

1 IF GOD ſucceed not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt,
If GOD the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep.
2 What if you riſe before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread,
To ſhun that Poverty you dread.
3 'Tis all in vain, till GOD hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us Reſt;
Children and Friends are Bleſſings too,
If GOD our Sov'reign make them ſo.
4 Happy the Man to whom he ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends!
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

PSALM 127. Common Metre.

God *all in all.*

1 IF GOD to build the Houſe deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns without his wakeful Eye
An uſeleſs Watch maintain.
2 Before the Morning Beams ariſe,
Your painful Work renew,
And till the Stars aſcend the Skies,
Your tireſome Toil purſue.

3 Short

3 Short be your Sleep, and coarſe your Fare;
In vain, till GOD has bleſt;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You ſhall have Food and Reſt.
4 Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Bleſſings prove,
Nor all the earthly Joys he ſends,
If ſent without his Love.

PSALM 128.

Family Bleſſings.

1 O HAPPY Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and reverend Awe!
His Lips to GOD their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.
2 A careful Providence ſhall ſtand
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Bleſſings ſhed.
3 Thy Wife ſhall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
4 The Lord ſhall thy beſt Hopes fulfil
For Months and Years to come;
The Lord who dwells on *Sion*'s Hill,
Shall ſend thee Bleſſings Home.
5 This is the Man whoſe happy Eyes
Shall ſee his Houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking Church ariſe,
Then leave the World in Peace.

PSALM 129.

Perſecutors puniſhed.

1 UP from my Youth, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were conſtant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.

2 Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper Age,
But not destroy'd my Life.
3 Their cruel Plow had torn my Flesh
With Furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afresh,
Nor let my Sorrows sleep.
4 The Lord grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye,
Measur'd the Mischiefs they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.
5 How was their Insolence surpris'd
To hear his Thunders roll!
And all the Foes of *Sion* seiz'd
With Horror to the Soul.
6 Thus shall the Men that hate the Saints
Be blasted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.
7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath;
Their Growth shall perish in Despair,
And lie despis'd in Death.]
8 [So Corn that on the House-top stands,
No Hope of Harvest gives;
The Reaper ne'er shall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves.
9 It springs and withers on the Place;
No Traveller bestows
A Word of Blessing on the Grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM 130. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1 OUT of the Deeps of long Distress,
The Borders of Despair,

I ſent my Cries to ſeek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.
2 Great GOD, ſhould thy ſeverer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Fleſh could ſtand.
3 But there are Pardons with my GOD
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his Blood,
To draw us near to Thee.
4 [I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With ſtrong Deſires I wait;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.]
5 [Juſt as the Guards that keep the Night,
Long for the Morning Skies,
Watch the firſt Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes:
6 So waits my Soul to ſee thy Grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the firſt Op'nings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]
7 [Then in the Lord let *Iſr'el* truſt,
Let *Iſr'el* ſeek his Face:
The Lord is good as well as juſt,
And plenteous is his Grace.
8 There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enſlav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son:
And *Iſr'el* ſhall be ſav'd.]

PSALM 130. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1 FROM deep Diſtreſs and troubled Thoughts,
To Thee, my GOD, I rais'd my Cries:
If thou ſeverely mark our Faults,
No Fleſh can ſtand before thine Eyes.

2 But Thou haſt built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to diſpenſe thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
3 As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wiſh for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my GOD his Face diſplay?
4 My Truſt is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor ſhall I truſt thy Word in vain:
Let mourning Souls addreſs the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.
4 Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Through the Redemption of his Son;
He turns our Feet from ſinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

PSALM 131.

Humility and Submiſſion.

1 IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious GOD, and ſee;
Or do I act a haughty Part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.
2 I charge my Thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.
3 The patient Soul, the lowly Mind,
Shall have a large Reward;
Let Saints in Sorrow lie reſign'd,
And truſt a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. *v.* 5, 13---18. Long Metre.

At the Settlement of a Church; or, *The Ordination of a Miniſter.*

1 WHERE ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An Habitation for our GOD;

A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood?
2 The GOD of *Jacob* chose the Hill
Of *Sion* for his ancient Rest;
And *Sion* is his Dwelling still,
His Church is with his Presence blest.
3 Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my Pow'r and Love be known,
And Blessings shall attend my Word.
4 Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread;
Sinners that wait before my Door
With sweet Provisions shall be fed.
5 Girded with Truth, and cloth'd with Grace,
My Priests, my Ministers shall shine;
Not *Aaron*, in his costly Dress,
Made an Appearance so divine.
6 The Saints, unable to contain
Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing,
The Son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Sion* triumph in her King.
7 [*Jesus* shall see a num'rous Seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious Name;
His Crown shall flourish on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloath'd with Shame.]

PSALM 132. *v.* 4, 5, 7, 8, 15--17. Com. Met.

A Church established.

1 NO Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes,
Good *David* would afford,
Till he had found below the Skies
A Dwelling for the Lord.
2 The Lord in *Sion* plac'd his Name,
His Ark was settled there;
To *Sion* the whole Nation came,
To worship thrice a Year.

8 But we have no ſuch Length to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where-e'er thy Saints aſſemble now,
There is a Houſe for GOD.

PAUSE.

4 Ariſe, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt;
Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.
5 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no ſuch Grace afford.
6 Here, mighty GOD, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread:
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.
7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,
Let GOD's Anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.
8 Here let him hold a laſting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

PSALM 133. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

1 LO, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree;
Brethren, whoſe chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety.
2 When Streams of Love from Chriſt the Spring
Deſcend to ev'ry Soul,
And heav'nly Peace, with balmy Wing
Shades and bedews the Whole.

3 'Tis

3 'Tis like the Oil divinely ſweet
On *Aaron*'s reverend Head,
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments ſpread.
4 'Tis pleaſant as the Morning Dews
That fall on *Sion*'s Hill,
Where GOD his mildeſt Glory ſhews,
And makes his Grace diſtil.

PSALM 133. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints; or, *Love and Worſhip in a Family.*

1 BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whoſe Hearts and Hopes are one,
Whoſe kind Deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe,
Through all their Actions run.
2 Bleſt is the pious Houſe,
Where Zeal and Friendſhip meet,
Their Songs of Praiſe, their mingled Vows
Make their Communion ſweet.
3 Thus when on *Aaron*'s Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,
The Oil through all his Raiment ſpread,
And Pleaſure fill'd the Room.
4 Thus on the heav'nly Hills,
The Saints are bleſt above,
Where Joy like Morning Dew diſtils,
And all the Air is Love.

PSALM 133. As the 122d Pſalm.

The Bleſſings of Friendſhip.

1 HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move,
And each fulfil their Part
With ſympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

2 'Tis

2 'Tis like the Ointment ſhed
On *Aaron*'s ſacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet;
The Oil through all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran through his Robes, and bleſt his Feet.
3 Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Deſcending from the neighbouring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleaſure roll
Through ev'ry friendly Soul,
Where Love like heav'nly Dew diſtils.
Repeat the firſt Stanza, to complete the Tune.

PSALM 134.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy Place,
Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,
And bleſs his wond'rous Grace.
2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-Light,
And ſend your Souls on high;
Raiſe your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ſtarry Sky.
3 The GOD of *Sion* chears our Hearts
With Rays of quick'ning Grace;
The GOD that ſpreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

PSALM 135, 1--4, 14, 19--21. *Firſt Part.*
Long Metre.

The Church is God's Houſe and Care.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his Houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his Gate.

2 Praiſe

2 Praiſe ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praiſe his Name is ſweet Employ;
Iſr'el he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.
3 The Lord himſelf will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their ſore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he ſends.
4 Through every Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppreſſor's Rod;
He gives his ſuff'ring Servants Reſt,
And will be known *Th' Almighty GOD.*
5 Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his Love,
People and Prieſts exalt his Name,
Amongſt his Saints he ever dwells;
His Church is his *Jeruſalem.*

PSALM 135. Ver. 5---12. *Second Part.*

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, *and Deſtruction of Enemies.*

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all Pow'rs, and every Throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in Earth or Sea,
Or Heav'n, or Hell, his Hand hath done.
2 At his Command the Vapours riſe,
The Lightnings flaſh, the Thunders roar;
He pours the Rain, he brings the Wind
And Tempeſt from his airy Store.
3 'Twas he thoſe dreadful Tokens ſent,
O *Egypt*, through thy ſtubborn Land;
When all thy firſt-born, Beaſts and Men
Fell dead by his avenging Hand.
4 What mighty Nations, mighty Kings,
He ſlew, and their whole Country gave
To *Iſr'el*, whom his Hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh*'s Slave!

5 His

5 His Pow'r the ſame, the ſame his Grace,
That ſaves us from the Hoſts of Hell;
And Heav'n he gives us to poſſeſs,
Whence thoſe apoſtate Angels fell.

PSALM 135. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God, *not to Idols.*

1 AWAKE, ye Saints: To praiſe your King
Your ſweeteſt Paſſions raiſe,
Your pious Pleaſure, while you ſing,
Increaſing with the Praiſe.

2 Great is the Lord; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ;
But ſtill his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treaſure and his Joy.

3 Heav'n, Earth, and Sea confeſs his Hand;
He bids the Vapours riſe;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep through the ſounding Skies.

4 All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
But *Heathen* Gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our *Jehovah*'s known.

5 Which of the Stocks or Stones they truſt
Can give them Show'rs of Rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring Duſt,
And pray to Gold in vain.

6 [Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their Makers gave:
Their Feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk;
Nor Hands have Pow'r to ſave.

7 Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 O, *Britain!* know thy living GOD,
Serve him with Faith and Fear;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

PSALM

PSALM 136. Common Metre.

God's *Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of* Israel, *and Salvation of his People.*

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD the sov'reign Lord;
His Mercies still endure,
And be the King of Kings ador'd:
His Truth is ever sure.

2 What Wonders hath his Wisdom done!
How mighty is his Hand!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea he fram'd alone:
How wide is his Command!

3 The Sun supplies the Day with Light;
How bright his Counsels shine!
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night:
His Works are all divine.

4 [He struck the Sons of *Egypt* dead:
How dreadful is his Rod!
And thence with Joy his People led:
How gracious is our GOD!

5 He cleft the swelling Sea in two;
His Arm is great in Might;
And gave the Tribes a Passage through;
His Pow'r and Grace unite.

6 But *Pharaoh*'s Army there he drown'd;
How glorious are his Ways!
And brought his Saints through desart Ground;
Eternal be his Praise.

7 Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand:
Victorious is his Sword;
While *Isr'el* took the promis'd Land:
And faithful is his Word.]

8 He saw the Nations dead in Sin;
He felt his Pity move;
How sad the State the World was in;
How boundless was his Love!

9 He

9 He ſent to ſave us from our Woe;
His Goodneſs never fails;
From Death and Hell, and every Foe;
And ſtill his Grace prevails.
10 Give Thanks to GOD, the heav'nly King;
His Mercies ſtill endnre;
Let the whole Earth his Praiſes ſing;
His Truth is ever ſure.

PSALM 136. As the 148th Pſalm.

1 GIVE Thanks to GOD moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſov'reign King of Kings;
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.
2 How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.
3 His Wiſdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars
To chear the darkſome Night.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.
4 [He ſmote the firſt-born Sons,
The Flow'r of *Egypt*, dead;
And thence his choſen Tribes
With Joy and Glory led.

Thy

Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

5 His Pow'r and lifted Rod
Cleft the Red-Sea in two;
And for his People made
A wond'rous Paſſage through.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

6 But cruel *Pharaoh* there
With all his Hoſt he drown'd;
And brought his *Iſr'el* ſafe
Through a long deſart Ground.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.]

PAUSE.

7 The Kings of *Canaan* fell
Beneath his dreadful Hand;
While his own Servants took
Poſſeſſion of their Land.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

8 He ſaw the Nations lie
All periſhing in Sin,
And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

9 He

9 He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our Woe,
From *Satan*, Sin and Death,
And every hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.
10 Give Thanks aloud to GOD,
To GOD the heav'nly King;
And let the ſpacious Earth
His Works and Glories ſing.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

PSALM 136. *Abridged.* Long Metre.

1 GIVE to our GOD immortal Praiſe!
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways;
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
2 Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,
The King of Kings with Glory crown;
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Lords and Kings are known *no more.*
3 He built the Earth, he ſpread the Sky,
And fix'd the ſtarry Lights on high:
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
4 He fills the Sun with Morning Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night:
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Suns and Moons ſhall ſhine *no more.*
5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh*'s Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land:
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

6 He

6 He saw the *Gentiles* dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign *no more.*
7 He sent his Son with Pow'r to save
From Guilt and Darkness, and the Grave;
Wonders of Grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.
8 Through this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat:
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain World shall be *no more.*

PSALM 138.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

[1 WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my Song:
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.
2 Angels that make thy Church their Care,
Shall witness my Devotions there,
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes,
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.]
3 I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below,
So much thy Pow'r and Glory show.
4 To GOD I cry'd, when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes;
He did my rising Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd through all my Soul.
5 The GOD of Heav'n maintains his State.
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.
6 Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;

Thy

Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.
7 Grace will complete what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows, or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The All-seeing God.

1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart and Flesh with all their Pow'rs.
2 My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak,
E'er from my op'ning Lips they break.
3 Within thy circling Pow'r I stand,
On every Side I find thy Hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with GOD.
4 Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! What lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.
5 *O may those Thoughts possess my Breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy Service, and thy Love,
Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?
7 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight;
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light:

Or

Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
And *Satan* groans beneath thy Chains.
8 If, mounted on a Morning-Ray,
I fly beyond the *Weſtern* Sea,
Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.
9 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſpreading Veil of Night,
One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.
10 *O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,*
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for GOD is there.

PAUSE II.

11 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy All-ſearching Eyes;
Thy Hand can ſeize thy Foes as ſoon
Through Midnight Shades as blazing Noon.
12 Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great GOD, they're both alike to Thee:
Not Death can hide what GOD will ſpy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.
13 *O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt,*
Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to Sin, for GOD is there.

PSALM 139. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'TWAS from thy Hand, my GOD, I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders ſhine,
And each proclaim thy Skill divine.
2 Thine Eyes did all my Limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark Confuſion lay;

Thou

Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
3 By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign Counsels fram'd,
The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart,
Was copy'd with unerring Art.
4 At last, to shew my Maker's Name,
GOD stamp'd his Image on my Frame,
And in some unknown Moment join'd
The finish'd Members to the Mind.
5 There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Passions of the Man,
Great GOD, our infant Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's busy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
7 I could survey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace
The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.
8 These on my Heart are still impress't,
With these I give my Eyes to Rest;
And at my waking Hour I find
GOD and his Love possess my Mind.

PSALM 139. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Sincerity profest, And Grace try'd; or, *The Heart-searching GOD.*

1 MY GOD, what inward Grief I feel
When impious Men transgress thy Will!
I mourn to hear their Lips profane
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.
2 Does not my Soul detest and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit?

Those

Thoſe that oppoſe thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.
3 Lord, ſearch my Soul, try ev'ry Thought,
Though my own Heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe Diſguiſe,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.
4 Doth ſecret Miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* Common Metre.

GOD *is every where.*

1 IN all my vaſt Concerns with Thee,
In vain my Soul would try
To ſhun thy Preſence, Lord, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.
2 Thy all-ſurrounding Sight ſurveys
My Riſing and my Reſt;
My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breaſt.
3 My Thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And e'er my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Senſe I mean.
4 O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beſet on ev'ry Side.
5 So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign Love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where ſhall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?

In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.
7 Should I suppress my vital Breath,
To 'scape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.
8 If, wing'd with Beams of Morning Light,
I fly beyond the *West*,
Thy Hand which must support my Flight,
Would soon betray my Rest.
9 If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law,
Would turn the Shades to Light.
10 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour,
Are both alike to Thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Wisdom of God *in the Formation of Man.*

1 WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.
2 Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possest,
Where unborn Nature grew;
Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.
3 Thine Eye with nicest Care survey'd
The Growth of ev'ry Part;
'Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy Art.
4 Heav'n, Earth and Sea, and Fire and Wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner Wonders still.

5 Thy

5 Thy awful Glories round me ſhine,
My Fleſh proclaims thy Praiſe;
Lord, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

PSALM 139. *v.* 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.
The Mercies of GOD innumerable.
An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with Surprize;
Not all the Sands that ſpread the Shore
To equal Numbers riſe.
2 My Fleſh with Fear and Wonder ſtands,
The Product of thy Skill;
And hourly Bleſſings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.
3 Theſe on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep,
Still find my Thoughts with Thee.

PSALM 141. *v.* 2, 3, 4, 5.
Watchfulneſs and Brotherly Reproof.
A Morning or Evening Pſalm.

1 MY GOD, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning Incenſe in thine Houſe,
And let my nightly Worſhip riſe
Sweet as the Ev'ning Sacrifice.
2 Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Paths where Sinners lead.
3 O may the Righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but chear my Head.

4 When I behold them preſt with Grief,
I'll cry to Heav'n for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM 142.

GOD is the Hope of the Helpleſs.

1 TO GOD I made my Sorrows known,
From GOD I ſought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne,
I pour'd out all my Grief.
2 My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My GOD, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.
3 On ev'ry Side I caſt mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone,
While Friends and Strangers paſt me by
Neglected or unknown.
4 Then did I raiſe a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercy near,
" Thou art my Portion when I die,
" Be thou my Refuge here."
5 Lord I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,
And make my Foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty Friend.
6 From my ſad Priſon ſet me free,
Then ſhall I praiſe thy Name,
And holy Men ſhall join with me
Thy Kindneſs to proclaim.

PSALM 143.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious GOD,
Hear when I ſpread my Hands abroad,
And

And cry for Succour from thy Throne,
O make thy Truth and Mercy known.
2 Let Judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace:
Should Justice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltless there.
3 Look down in Pity, Lord, and see
The mighty Woes that burthen me;
Down to the Dust my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
4 I dwell in Darkness and unseen:
My Heart is desolate within:
My Thoughts in musing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.
5 Thence I derive a Glimpse of Hope
To bear my sinking Spirits up;
I stretch my Hands to GOD again,
And thirst like parched Lands for Rain.
6 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling Face return?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove?
And GOD, for ever hide his Love?
7 My GOD, thy long Delay to save,
Will sink thy Pris'ner to the Grave;
My Heart grows faint, and dim mine Eye;
Make haste to help before I die.
8 The Night is Witness to my Tears,
Distressing Pains, distressing Fears;
O might I hear thy Morning Voice,
How would my weary'd Pow'rs rejoice!
9 In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high;
For Thee sit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tiresome Hours away.
10 Break off my Fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the Path my Feet should go;
If Snares and Foes beset the Road,
I flee to hide me near my GOD.

11 Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy Love
Conduct me to thy Courts above.
12 Then shall my Soul no more complain,
The Tempter then shall rage in vain;
And Flesh, that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

PSALM 144. *v.* 1, 2. *First Part.*

Assistance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He sends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.
2 When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me through the War.
3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak Courage raise;
He makes the glorious Victory mine,
And his shall be the Praise.

PSALM 144. *v.* 3, 4, 5, 6. *Second Part.*

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of GOD.

1 LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first?
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the Dust.
2 O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That GOD should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace?
3 That GOD, who darts his Lightnings down,
Who shakes the Worlds above,

And

And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wond'rous is his Love!

PSALM 144. v. 12-----15. *Third Part.*

Grace above Riches; or, *The Happy Nation.*

1 HAPPY the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace set,
And Daughters, bright as polish'd Stones,
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.
2 Happy the Country, where the Sheep,
Cattle and Corn, have large Increase;
Where Men securely work or sleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break the Peace.
3 Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the All-sufficient GOD
Himself with all his Grace bestows.

PSALM 144. Long Metre.

The Greatness of GOD.

1 MY GOD, my King, thy various Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.
2 The Wings of ev'ry Hour shall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And ev'ry setting Sun shall see
New Works of Duty done for Thee.
3 Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;
Thy Mercy swift, thine Anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.
4 Thy Works with sov'reign Glory shine,
And speak thy Majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

5 Let diſtant Times and Nations raiſe
The long Succeſſion of thy Praiſe:
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.
6 But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous Deeds,
Thy Greatneſs all our Thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy Ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy Praiſe.

PSALM 145. *v.* 1---7, 11---13. *Firſt Part.*

The Greatneſs of GOD.

1 LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy Name,
My King, my GOD of Love;
My Work and Joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright World above.
2 Great is the Lord, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praiſe be great;
I'll ſing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.
3 Thy Grace ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my ſacred Song
Shall join their chearful Voice.
4 Fathers to Sons ſhall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations ſound thy Praiſe.
5 Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date
Shall through the World be known;
Thine Arm of Pow'r, thy heav'nly State,
With public Splendor ſhown.
6 The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thine eternal Kingdom ſtands,
Though Rocks and Hills remove.

PSALM

PSALM 145. *v.* 7, *&c.* *Second Part.*

The Goodness of GOD.

1 SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.
2 GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies;
Through the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
And ev'ry Want supplies.
3 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On Thee for daily Food,
Thy lib'ral Hand provides their Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.
4 How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!
How slow thine Anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning Word
To chear the Souls he loves.
5 Creatures with all their endless Race
Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim;
But Saints that taste thy richer Grace
Delight to bless thy Name.

PSALM 145. *v.* 14, 17, *&c.* *Third Part.*

Mercy to Sufferers; or, *GOD hearing Prayer.*

1 LET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raise the Poor that fall.
2 When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.
3 The Lord supports our tott'ring Days,
And guides our giddy Youth:

Holy and juſt are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.
4 He knows the Pain his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their beſt Wiſhes to fulfil,
His Grace is ever nigh.
5 His Mercy never ſhall remove
From Men of Heart ſincere;
He ſaves the Souls, whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.
6 [His ſtubborn Foes his Sword ſhall ſlay,
And pierce their Hearts with Pain;
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay,
"They ſought his Aid in vain."]
7 [My Lips ſhall dwell upon his Praiſe,
And ſpread his Fame abroad;
Let all the Sons of *Adam* raiſe
The Honours of their GOD.]

PSALM 146. Long Metre.

Praiſe to GOD for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my Heart ſhall join
In Works ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Now while the Fleſh is mine Abode,
And when my Soul aſcends to GOD.
2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt Pow'rs,
While Immortality endures;
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt.
3 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die, and turn to Duſt;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour.
4 Happy the Man, whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſr'el's* GOD: He made the Sky,
And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

5 His

5 His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor;
He ſends the lab'ring Conſcience Peace,
And grants the Pris'ner ſweet Releaſe.
6 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs.
7 He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy GOD, O *Sion*, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

PSALM 146. As the 113th Pſalm.

Praiſe to GOD for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1 I'LL praiſe my Maker with my Breath:
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.
2 Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die, and turn to Duſt;
Vain is the Help of Fleſh and Blood:
Their Breath departs, their Pomp, and Pow'r,
And Thoughts, all vaniſh in an Hour,
Nor can they make their Promiſe good.
3 Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On *Iſr'el*'s GOD: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas, with all their Train;
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.
4 The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He ſends the lab'ring Conſcience Peace,

He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.
5 He loves his Saints; he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell:
Thy GOD, O *Sion*, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
In this exalted Work engage:
Praise him in everlasting Strains.
6 I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

PSALM 147. *First Part.*

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'Tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise:
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.
2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,
And gathers Nations to his Name:
His Mercy melts the stubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.
3 He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names:
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.
4 Great is our Lord, and great his Might;
And all his Glories infinite:
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his Clouds all round the Sky:
There

There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.
6 He makes the Grass the Hills adorn;
And cloaths the smiling Fields with Corn;
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.
7 What is the Creatures Skill or Force.
The sprightly Man, the warlike Horse,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for him.
8 But Saints are lovely in his Sight;
He views his Children with Delight:
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear;
And looks and loves his Image there.

PSALM 147. *Second Part.*

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great-Britain.

1 O *Britain*, praise thy mighty GOD,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bid the Ocean round thee flow;
Not Bars of Brass could guard thee so.
2 Thy Children are secure and blest;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest;
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.
3 Thy changing Seasons he ordains,
Thy early and thy latter Rains;
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,
And thus the springing Corn defends.
4 With hoary Frost he strews the Ground;
His Hail descends with clatt'ring Sound;
Where is the Man so vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful Cold?
5 He bids the *Southern* Breezes blow;
The Ice dissolve, the Waters flow;

But

But he hath nobler Works and Ways
To call the *Britons* to his Praiſe.
6 To all the Iſle his Laws are ſhown;
His Goſpel through the Nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To ev'ry Land: Praiſe ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. *v.* 7--9, 13--18. Common Metre.

The Seaſons of the Year.

1 WITH Songs and Honours ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the Heav'ns he ſpreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky.
2 He ſends his Show'rs of Bleſſings down
To chear the Plains below;
He makes the Graſs the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Vallies grow.
3 He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;
But Man who taſtes his fineſt Wheat,
Should raiſe his Honours high.
4 His ſteady Counſels change the Face
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut ſhort his Race,
And wint'ry Days appear.
5 His hoary Froſt, his fleecy Snow,
Deſcend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In icy Fetters bound.
6 When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the rattling Hail,
The Wretch that dares this GOD defy,
Shall find his Courage fail.
7 He ſends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

8 The

8 The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word;
With Songs and Honours ſounding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM 148. Proper Metre.

Praiſe to GOD from all Creatures.

1 YE Tribes of *Adam*, join
With Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praiſe.
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright,
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

2 Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
And Moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe,
With Stars of twinkling Light.
His Pow'r declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly
In empty Air.

3 The ſhining Worlds above
In glorious Order ſtand,
Or in ſwift Courſes move
By his ſupreme Command.
He ſpake the Word,
And all their Frame
From nothing came
To praiſe the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty Wheels
In unknown Ages paſt,
And each his Word fulfils,
While Time and Nature laſt,

In diff'rent Ways
His Works proclaim
His wond'rous Name,
And ſpeak his Praiſe.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the Earth-born Race,
And Monſters of the Deep,
The Fiſh that cleave the Seas,
Or in their Boſom ſleep,
From Sea and Shore
Their Tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay
Their Maker's Pow'r.

6 Ye Vapours, Hail, and Snow,
Praiſe ye th' Almighty Lord,
And ſtormy Winds that blow
To execute his Word.
When Lightnings ſhine,
Or Thunders roar,
Let Earth adore
His Hand divine.

7 Yet Mountains near the Skies,
With lofty Cedars there,
And Trees of humbler Size,
That Fruit in Plenty bear;
Beaſts wild and tame,
Birds, Flies, and Worms,
In various Forms,
Exalt his Name.

8 Ye Kings and Judges fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly Honours ſing;
Nor let the Dream
Of Pow'r and State,
Make you forget
His Pow'r ſupreme.

9 Virgins

9 Virgins and Youth engage
To ſound his Praiſe divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feebler Voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His Name be ſung
By ev'ry Tongue,
In endleſs Strains.
10 Let all the Nations fear
The GOD that rules above;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taſte his Love.
While Earth and Sky
Attempt his Praiſe,
His Saints ſhall raiſe
His Honours high.

PSALM 148. Paraphraſed in Long Metre.

Univerſal praiſe to GOD.

1 LOUD *Hallelujahs* to the Lord (dwell;
From diſtant Worlds where Creatures
Let Heav'n begin the ſolemn Word,
And ſound it dreadful down to Hell.

Note, *This Pſalm may be ſung to the Tune of the old 112th or 127th Pſalm, if theſe two Lines be added to every Stanza* (viz)

Each of his Works his Name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the Praiſe.

Otherwiſe it muſt be ſung to the uſual Tunes of the Long Metre.

2 The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry Angel bend the Knee;
Sing of his Love in heav'nly Strains,
And ſpeak how fierce his Terrors be.

3 High

3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of ſhining Bliſs:
Fly through the World, O Sun, and tell
How dark thy Beams, compar'd to his.

4 Awake ye Tempeſts, and his Fame
In Sounds of dreadful Praiſe declare;
And the ſweet Whiſpers of his Name
Fill ev'ry gentler Breeze of Air.

5 Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree
To join their Praiſe, with blazing Fire;
Let the firm Earth and rolling Sea
In this eternal Song conſpire.

6 Ye flow'ry Plains proclaim his Skill;
Vallies lie low before his Eye;
And let his Praiſe from ev'ry Hill
Riſe tuneful to the neighb'ring Sky.

7 Ye ſtubborn Oaks, and ſtately Pines,
Bend your high Branches, and adore:
Praiſe him, ye Beaſts, in diff'rent Strains;
The Lamb muſt bleat, the Lion roar.

8 Birds, ye muſt make his Praiſe your Theme,
Nature demands a Song from you:
While the dumb Fiſh that cut the Stream
Leap up, and mean his Praiſes too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you ſings?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains, and lofty Kings!

10 Wide as his vaſt Dominion lies,
Make the Creator's Name be known;
Loud as his Thunder ſhout his Praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his Throne.

11 *Jehovah!* 'tis a glorious Word,
O may it dwell on ev'ry Tongue!
But Saints, who beſt have known the Lord,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt Song.

12 Speak

12 Speak of the Wonders of that Love,
Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry Chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

PSALM 148. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

1 LET ev'ry Creature join
To praise th' eternal GOD;
Ye heav'nly Hosts the Song begin,
And sound his Name abroad.

2 Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praise.

3 He built those Worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous Frame:
By his Command they stand or move,
And ever speak his Name.

4 Ye Vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow,
Ye Thunders, murm'ring round the Skies,
His Pow'r and Glory show.

5 Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful Storms conspire
To execute his Word.

6 By all his Works above
His Honours be exprest;
But Saints that taste his saving Love,
Should sing his Praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praise:

Praise

Praiſe him, ye wat'ry Worlds below,
And Monſters of the Seas.

8 From Mountains near the Sky
Let his high Praiſe reſound,
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,
And Vales and Fields around.

9 Ye Lions of the Wood,
And tamer Beaſts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praiſe.

10 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praiſes bear;
Or ſit on flow'ry Boughs, and ſing
Your Maker's Glory there.

11 Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wiſdom ſhow,
And Flies in all your ſhining Swarms,
Praiſe him that dreſt you ſo.

12 By all the Earth-born Race
His Honours be expreſt,
But Saints that know his heav'nly Grace,
Should learn to praiſe him beſt.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide Command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that ſov'reign Hand,
Whence all your Honours ſpring.

14 Let vig'rous Youth engage
To ſound his Praiſes high:
While growing Babes, and with'ring Age,
Their feebler Voices try.

15 United Zeal be ſhown
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe;
GOD is the Lord: His Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.

16 Let

16 Let Nature join with Art.
And all pronounce him bleſt,
But Saints that dwell ſo near his Heart,
Should ſing his Praiſes beſt.

PSALM 149.

Praiſe GOD all his Saints; or, *The Saints judging the World.*

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidſt the Church with chearful Voice
His latter Wonders ſhew.

2 The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praiſe,
While *Sion* owns her King.

3 The Lord takes Pleaſure in the Juſt,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn:
The Meek that lie deſpis'd in Duſt,
Salvation ſhall adorn.

4 Saints ſhould be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying Bed:
And like the Souls in Glory ſing,
For GOD ſhall raiſe the Dead.

5 Then his high Praiſe ſhall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands ſhall wield the Sword:
And Vengeance ſhall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the Lord.

6 When *Chriſt* the Judgment Seat aſcends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then

7 Then ſhall they rule with Iron Rod
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the Sentence of their GOD,
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

8 The Royal Sinners bound in Chains
New Triumphs ſhall afford;
Such Honour for the Saints remains:
Praiſe ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. *v.* 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praiſe.

IN GOD's own Houſe pronounce his Praiſe,
His Grace he there reveals;
To Heav'n your Joy and Wonder raiſe,
For there his Glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred Paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his Deeds;
But the great Work of ſaving Love
Your higheſt Praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

THE

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
And GOD the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe, and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET GOD the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints that love the Lord.

Common Metre, *where the Tune includes two Stanzas.*

I.

THE GOD of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming *Word*,
And New-creating *Breath*.

II.

To praiſe the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

Short

Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worſhip the Father, praiſe the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

As the 113th Pſalm.

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Praiſe and Glory giv'n,
Through all the Worlds where GOD is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
And all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.

As the 148th Pſalm.

TO GOD the Father's Throne
Perpetual Honours raiſe;
Glory to GOD the Son,
To GOD the Spirit Praiſe:
With all our Pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy Name we ſing,
While Faith adores.

THE END.

An INDEX,

OR

TABLE to find a Psalm suited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, *In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a Confusion of Figures. What is sought in any Psalm may easily be found, by turning a Leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.*

If you find not what Word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same Signification: Or, seek it under some of the more general Words, such as God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, *&c.*

Public

W

The End of the Table of Contents.

A TABL.

A

TABLE

To find out any *Psalm*, or Part of a *Psalm*, by the first Line of it.

A

B

C

C

D

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F

G

Go

H

I

L

Lord,

My

Shine

T

The

What

Y

THE END.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

In Three BOOKS.

I. Collected from the Scriptures.
II. Composed on Divine Subjects.
III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

By. *I. WATTS*, D. D.

The TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy, *&c.* for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, *&c.* *Rev.* v. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. *Christiani)* convenire, carmenque, Christo quasi Deo dicere. *Plinius in Epist.*

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed and Sold by D. HALL, and W. SELLERS, at the *New-Printing-Office*, in *Market-street*. MDCCLXXII.

THE PREFACE.

WHILE we ſing the Praiſes of our God in his Church, we are employed in that Part of Worſhip which of all others is the neareſt a-kin to Heaven; and 'tis Pity that this, of all others, ſhould be performed the worſt upon Earth. The Goſpel brings us nearer to the heavenly State than all the former Diſpenſations of God amongſt Men: And in the laſt Days of the Goſpel we are brought almoſt within Sight of the Kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the Songs of the *New Jeruſalem*, and unpractiſed in the Work of Praiſe. To ſee the dull Indifference, the negligent and the thoughtleſs Air, that ſits upon the Faces of a whole Aſſembly, while the Pſalm is on their Lips, might tempt even a charitable Obſerver to ſuſpect the Fervency of inward Religion; and 'tis much to be feared, that the Minds of moſt of the Worſhippers are abſent or unconcerned. Perhaps the Modes of Preaching in the beſt Churches ſtill want ſome Degrees of Reformation; nor are the Methods of Prayer ſo perfect, as to ſtand in Need of no Correction or Improvement: But of all our Religious Solemnities, *Pſalmody* is the moſt unhappily managed: That very Action which ſhould elevate us to the moſt delightful and divine Senſations, doth not only flat our Devotion, but too often awakens our Regret, and touches all the Springs of Uneaſineſs within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great Occaſion of this Evil ariſes from the Matter and Words to which we confine all our Songs. Some of them are almoſt oppoſite to the Spirit of the Goſpel: Many of them foreign to the State of the New Teſtament, and widely different from the preſent Circumſtances of Chriſtians. Hence it comes to paſs, that when ſpiritual Affections are excited in us, and our Souls are raiſed a little above this Earth in the Beginning of a Pſalm, we are checked, on a ſudden, in our Aſcent to Heaven, by ſome Expreſſions that are more ſuited to the Days of *Carnal Ordinances*, and fit only to be ſung in the *Worldly Sanctuary*. When we are juſt entering into an Evangelical Frame, by ſome of the Glories of the Goſpel preſented in the brighteſt Figures of *Judaiſm*, yet the very next Line, perhaps, which the Clerk parcels out unto us, hath ſomething in it ſo extremely *Jewiſh* and cloudy, that darkens our Sight of God the Saviour. Thus by keeping too cloſe to *David* in the Houſe of God, the Vail of *Moſes* is thrown over our Hearts. While we are kindling into Divine Love by the Meditations of the *loving Kindneſs of God, and the Multitude of his tender Mercies*, within a few Verſes ſome dreadful Curſe againſt Men is propoſed to our Lips; That *God would add Iniquity unto their Iniquity, nor let them come into his Righteouſneſs, but blot them out of the Book of the Living*, Pſalm lxix. 26, 27, 28, which is contrary to the New Commandment of *loving our Enemies*; and even under the Old Teſtament is beſt accounted for, by referring it to the Spirit of Prophetick Vengeance. Some Sentences of the *Pſalmiſt*, that are expreſſive of the Temper of our own Hearts and the Circumſtances of our Lives, may compoſe our Spirits to Serioufneſs, and allure us to

a sweet Retirement within ourselves; but we meet with the following Line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one Action or Hour of the Life of *David* or of *Asaph*, that breaks off our Song in the Midst; our Consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a Falshood unto God: Thus the Powers of our Souls are shocked on a sudden, and our Spirits ruffled, before we have Time to reflect that this may be sung only as a History of ancient Saints: And, perhaps, in some Instances that *Salvo* is hardly sufficient neither. Besides, it almost always spoils the Devotion, by breaking the uniform Thread of it. For while our Lips and our Hearts run on sweetly together, applying the Words to our own Case, there is something of Divine Delight in it: But at once we are forced to turn off the Application abruptly, and our Lips speak nothing but the Heart of *David*. Thus our own Hearts are, as it were, forbid the Pursuit of the Song, and then the Harmony and the Worship grow dull of meer Necessity.

Many Ministers, and many private Christians, have long groaned under this Inconvenience, and have wished rather than attempted a Reformation: At their importunate and repeated Requests, I have for some Years past devoted many Hours of Leisure to this Service. Far be it from my Thoughts to lay aside the Book of Psalms in public Worship; few can pretend so great a Value for them as myself: It is the most Artful, most Devotional and Divine Collection of Poesy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious Soul to Heaven, than some Parts of that Book; never was a Piece of experimental Divinity so nobly written, and so justly reverenced and admired: But it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand Lines in it which were not made for a Church in our Days, to assume

as its own: There are alſo many Deficiencies of Light and Glory, which our Lord *Jeſus* and his Apoſtles have ſupplied in the Writings of the New Teſtament; and with this Advantage I have compoſed theſe Spiritual Songs, which are now preſented to the World. Nor is the Attempt vainglorious or preſuming; for in reſpect of clear Evangelical Knowledge, *The leaſt in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than all the Jewiſh Prophets*, Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a ſhort Account of the following Compoſures.

The greateſt Part of them are ſuited to the general State of the Goſpel, and the moſt common Affairs of Chriſtians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be uſed in a religious Aſſembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to ſome Seaſons, either of private or of public Worſhip. The moſt frequent Tempers and Changes of our Spirit, and Conditions of our Life, are here copied, and the Breathings of our Piety expreſſed according to the Variety of our Paſſions; our Love, our Fear, our Hope, our Deſire, our Sorrow, our Wonder, and our Joy, as they are refined into Devotion, and act under the Influence and Conduct of the Bleſſed Spirit; all converſing with God the Father, by the new and living Way of Acceſs to the Throne, even the Perſon and Mediation of our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*. To him alſo, even to the *Lamb that was ſlain, and now lives*, I have addreſſed many a Song; for thus doth the Holy Scripture inſtruct and teach us to worſhip, in the various ſhort Patterns of Chriſtian Pſalmody deſcribed in the Revelations. I have avoided the more obſcure and controverted Points of Chriſtianity, that we might all obey the Direction of the Word of God, and *ſing his Praiſes with Underſtanding*,

Pſalm

Pſalm xlvii. 7. The Contentions and diſtinguiſhing Words of Sects and Parties are ſecluded, that whole Aſſemblies might aſſiſt at the Harmony, and different Churches join in the ſame Worſhip, without Offence.

If any Expreſſions occur to the Reader that ſavour of an Opinion different from his own, yet he may obſerve theſe are generally ſuch as are capable of an extenſive Senſe, and may be uſed with a charitable Latitude. I think it is moſt agreeable, that what is provided for public Singing, ſhould give to ſincere Conſciences as little Diſturbance as poſſible. However, where any unpleaſing Word is found, he that leads the Worſhip, may ſubſtitute a better; for (bleſſed be God) we are not confined to the Words of any Man in our public Solemnities.

The whole Book is written in four Sorts of Metre, and fitted to the moſt common Tunes. I have ſeldom permitted a Stop in the Middle of a Line, and ſeldom left the End of a Line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy Mixture of Reading and Singing, which cannot preſently be reformed. The Metaphors are generally ſunk to the Level of vulgar Capacities. I have aimed at Eaſe of Numbers, and Smoothneſs of Sound, and endeavoured to make the Senſe plain and obvious. If the Verſe appears ſo gentle and flowing as to incur the Cenſure of Feebleneſs, I may honeſtly affirm, that ſometimes it coſt me Labour to make it ſo: Some of the Beauties of Poeſy are neglected, and ſome wilfully defaced: I have thrown out the Lines that were too ſonorous, and have given an Allay to the Verſe, leſt a more exalted Turn of Thought or Language, ſhould darken or diſturb the Devotion of the weakeſt Souls. But hence it comes to paſs, that I have been forced to lay aſide many Hymns after

they were finiſhed, and utterly exclude them from this Volume, becauſe of the bolder Figures of Speech that crouded themſelves into the Verſe, and a more unconfined Variety of Number, which I could not eaſily reſtrain.

Theſe, with many other Divine and Moral Compoſures, are now printed in a ſecond Edition of the Poems, intituled, *Horæ Lyricæ*; for as in that Book I have endeavoured to pleaſe and profit the politer Part of Mankind, without offending the plainer Sort of Chriſtians, ſo in this it has been my Labour to promote the pious Entertainment of Souls truly ſerious, even of the meaneſt Capacity, and at the ſame Time (if poſſible) not to give Diſguſt to Perſons of richer Senſe, and nicer Education; and I hope, in the preſent Volume, this End will appear to be purſued with much greater Happineſs than in the firſt Impreſſion of it, though the World aſſures me the former has not much Reaſon to complain.

The whole is divided into *three* Books.

In the *Firſt*, I have borrowed the Senſe, and much of the Form of the Song from ſome particular Portions of Scripture, and have paraphraſed moſt of the Doxologies in the New Teſtament that contain any Thing in them peculiarly Evangelical; and many Parts of the Old Teſtament alſo, that have a Reference to the Times of the *Meſſiah*. In theſe I expect to be often cenſured for a too religious Obſervance of the Words of Scripture, whereby the Verſe is weakened and debaſed, according to the Judgment of the Criticks: But as my whole Deſign was to aid the Devotion of Chriſtians, ſo more eſpecially in this Part: And I am ſatisfied I ſhall hereby attain two Ends, *viz.* aſſiſt the Worſhip of all ſerious Minds, to whom the Expreſſions of Scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify

tify the Taste and Inclination of those, who think nothing must be sung unto God but the Translations of his own Word. Yet you will always find in this Paraphrase, dark Expressions enlightened, and the Levitical Ceremonies, and Hebrew Forms of Speech, changed into the Worship of the Gospel, and explained in the Language of our Time and Nation; and what would not bear such an Alteration, is omitted, and laid aside. After this Manner should I rejoice to see a good Part of the Book of *Psalms* fitted for the Use of our Churches, and *David* converted into a Christian: But because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glorious Work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have, through Divine Goodness, already proceeded half Way through.

The *Second Part* consists of Hymns, whose Form is of mere human Composures, but I hope the Sense and Materials will always appear Divine. I might have brought some Text or other, and applied it to the Margin of every Verse, if this Method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any Poems in the Book that are capable of giving Delight to Persons of a more refined Taste and polite Education, perhaps they may be found in this Part; but except they lay aside the Humour of Criticism, and enter into a devout Frame, every Ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more Spiritual Designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery Expressions that gratified the Fancy; the bright Images too often prevailed above the Fire of Divine Affection; and the Light exceeded the Heat: Yet I hope, in many of them the Reader will find that Devotion dictated the Song, and the Head and Hand were nothing but Interpreters and Secreta-

ries to the Heart: Nor is the Magnificence or Boldneſs of the Figures comparable to that Divine Licence, which is found in the 18th and 68th Pſalms, ſeveral Chapters of *Job*, and other Poetical Parts of Scripture: And in this Reſpect I may hope to eſcape the Reproof of thoſe who pay a ſacred Reverence to the Bible.

I have prepared the *Third Part* only for the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in Imitation of our Bleſſed Saviour, we might ſing an Hymn after we have partaken of the Bread and Wine. Here you will find ſome Paraphraſes of Scripture, and ſome other Compoſitions. There are above One Hundred Hymns in the two former Parts, that may very properly be uſed in this Ordinance, and ſometimes perhaps appear more ſuitable than any of theſe laſt; but there are Expreſſions generally uſed in theſe, which confine them only to the Table of the Lord, and therefore I have diſtinguiſhed and ſet them by themſelves.

If the LORD, who inhabits the Praiſes of *Iſrael*, ſhall refuſe to ſmile upon this Attempt for the Reformation of Pſalmody amongſt the Churches, yet I humbly hope that his bleſſed Spirit will make theſe Compoſures uſeful to private Chriſtians; and if they may but attain the Honour of being eſteemed pious Meditations, to aſſiſt the devout and the retired Soul in the Exerciſes of Love, Faith and Joy, it will be a valuable Compenſation of my Labours: My Heart ſhall rejoice at the Notice of it, and my God ſhall receive the Glory. This was my Hope and Vow in the firſt Publication; and it is now my Duty to acknowledge to him, with Thankfulneſs, how uſeful he has made theſe Compoſitions already, to the Comfort and Edification of Societies, and of private Perſons: And upon the ſame Grounds

Grounds I have a better Prospect, and a bigger Hope of much more Service to the Church, by the large Improvements of this Edition, if the Lord, who dwells in *Sion*, shall favour it with his continued Blessing.

TO THE REVEREND

Dr. WATTS,

ON HIS

DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, Smiling Muſe, what heav'nly Strain
Forbids the Waves to roar;
Comes gently gliding o'er the Main,
And charms our liſt'ning Shore!
What Angel ſtrikes the trembling Strings?
And whence the golden Sound!
Or is it WATTS---or GABRIEL ſings
From yon celeſtial Ground?
'Tis Thou, Seraphick WATTS; Thy Lyre
Plays ſoft along the Floods;
Thy Notes, the anſw'ring Hills inſpire,
And bend the waving Woods.
The Meads, with dying Muſick fill'd,
Their ſmiling Honours ſhow,
While, whiſp'ring o'er each fragrant Field,
The tuneful Breezes blow.
The Rapture ſounds in ev'ry Trace,
E'en the rough Rocks regale;
Freſh flow'ry Joys flame o'er the Face
Of ev'ry laughing Vale.
And Thou, my Soul, the Tranſport own,
Fir'd with immortal Heat;
Whilſt dancing Pulſes driving on,
About thy Body beat.

Long as the Sun ſhall rear his Head,
  And chaſe the flying Glooms,
As bluſhing from his nuptial Bed
  The gallant Bridegroom comes:
Long as the duſky Ev'ning flies,
  And ſheds a doubtful Light,
While ſudden ruſh along the Skies
  The ſable Shades of Night:
O WATTS! thy ſacred Lays ſo long
  Shall ev'ry Boſom fire;
And ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Tongue,
  To ſpeak thy Praiſe, conſpire.
When thy fair Soul ſhall on the Wings
  Of ſhouting Seraphs riſe,
And with ſuperior Sweetneſs ſings
  Amid thy native Skies;
Still ſhall thy lofty Number flow,
  Melodious and Divine;
And Choirs above, and Saints below,
  A deathleſs Chorus! join.
To our far Shores the Sound ſhall roll,
  (So *Philomela* ſung)
And Eaſt to Weſt, and Pole to Pole,
  Th' Eternal Tune prolong.

New-England,
Boſton, March 15,
1727.

M. BYLES.

HYMNS

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

Collected from the Holy Scriptures.

I. *A New Song to the Lamb that was ſlain*, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
Amidſt his Father's Throne;
Prepare new Honours for his Name,
And Songs before unknown.

2 Let Elders worſhip at his Feet,
The Church adore around,
With Vials full of Odours ſweet,
And Harps of ſweeter Sound.

3 Thoſe are the Prayers of the Saints,
And theſe the Hymns they raiſe:
Jeſus is kind to our Complaints
He loves to hear our Praiſe.

[4 Eternal Father, who ſhall look
Into thy ſecret Will?
Who but the Son ſhould take that Book,
And open ev'ry Seal?

5 He ſhall fulfil thy great Decrees,
The Son deſerves it well;
Lo, in his Hand the Sov'reign Keys
Of Heav'n, and Death and Hell.]

6 Now

6 Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs Bleſſings paid;
Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
For ever on thy Head.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
Haſt ſet the Pris'ners free,
Haſt made us Kings and Prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with Thee.

8 The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath thy Pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying Days,
And bring the promis'd Hour.

II. *The Deity and Humanity of* Chriſt, John i. 1, 3, 14. *and* Col. i. 16. *and* Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 E'ER the blue Heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From Everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own Pow'r were all Things made;
By him ſupported all Things ſtand;
He is the whole Creation's Head,
And Angels fly at his Command.

3 E'er Sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the Hoſt of Morning-Stars;
(Thy Generation who can tell,
Or count the Number of thy Years?)

4 But lo, he leaves thoſe Heav'nly Forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in Clay,
That he may hold Converſe with Worms,
Dreſt in ſuch feeble Fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with Joy beheld his Face,
Th' Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of Truth! how full of Grace!
When thro' his Eyes the Godhead ſhone!

6 Arch-

6 Arch-Angels leave their high Abode,
To learn new Myſt'ries here, and tell
The Loves of our deſcending God,
The Glories of EMANUEL.

III. *The Nativity of* Chriſt, Luke i. 30, *&c.* Luke ii. 10, *&c.*

1 BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary the Wond'rous Virgin bears,
And *Jeſus* is the Child.

[2 The Lord, the Higheſt God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And gives him *David*'s Throne.

3 O'er *Jacob* ſhall he reign
With a peculiar Sway;
The Nations ſhall his Grace obtain,
His Kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious News,
A heav'nly Form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
And baniſhes their Fears.

5 *Go humble Swains,* ſaid he,
To David's *City fly,*
The promis'd Infant born To day,
Doth in a Manger lie.

6 *With Looks and Hearts ſerene,*
Go viſit Chriſt *your* King;
And ſtrait a flaming Troop was ſeen;
The Shepherds heard him ſing.

7 *Glory to God on High,*
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,
At the Redeemer's Birth.

[8 In Worſhip ſo divine
Let Saints employ their Tongues;
With the Celeſtial Hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their Songs.

9 *Glory to God on High,*
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,
At our Redeemer's Birth.]

IV. Referred to the 2d Pſalm.

V. *Submiſſion to Afflictive Providence*, Job i. 21.

1 NAKED, as from the Earth we came,
And crept to Life at firſt,
We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Duſt.

2 The dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort Favours borrow'd Now,
To be repaid Anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the Grave,
He gives, and (bleſſed be his Name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry Paſſions, then
Let each rebellious Sigh
Be ſilent at his Sov'reign Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die.

5 If ſmiling Mercy crown our Lives,
Its Praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the Juſtice too,
That ſtrikes our Comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over Death*, Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1 GREAT GOD, I own thy Sentence juſt,
And Nature muſt decay,
I yield my Body to the Duſt,
To dwell with Fellow-Clay.

2 Yet

2 Yet Faith may triumph o'er the Grave,
And trample on the Tombs:
My *Jesus*, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a Royal Seat,
And Death, the last of all his Foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.

4 Though greedy Worms devour my Skin,
And gnaw my wasting Flesh,
When God shall build my Bones again,
He clothes 'em all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely Face,
With strong immortal Eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown Grace
With Pleasure and Surprize.

VII. *The Invitation of the Gospel*; or, *Spiritual Food and Cloathing*, Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting Voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry starving Souls,
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind:

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A Soul reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites
The rich Provision taste.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging Thirst
With Springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of Love and Mercy here
In a rich Ocean join;

Sal-

Salvation in Abundance flows,
Like Floods of Milk and Wine.

[6 Ye perishing and naked Poor,
Who work with mighty Pain,
To weave a Garment of your own,
That will not hide your Sin;

7 Come naked, and adorn your Soul,
In Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own Blood.]

8 Dear God, the Treasures of thy Love
Are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our helpless Mis'ries are,
And boundless as our Sins.

9 The happy Gates of Gospel Grace
Stand open Night and Day;
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
And drive our Wants away.

VIII. *The Safety and Protection of the Church;* Isa. xxvi. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6.

1 HOW honourable is the Place,
Where we adoring stand,
Sion, the Glory of the Earth,
And Beauty of the Land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
The City where we dwell;
The Walls, of strong Salvation made,
Defy th' Assaults of Hell

3 Lift up the everlasting Gates;
The Doors wide open fling;
Enter ye Nations that obey
The Statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled Joys,
And live in perfect Peace;
You that have known JEHOVAH's Name,
And ventur'd on his Grace.

5 Trust

5 Truſt in the Lord, for ever truſt,
And baniſh all your Fears;
Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH dwells;
Eternal as his Years.

6 What though the Rebels dwell on high,
His Arm ſhall bring them low;
Low as the Caverns of the Grave,
Their lofty Head ſhall bow.

7 On *Babylon* our Feet ſhall tread,
In that rejoicing Hour;
The Ruins of her Walls ſhall ſpread
A Pavement for the Poor.

IX. *The Promiſes of the Covenant of Grace,* Iſa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we laviſh out our Lives
To gather empty Wind,
The choiceſt Bleſſings Earth can yield,
Will ſtarve a hungry Mind.

2 Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our Souls
With more ſubſtantial Meat;
With ſuch as Saints in Glory love,
With ſuch as Angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry Want ſupply,
And fill our Hearts with Peace;
He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath
The Riches of his Grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanſe our ſpotted Souls,
And waſh away our Stains,
In the dear Fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying Veins.

[5 Our Guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
Though black as Hell before;
Our Sins ſhall ſink beneath the Sea,
And ſhall be found no more.

6 And left Pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Our inward Pow'rs again,
His Spirit ſhall bedew our Souls,
Like purifying Rain.]

7 Our Heart, that flinty ſtubborn Thing,
That Terrors cannot move,
That fears no Threatnings of his Wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by Love.

8 Or he can take the Flint away,
That would not be refin'd,
And from the Treaſures of his Grace
Beſtow a ſofter Mind.

9 There ſhall his ſacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his Law,
And ev'ry Motion of our Souls
To ſwift Obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour Salvation down,
And we ſhall render Praiſe;
We the dear People of his Love,
And he our God of Grace.

X. *The Bleſſedneſs of Goſpel-Times*; or, *The Revelation of* Chriſt *to Jews and Gentiles*, Iſa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Mat. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their Feet,
Who ſtand on *Sion*'s Hill,
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal!

2 How charming is their Voice!
How ſweet the Tidings are!
"*Sion*, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our Ears,
That hear this joyful Sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

4 How

4 How bleſſed are our Eyes,
That ſee this Heav'nly Light;
Prophets and Kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the Sight!

5 The Watchmen join their Voice,
And tuneful Notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in Songs,
And Deſarts learn the Joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his Arm
Through all the Earth abroad;
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XI. *The Humble enlightened, and Carnal Reaſon humbled*; or, *The Sovereignty of Grace*, Luke x. 21, 22.

1 THERE was an Hour when *Chriſt* rejoic'd,
And ſpoke his Joy in Words of Praiſe;
" Father, I thank Thee, mighty God,
" Lord of the Earth, and Heav'ns and Seas.

2 " I thank thy Sov'reign Pow'r and Love,
" That crowns my Doctrine with Succeſs;
" And makes the Babes in Knowledge learn
" The heights, & breadths, & lengths of Grace.

3 " But all this Glory lies conceal'd
" From Men of Prudence and of Wit;
" The Prince of Darkneſs blinds their Eyes,
" And their own Pride reſiſts the Light.

4 " Father, 'tis thus, becauſe thy Will
" Choſe and ordain'd it ſhould be ſo;
" 'Tis thy Delight t' abaſe the Proud,
" And lay the haughty Scorner low.

5 " There's none can know the Father right,
" But thoſe who learn it from the Son,
" Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
" But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then

6 Then let our Souls adore our God,
That deals his Graces as he pleaſe;
Nor gives to Mortals an Account
Or of his Actions, or Decrees.

XII. *Free Grace in revealing* Chriſt, Luke x. 21.

1 *JESUS* the Man of conſtant Grief,
A Mourner all his Days;
His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his Joy to Praiſe.

2 *Father, I thank thy wond'rous Love,*
That hath reveal'd thy Son
To Men unlearned; and to Babes
Has made thy Goſpel known.

3 *Thy Myſt'ries of Redeeming Grace*
Are hidden from the Wiſe,
While Pride and carnal Reas'nings join
To ſwell and blind their Eyes.

4 Thus doth the Lord of Heav'n and Earth
His great Decrees fulfil,
And orders all his Works of Grace
By his own Sov'reign Will.

XIII. *The Son of God incarnate*; or, *The Titles and the Kingdom of* Chriſt, Iſa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1 THE Lands that long in Darkneſs lay,
Now have beheld a Heav'nly Light;
Nations that ſat in Death's cold Shade,
Are bleſt with Beams divinely bright.

2 The Virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected Child appear:
What ſhall his Names or Titles be?
The Wonderful, The Counſellor.

3 This Infant is the mighty God,
Come to be ſuckled and ador'd;
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of *David*, and his Lord.

4 The

4 The Government of Earth and Seas
Upon his Shoulders ſhall be laid;
His wide Dominions ſhall increaſe,
And Honours to his Name be paid.
5 *Jeſus* the holy Child ſhall ſit
High on his Father *David's* Throne,
Shall cruſh his Foes beneath his Feet,
And reign to Ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The Triumph of Faith*; or, *Chriſt's unchangeable Love*, Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO ſhall the Lord's Elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their Souls,
And Mercy, like a mighty Stream,
O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.
2 Who ſhall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
'Tis *Chriſt* that ſuffer'd in their Stead;
And the Salvation to fulfil,
Behold him riſing from the Dead.
3 He lives! he lives! and ſits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who ſhall divide us from his Love,
Or what ſhould tempt us to deſpair?
4 Shall Perſecution, or Diſtreſs,
Famine, or Sword, or Nakedneſs?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.
5 Faith hath an overcoming Pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying Hour:
Chriſt is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a Prop.
6 Not all that Men on Earth can do,
Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his Mercy to remove,
Or wean our Hearts from *Chriſt* our Love.

XV. *Our own Weakness, and* Christ *our Strength*, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy Day;
Then I rejoice in deep Distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.

2 I glory in Infirmity,
That *Christ*'s own Pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my Shield, and *Christ* my Song.

3 I can do all Things, or can bear
All Suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet Pleasures mingle with the Pains,
While his Left-Hand my Head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the Work alone;
When new Temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our Weakness is.

5 So *Sampson*, when his Hair was lost,
Met the *Philistines* to his Cost;
Shook his vain Limbs with sad Surprize,
Made feeble Fight, and lost his Eyes.

XVI. Hosanna *to Christ*, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 50.

1 *HOSANNA* to the Royal Son
Of *David*'s antient Line,
His Nature's Two, his Person One,
Mysterious and Divine.

2 The Root of *David* here we find,
And Offspring is the same;
Eternity and Time are join'd
In our *Emanuel*'s Name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched Men
With peaceful News from Heav'n;
Hosannas of the highest Strain
To *Christ* the Lord be giv'n.

4 Let

4 Let Mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' *Hosanna* on their Tongues,
Left Rocks and Stones should rise, and break
Their Silence into Songs.

XVII. *Victory over Death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O For an over-coming Faith
To chear my dying Hours,
To triumph o'er the Monster Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs.
2 Joyful, with all the Strength I have,
My quiv'ring Lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted Vict'ry, Grave?
And where the Monster's Sting?
3 If Sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no Sting besides;
The Law gives Sin its damning Pow'r;
But *Christ*, my Ransom, dy'd.
4 Now to the God of Victory
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us Conqu'rors while we die,
Through *Christ* our living Head.

XVIII. *Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord*, Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the Voice from Heav'n pro-
For all the pious Dead, (claims
Sweet is the Savour of their Names,
And soft their sleeping Bed.
2 They die in *Jesus*, and are blest;
How kind their Slumbers are!
From Suff'rings and from Sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry Snare.
3 Far from this World of Toil and Strife,
They're present with the Lord;

The Labours of their mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

XIX. *The Song of* Simeon; or, *Death made desirable*, Luke i. 27, &c.

1 LORD, at thy Temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our Joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast Delight
The good old Man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd Arms
He clasp'd the holy Child.

3 *Now I can leave this World*, he cry'd,
Behold thy Servant dies;
I've seen thy great Salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful Eyes.

4 *This is the Light prepar'd to shine*
Upon the Gentile Lands,
Thine Israel's *Glory, and their Hope,*
To break their slavish Bands.

[5 *Jesus*, the Vision of thy Face,
Hath over-pow'ring Charms;
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold Embrace,
If *Christ* be in my Arms.

6 Then while ye hear my Heart-strings break,
How sweet my Minutes roll!
A mortal Paleness on my Cheek,
And Glory in my Soul.]

XX. *Spiritual Apparel* (viz.) *The Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation*, Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE my Heart, arise my Tongue,
Prepare a tuneful Voice;
In God the Life of all my Joys
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked Soul,
And made Salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted Worm
He makes his Graces ſhine.

3 And leſt the Shadow of a Spot
Should on my Soul be found,
He took the Robe the Saviour wrought,
And caſt it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly Robe exceeds
What earthly Princes wear!
Theſe Ornaments, how bright they ſhine!
How white the Garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my Faith and Love,
And Hope, and ev'ry Grace,
But *Jeſus* ſpent his Life to work
The Robe of Righteouſneſs.

6 Strangely, my Soul, art thou array'd
By the great Sacred Three;
In ſweeteſt Harmony of Praiſe
Let all thy Pow'rs agree.

XXI. *A Viſion of the Kingdom of* Chriſt *among Men*, Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 LO, what a glorious Sight appears
To our believing Eyes!
The Earth and Seas are paſt away,
And the old rolling Skies.

2 From the third Heav'n where God reſides,
That holy, happy Place,
The *New Jeruſalem* comes down
Adorn'd with ſhining Grace.

3 Attending Angels ſhout for Joy,
And the bright Armies ſing,
Mortals, behold the ſacred Seat
Of your deſcending King.

4 *The God of Glory down to Men*
Removes his bleſt Abode;

Men, the dear Objects of his Grace,
And he the loving God.

5 *His own soft Hand shall wipe the Tears,*
From ev'ry weeping Eye,
And Pains, and Groans, and Griefs, and Fears,
And Death itself shall die.

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh how long,
Shall this bright Hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye Wheels of Time,
And bring the welcome Day.

XXII. *and* XXIII. *Referred to the* 125*th Psalm.*

XXIV. *The rich Sinner dying*, Psalm xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy Mortals toil,
And heap their shining Dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble Poor,
And boast their lofty Hills of Gain.

2 Their Golden Cordials cannot ease
Their pained Hearts or aching Heads,
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching Death
From glitt'ring Roofs and downy Beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling Soul,
The dismal Summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad Farewel,
To the pale Lump of lifeless Clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the Grave,
Where Kings and Slaves have equal Thrones;
Their Bones without Distinction lie
Amongst the Heap of meaner Bones.

The rest referred to the 49*th Psalm.*

XXV. *A Vision of the Lamb*, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1 ALL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears;
Behold amidst th' eternal Throne
A Vision of the Lamb appears.

[2 Glory

[2 Glory his fleecy Robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody Death he bore;
Seven are his Eyes, and ſev'n his Horns,
To ſpeak his Wiſdom and his Pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a ſealed Book
From him that ſits upon the Throne;
Jeſus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.]

4 All the aſſembling Saints around
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And in new Songs of Goſpel-Sound
Addreſs their Honours to his Name.

[5 The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o'er the Everlaſting Hills;
Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the Book, to looſe the Seals.]

6 Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,
And with tranſporting Pleaſure ſing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was ſlain,
To be our Teacher and our King.

7 His Words of Prophecy reveal
Eternal Counſels, deep Deſigns;
His Grace and Vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.

8 Thou haſt redeem'd our Souls from Hell,
With thine invaluable Blood;
And Wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made Fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for Treaſons not his own,
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's Throne.

XXVI. *Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of* Christ, 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLEST be the Everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ado 'd.

2 When from the Dead he rais'd his Son;
And call'd him to the Sky,
He gave our Souls a lively Hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred Sins require
Our Flesh to see the Dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his Followers must.

4 There's an Inheritance Divine
Reserv'd against that Day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept,
Till the Salvation come;
We walk by Faith as Strangers here,
Till *Christ* shall call us home.

XXVII. *Assurance of Heaven*; or, *a Saint prepar'd to die*, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

[1 DEATH may dissolve my Body now,
And bear my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move so slow,
Nor my Salvation come?

2 With heav'nly Weapons I have fought
The Battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my Course, and kept the Faith,
And wait the sure Reward.]

3 God has laid up in Heav'n for me
A Crown which cannot fade;

The

The Righteous Judge at that great Day
Shall place it on my Head.
4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This Prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' Appearance of his Son.
5 *Jeſus* the Lord ſhall guard me ſafe
From ev'ry ill Deſign;
And to his heav'nly Kingdom keep
This feeble Soul of mine.
6 God is my everlaſting Aid,
And Hell ſhall rage in vain;
To him be higheſt Glory paid,
And endleſs Praiſe. *Amen.*

XXVIII. *The Triumph of* Chriſt *over the Enemies of his Church*, Iſa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 WHAT mighty Man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in State,
Along the *Idumean* Road,
Away from *Bozrah*'s Gate.
2 The Glory of his Robes proclaim
'Tis ſome victorious King;
" 'Tis I the Juſt, th' Almighty One,
" That your Salvation bring."
3 Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints enquire,
Why thine Apparel red?
And all thy Veſture ſtain'd like thoſe,
Who in the Wine-preſs tread?
4 " I by myſelf have trod the Preſs,
" And cruſh'd my Foes alone;
" My Wrath has ſtruck the Rebels dead,
" My Fury ſtamp'd them down.
5 " 'Tis *Edom*'s Blood that dyes my Robes
" With joyful ſcarlet Stains;
" The Triumph that my Raiment wears,
" Sprung from their bleeding Veins.

6 " Thus ſhall the Nations be deſtroy'd,
" That dare inſult my Saints;
" I have an Arm t' avenge their Wrongs,
" An Ear for their Complaints."

XXIX. *The Second Part*; or, *The Ruin of* Antichriſt, Ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

1 " I Lift my Banner, ſaith the Lord,
" Where *Antichriſt* has ſtood;
" The City of my Goſpel-Foes
" Shall be a Field of Blood.
2 " My Heart has ſtudy'd juſt Revenge,
" And now the Day appears,
" The Day of my Redeem'd is come
" To wipe away their Tears.
3 " Quite weary is my Patience grown,
" And bids my Fury go;
" Swift as the Lightning it ſhall move,
" And be as fatal too.
4 " I call for Helpers, but in vain;
" Then has my Goſpel none?
" Well, mine own Arm has Might enough
" To cruſh my Foes alone.
5 " Slaughter and my devouring Sword
" Shall walk the Streets around,
" *Babel* ſhall reel beneath my Stroke,
" And ſtagger to the Ground."
6 Thy Honour, O victorious King,
Thine own Right Hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thy awful Vengeance ſing,
And our Deliv'rer praiſe.

XXX. *Prayer for Deliverance anſwered*, Iſa. xxvi. 8---20.

1 IN thine own Ways, O God of Love,
We wait the Viſits of thy Grace;

Our

Our Souls Desire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.

2 My Thoughts are searching, Lord, for Thee
'Mongst the black Shades of lonesome Night,
My earnest Cries salute the Skies
Before the Dawn restore the Light.

3 Look how rebellious Men deride
The tender Patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted Hand,
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the Sky,
A mighty Voice before him goes;
A Voice of Music to his Friends,
But threat'ning Thunder to his Foes.

5 Come, Children, to your Father's Arms,
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace;
'Till the fierce Storms be over blown,
And my revenging Fury cease.

6 My Sword shall boast its Thousands slain,
And drink the Blood of haughty Kings,
While heav'nly Peace around my Flock,
Stretches its soft and shady Wings.

XXXI. *Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*, Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHence do our mournful Thoughts arise?
And where our Courage fled?
Has restless Sin and raging Hell
Struck all our Comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the Earth and Sea?
And can an all-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting Might
In our *Jehovah* dwell;

He gives the Conquest to the Weak,
And treads their Foes to Hell.

4 Mere mortal Pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful Vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our Strength increase.

5 The Saints shall mount on Eagles Wings,
And taste the promis'd Bliss,
Till their unwearied Feet arrive
Where perfect Pleasure is.

XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. XXXVII. XXXVIII. *Referred to Psalm* cxxxi. cxxxiv. lxvii. lxxiii. xc. & lxxxiv.

XXXIX. *God's tender Care of his Church*, Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.

1 NOW shall my inward Joys arise,
And burst into a Song;
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,
And Pleasure tunes my Tongue.

2 God, on his thirsty *Sion* Hill,
Some Mercy Drops has thrown,
And solemn Oaths have bound his Love
To show'r Salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our Fears,
Suspicions and Complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his Grace
Grow weary of his Saints?

4 Can a kind Woman e'er forget
The Infant of her Womb,
And 'mongst a Thousand tender Thoughts
Her Suckling have no Room?

5 *Yet*, saith the Lord, *should Nature change,*
And Mothers Monsters prove,
Sion *still dwells upon the Heart*
Of everlasting Love.

6 *Deep*

6 *Deep on the Palms of both my Hands*
I have engrav'd her Name;
My Hand shall raise her ruin'd Wall,
And build her broken Frame.

XL. *The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints,* Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

1 *WHAT happy Men, or Angels, these,*
That all their Robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glorious Troop arrive
At the pure Realms of Heav'nly Light?

2 From tott'ring Racks and burning Fires,
And Seas of their own Blood they came:
But nobler Blood has wash'd their Robes,
Flowing from *Christ* the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne
With loud *Hosannas* Night and Day,
Sweet Anthems to the Great *Three One*,
Measure their blest Eternity.

4 No more shall Hunger pain their Souls,
He bids their parching Thirst be gone,
And spreads the Shadow of his Wings,
To screen 'em from the scorching Sun.

5 The Lamb, that fills the Middle Throne,
Shall shed around his milder Beams;
There shall they feast on his rich Love,
And drink full Joys from living Streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty Bliss renew
Through the vast Round of endless Years,
And the soft Hand of Sov'reign Grace
Heals all their Wounds, and wipes their Tears.

XLI. *The same*; or, *The Martyrs glorified*, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 *THESE glorious Minds, how bright they shine!*
Whence all their white Array?
How came they to the happy Seats
Of everlasting Day?

2 From

2 From tott'ring Pains to endless Joys,
On fiery Wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their Raiment white
In *Jesus'* dying Blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his Throne,
Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd Glories of his Face
Amongst his Saints reside,
While the rich Treasure of his Grace
Sees all their Wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls,
And Hunger flee as fast;
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
Shall be their sweet Repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock
Where living Fountains rise,
And Love divine shall wipe away
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

XLII. *Divine Wrath and Mercy; from* Nahum i. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
Is a * *Consuming Fire*; * Heb. xii. 29.
His jealous Eyes his Wrath inflame,
And raise his Vengeance higher.

2 Almighty Vengeance, how it burns!
How bright his Fury glows!
Vast Magazines of Plagues and Storms,
Lie treasur'd for his Foes.

3 Those Heaps of Wrath by slow Degrees
Are forc'd into a Flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all Nature's Frame.

4 At his Approach the Mountains flee,
And seek a wat'ry Grave;

The

The frighted Sea makes Haſte away,
And ſhrinks up ev'ry Wave.
5 Through the wide Air, the weighty Rocks
Are ſwift as Hail-ſtones hurl'd;
Who dares engage his fiery Rage,
That ſhakes the ſolid World?
6 Yet, mighty God! thy Sov'reign Grace
Sits Regent on the Throne,
The Refuge of thy choſen Race,
When Wrath comes ruſhing down.
7 Thy Hand ſhall on rebellious Kings
A fiery Tempeſt pour,
While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring Wings
Thy juſt Revenge adore.

XLIII. *Referred to the* 100*dth Pſalm.*
XLIV. *Referred to the* 133*d Pſalm.*

XLV. *The laſt Judgment*, Rev. xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8.

1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majeſtic Throne,
While from the Skies his awful Voice
Bears the laſt Judgment down.
[2 "I am the Firſt, and I the Laſt,
"Through endleſs Years the ſame;
"*I AM*, is my Memorial ſtill,
"And my Eternal Name.
3 "Such Favours as a God can give,
"My Royal Grace beſtows;
"Ye thirſty Souls, come taſte the Streams,
"Where Life and Pleaſure flows.]
[4 "The Saint that triumphs o'er his Sins,
"I'll own him for a Son;
"The whole Creation ſhall reward
"The Conqueſt he has won.
5 "But bloody Hands, and Hearts unclean,
"And all the lying Race,

"The

" The faithleſs and the ſcoffing Crew,
" That ſpurn at offer'd Grace;
6 " They ſhall be taken from my Sight,
" Bound faſt in Iron Chains,
" And headlong plung'd into the Lake,
" Where Fire and Darkneſs reigns."]
7 O may I ſtand before the Lamb,
When Earth and Seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my Name,
With Bleſſings on my Head!
8 May I with thoſe for ever dwell,
Who here were my Delight,
While Sinners baniſh'd down to Hell,
No more offend my Sight.

XLVI. *and* XLVII. *Referred to Pſalm* 148, & 3.

XLVIII. *The Chriſtian Race*, Iſa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 AWAKE our Souls (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.
2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.
3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.
4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls ſhall drink a freſh Supply,
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength,
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.
5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;

On

On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road.

XLIX. *The Works of* Moses *and the Lamb,* Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW strong thine Arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy Name;
Jesus, how sweet thy Graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?
2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From Bonds of Hell he freed our Souls,
And taught our Lips to sing.
3 In the *Red Sea,* by *Moses* Hand,
Th' *Egyptian* Host was drown'd;
But his own Blood hides all our Sins,
And Guilt no more is found.
4 When through the Desart *Isr'el* went,
With *Manna* they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his Flesh,
And calls it living Bread.
5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd Land,
Yet never reach'd the Place;
But *Christ* shall bring his Followers Home,
To see his Father's Face.
6 Then shall our Love and Joy be full,
And feel a warmer Flame,
And sweeter Voices tune the Song
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

L. *The Song of* Zecharias, *and the Message of* John the Baptist; or, *Light and Salvation by* Jesus Christ, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 22.

1 NOW be the God of *Israel* bless'd,
Who makes his Truth appear;
His mighty Hand fulfils his Word,
And all the Oaths he sware.

2 Now

2 Now he bedews old *David*'s Root
With Bleſſings from the Skies;
He makes the Branch of Promiſe grow,
The promis'd Horn ariſe.

[3 *John* was the Prophet of the Lord,
To go before his Face,
The Herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his Ways.

4 He makes the great Salvation known,
He ſpeaks of pardon'd Sins;
While Grace Divine, and Heav'nly Love,
In its own Glory ſhines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God, he cries,
"That takes our Guilt away;
"I ſaw the Spirit o'er his Head
"On his Baptizing Day.]

6 "Be ev'ry Vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry Mountain low;
"The Proud muſt ſtoop, and humble Souls
"Shall his Salvation know.

7 "The *Heathen* Realms, with *Iſrael*'s Land,
"Shall join in ſweet Accord;
"And all that's born of Man ſhall ſee
"The Glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the Morning Star ariſe,
"Ye that in Darkneſs ſit;
"He marks the Paths that lead to Peace,
"And guides our doubtful Feet."

LI. *Perſevering Grace*, Jude 24, 25.

1 TO GOD the only Wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints, below the Skies,
Their humble Praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counſel and his Care,
Preſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

3 He

3 He will present our Souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.
4 Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.
5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

LII. *Baptism*, Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the Commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the Nations, and Baptize
The Nations have receiv'd the Word,
Since he ascended to the Skies.
2 He sits upon th' eternal Hills,
With Grace and Pardon in his Hands,
And sends his Cov'nant with the Seals,
To bless the distant *British* Lands.
3 *Repent, and be baptis'd*, he saith,
For the Remission of your Sins;
And thus our Sense assists our Faith,
And shows us what his Gospel means.
4 Our Souls he washes in his Blood,
As Water makes the Body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying Rain.
5 Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our Cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In Heav'n our solemn Vows record!

LIII.

LIII. *The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Pſalm. cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various Methods told,
His Mind and Will to Saints of old,
Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,
To teach us in theſe latter Days.
2 Our Nation reads the written Word,
That Book of Life, that ſure Record;
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n,
Is by the ſweet Conveyance giv'n.
3 God's kindeſt Thoughts are here expreſt,
Able to make us Wiſe and Bleſt;
The Doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for Reproof and Comfort too.
4 Ye *Britiſh* Iſles who read his Love,
In long Epiſtles from above,
(He hath not ſent his ſacred Word
To every Land) Praiſe ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing Grace*; or, *Saints beloved in* Chriſt, Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 *JESUS*, we bleſs thy Father's Name:
Thy God and ours are both the ſame,
What heav'nly Bleſſings, from his Throne,
Flow down to Sinners through his Son!
2 Chriſt *be my firſt Elect*, he ſaid,
Then cloſe our Souls in *Chriſt* our Head,
Before he gave the Mountains Birth,
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.
3 Thus did eternal Love begin
To raiſe us up from Death and Sin;
Our Characters were then decreed,
Blameleſs in Love, a holy Seed.
4 Predeſtinated to be Sons,
Born by Degrees, but choſe at once;

A new regenerated Race,
To praiſe the Glory of his Grace.
5 With *Chriſt* our Lord we ſhare our Part
In the Affections of his Heart;
Nor ſhall our Souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his firſt belov'd.

LV. Hezekiah's *Song*; or, *Sickneſs and Recovery*, Iſa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep Diſtreſs,
Our God deſerves a Song;
We take the Pattern of our Praiſe
From *Hezekiah*'s Tongue.
2 The Gates of the devouring Grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the Keys of Death
Commands them faſt again.
3 Pains of the Fleſh are wont t' abuſe
Our Minds with ſlaviſh Fears;
Our Days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
The Remnant of our Years.
4 We chatter with a Swallow's Voice,
Or like a Dove we mourn,
With Bitterneſs inſtead of Joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
5 *Jehovah* ſpeaks the healing Word,
And no Diſeaſe withſtands;
Fevers and Plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his Commands.
6 If half the Strings of Life ſhould break,
He can our Frame reſtore:
He caſts our Sins behind his Back,
And they are found no more.

LVI.

LVI. *The Song of* Moses, *and the Lamb*; or, Babylon *falling*, Rev. xv. & xvi. 19, & xvii. 6.

1 WE sing the Glories of thy Love,
We sound thy dreadful Name;
The Christian Church unites the Songs
Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy Works
Of Vengeance, and of Grace:
Thou King of Saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy Ways?

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy Name,
Or worship at thy Throne?
Thy Judgments speak thine Holiness
Through all the Nations known.

4 Great *Babylon*, that rules the Earth,
Drunk with the Martyr's Blood,
Her Crimes shall speedily awake
The Fury of our God.

5 The Cup of Wrath is ready mixt,
And she must drink the Dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her Sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil the Plagues.

LVII. *Original Sin*; or, *The first and second* Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 BAckward with humble Shame we look
On our Original,
How is our Nature dash'd and broke
In our first Father's Fall!

2 To all that's Good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's Ill;
What dreadful Darkness veils our Mind,
How obstinate our Will!

3 Conceiv'd in Sin (O wretched State!)
Before we draw our Breath;

The

The first young Pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and Death.
4 How strong in our degen'rate Blood,
The old Corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked Flood,
Wanders through all our Veins!]
[5 Wild and unwholesome as the Root,
Will all the Branches be;
How can we hope for living Fruit
From such a deadly Tree?
6 What mortal Pow'r from Things unclean
Can pure Productions bring?
Who can command a vital Stream
From an infected Spring?]
7 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous Love
Can make our Nature clean,
Whilst *Christ* and Grace prevail above
The Tempter, Death, and Sin.
8 The second *Adam* shall restore
The Ruins of the first,
Hosanna to that Sov'reign Pow'r
That new-creates our Dust,

LVIII. *The Devil vanquish'd*; or, Michael's *War with the Dragon*, Rev. xii. 7.

1 LET mortal Tongues attempt to sing
The Wars of Heav'n, when *Michael* stood
Chief General of th' Eternal King,
And fought the Battles of our God.
2 Against the Dragon and his Host
The Armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their Courage sinks, their Weapons fail.
3 Down to the Earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the Earth his Legions fell;
Then was the Trump of Triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.

4 Now

4 Now is the Hour of Darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt has aſſum'd his reigning Pow'r;
Behold the great Accuſer caſt
Down from the Skies, to riſe no more.

5 'Twas by thy Blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine Armies trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by thy Word and pow'rful Name
They gain'd the Battle and Renown.

6 Rejoice ye Heav'ns; let ev'ry Star
Shine with new Glories round the Sky;
Saints, while ye ſing the heav'nly War,
Raiſe your Deliv'rer's Name on high.

LIX. Babylon *fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 12.

1 IN *Gabriel*'s Hand a mighty Stone
Lies, a fair Type of *Babylon*:
Prophets rejoice, and all ye Saints,
God ſhall avenge your long Complaints.

2 He ſaid, and dreadful as he ſtood,
He ſunk the Mill-ſtone in the Flood:
Thus terrible ſhall Babel *fall,*
Thus, and no more be found at all.

LX. *The Virgin* Mary's *Song*; or, *The promiſed* Meſſiah *born*, Luke i. 26, &c.

1 OUR Souls ſhall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's Song,
May the ſame Spirit tune our Voice!

[2 The Higheſt ſaw her low Eſtate,
And mighty Things his Hand hath done;
His over-ſhadowing Power and Grace
Make her the Mother of his Son.

3 Let ev'ry Nation call her bleſs'd,
And endleſs Years prolong her Fame;

But

But God alone muſt be ador'd;
Holy and Reverend is his Name.]
4 To thoſe that fear and truſt the Lord,
His Mercy ſtands for ever ſure:
From Age to Age his Promiſe lives,
And the Performance is ſecure.
5 He ſpake to *Abr'am* and his Seed,
In thee ſhall all the Earth be bleſt;
The Mem'ry of that ancient Word
Lay long in his eternal Breaſt.
6 But now no more ſhall *Iſr'el* wait,
No more the *Gentiles* lie forlorn;
Lo, the Deſire of Nations comes;
Behold the promis'd Seed is born!

LXI. Chriſt *our High-Prieſt and King*; *and* Chriſt *coming to Judgment*, Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And Strains of nobler Praiſe above.
2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt Sins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt Blood:
'Tis he that makes us Prieſts and Kings,
And brings us, Rebels, near to God.
3 To *Jeſus*, our Atoning Prieſt,
To *Jeſus*, our Superior King,
Be everlaſting Pow'r confeſs'd,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory ſing.
4 Behold, on flying Clouds he comes,
And ev'ry Eye ſhall ſee him move;
Though with our Sins we pierc'd him once;
Then he diſplays his par'd'ning Love.
5 The unbelieving World ſhall wail,
While we rejoice to ſee the Day,
Come, Lord; nor let thy Promiſe fail,
Nor let thy Chariots long delay.

LXII. Chrift Jefus, *the Lamb of* God, *worfhipped by all the Creation*, Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1 COME, let us join our chearful Songs,
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thoufand thoufand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

2 *Worthy the Lamb that dy'd*, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was flain for us.

3 *Jefus* is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r Divine:
And Bleffings, more than we can give,
Be Lord for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the Sky,
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Confpire to lift thy Glories high,
And fpeak thine endlefs Praife.

5 The whole Creation join in one,
To blefs the facred Name
Of him that fits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. Chrift's *Humiliation and Exaltation*, Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal Honours fhall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb
When all the Notes that Angels fing,
Are far inferior to thy Name?

2 Worthy is he that once was flain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rife, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's Side.

3 Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
Who ftood condemn'd at *Pilate's* Bar:

Wifdo

Wiſdom belongs to *Jeſus* too,
Though he was charg'd with Madneſs here.
4 All Riches are his Native Right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing Loſs;
To him aſcribe Eternal Might,
Who left his Weakneſs on the Croſs.
5 Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn,
While Glory ſhines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.
6 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curſe for wretched Men;
Let Angels ſound his ſacred Name,
And ev'ry Creature ſay, *Amen*.

LXIV. *Adoption*, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace
The Father has beſtow'd
On Sinners of a Mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!
2 'Tis no ſurpriſing Thing
That we ſhould be unknown;
The *Jewiſh* World knew not their King,
God's everlaſting Son.
3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.
4 A Hope ſo much Divine
May Trials well endure
May purge our Souls from Senſe and Sin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.
5 If in my Father's Love
I ſhare a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
To reſt upon my Heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like Slaves beneath the Throne;
My Faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the Kindred own.

LXV *The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of the Lord*; or, *The Day of Judgment*, Rev. xi. 15.

1 LET the Sev'nth Angel sound on high,
Let Shouts be heard through all the Sky:
Kings of the Earth, with glad Accord,
Give up your Kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy Pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry Nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the Saints no more;
On Wings of Vengeance flies our God
To pay the long Arrears of Blood.

4 Now must the rising Dead appear;
Now the decisive Sentence hear;
Now the dear Martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite Reward.

LXVI. Christ *the King at his Table*, Sol. Song. i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

1 LET him embrace my Soul, and prove
Mine Int'rest in his heav'nly Love:
The Voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the Blessings of the Vine.

2 On Thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the Savour of thy Name;
That Oil of Gladness and of Grace,
Draws Virgin Souls to meet thy Face.

3 *Jesus*

3 *Jesus*, allure me by thy Charms,
My Soul shall fly into thine Arms!
Our wand'ring Feet, our Favours bring
To the fair Chambers of the King.
[4 Wonder and Pleasure tunes our Voice,
To speak thy Praises and our Joys:
Our Mem'ry keeps this Love of thine
Beyond the Taste of richest Wine.]
5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar* Tents appear,
Yet when we put thy Beauties on,
Fair as the Courts of *Solomon*.
[6 While at his Table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our Graces are our best Perfume,
And breathe like Spikenard round the Room.]
7 As Myrrh new bleeding from the Tree,
Such is a dying *Christ* to me;
And while he makes my Soul his Guest,
My Bosom, Lord, shall be thy Rest.
[8 No Beams of Cedar, or of Fir,
Can with thy Courts on Earth compare;
And here we wait until thy Love
Raise us to nobler Seats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the Pastures of* Christ, *the Shepherd*, Solomon's Song, i. 7.

1 THOU, whom my Soul admires above
All earthly Joy, and earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow?
2 Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
3 Why should thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to Paths unknown?

My conſtant Feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another Love.
[4 The Footſteps of thy Flock I ſee;
Thy ſweeteſt Paſtures here they be;
A wond'rous Feaſt thy Love prepares,
Bought with thy Wounds, & Groans & Tears.
5 His deareſt Fleſh he makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richeſt Blood;
Here to theſe Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

LXVIII. *The Banquet of Love*, Sol. Song, ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

1 BEHOLD the Roſe of *Sharon* here,
The Lillies which the Vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of Life that gives
Refreſhing Fruit, and healing Leaves.
2 Amongſt the Thorns ſo Lillies ſhine;
Amongſt wild Gourds the noble Vine,
So in mine Eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidſt a Thouſand meaner Loves.
3 Beneath his cooling Shade I ſat,
To ſhield me from the burning Heat;
Of heav'nly Fruit he ſpreads a Feaſt,
To feed my Eyes, and pleaſe my Taſte.
[4 Kindly he brought me to the Place
Where ſtands the Banquet of his Grace;
He ſaw me faint, and o'er my Head
The Banner of his Love he ſpread.
5 With living Bread, and gen'rous Wine,
He cheers this ſinking Heart of mine,
And op'ning his own Heart to me,
He ſhows his Thoughts how kind they be.]
6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and reſt upon my Heart;
I charge my Sins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

LXIX.

LXIX. Christ *appearing to his Church, and seeking her Company*, Sol. Song, ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 THE Voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the Rocks and rising Grounds;
O'er Hills of Guilt, and Seas of Grief,
He leaps, he flies to my Relief.

2 Now through the Vale of Flesh I see
With Eyes of Love he looks at me;
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass
He shows the Beauties of his Face.

3 Gently he draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue;
Rise, saith my Lord, *make haste away,*
No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.

4 *The* Jewish *winter'ry State is gone,*
The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
The sacred Turtle-Dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5 *Th' Immortal Vine of heav'nly Root*
Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit.
Lo, we are come to taste the Wine;
Our Souls rejoice, and bless the Vine.

6 And when we hear our *Jesus* say,
Rise up, my Love, make haste away!
Our Hearts would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

LXX. Christ *inviting, and the Church answering the Invitation*, Sol. Song, ii. 14, 16, 17.

[1 HARK! The Redeemer, from on high,
Sweetly invites his Fav'rites nigh;
From Caves of Darkness, and of Doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

2 *My Dove, who hidest in the Rock,*
Thine Heart almost with Sorrow broke,

Lift up thy Face, forget thy Fear,
And let thy Voice delight mine Ear.

3 *Thy Voice to me ſounds ever ſweet,*
My Graces in thy Count'nance meet;
Though the vain World thy Face deſpiſe,
'Tis bright and comely in mine Eyes.]

[4 Dear Lord, our thankful Heart receives
The Hope thine Invitation gives;
To thee our joyful Lips ſhall raiſe
The Voice of Prayer, and of Praiſe.]

[5 I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Paſſions join;
Nor let a Motion, nor a Word,
Nor Thought ariſe to grieve my Lord.

6 My Soul to Paſtures fair he leads,
Amongſt the Lillies where he feeds;
Amongſt the Saints (whoſe Robes are white
Waſh'd in his Blood) is his delight.

7 'Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,
'Till the ſweet dawning Light I ſee,
Thine Eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkneſs mourn.

8 Be like a Hart on Mountains green,
Leap o'er the Hills of Fear and Sin;
Nor Guilt, nor Unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my Side.]

LXXI. Chriſt *found in the Street, and brought to the Church*, Sol. Song, iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

1 OFTEN I ſeek my Lord by Night,
Jeſus, my Love, my Soul's Delight;
With warm Deſire, and reſtleſs Thought,
I ſeek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I ariſe, and ſearch the Street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour, meet;
I aſk the Watchman of the Night,
Where did you ſee my Soul's Delight?

3 Some-

3 Sometimes I find him in my Way,
Directed by a heav'nly Ray;
I leap for Joy to see his Face,
And hold him fast in my Embrace.
[4 I bring him to my Mother's Home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To *Sion*'s sacred Chambers, where
My Soul first drew the vital Air.
5 He gives me there his bleeding Heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly Smart;
I give my Soul to him, and there
Our Loves their mutual Tokens share.]
6 I charge you all, ye earthly Toys,
Approach not to disturb my Joys;
Nor Sin, nor Hell, come near my Heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

LXXII. *The Coronation of* Christ, *and Espousals of the Church,* Sol. Song iii. 2.

1 DAughters of Sion, come, behold
The Crown of Honour and of Gold.
Which the glad Church, with Joys unknown,
Plac'd on the Head of *Solomon.*
2 *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the Tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd Renown,
And wear our Praises as thy Crown.
3 Let every Act of Worship be
Like our Espousals, Lord, for Thee;
Like the dear Hour when from above,
We first receiv'd thy Pledge of Love.
4 The Gladness of that happy Day!
Our Hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our Faith forsake its Hold,
Nor Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold.
5 Each following Minute, as it flies,
Increase thy Praise, improve our Joys,

Till we are rais'd to sing thy Name,
At the great Supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the Months would roll away,
And bring that Coronation Day!
The King of Grace shall fill the Throne,
With all his Father's Glories on.

LXXIII. *The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of* Christ, Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

1 KIND is the Speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry Word;
Lo, thou art fair, my Love, he cries,
Not the young Doves have sweeter Eyes.

[2 *Sweet are thy Lips, thy pleasing Voice*
Salutes mine Ear with secret Joys;
No Spice so much delights the Smell,
Nor Milk nor Honey taste so well.

3 *Thou art all fair, my Bride, to me,*
I will behold no Spot in thee.
What mighty Wonders Love performs,
And puts a Comelinesss on Worms!

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly Dress,
His Graces and his Righteousness.

5 *My Sister and my Spouse,* he cries,
Bound to my Heart by various Ties,
Thy pow'rful Love my Heart detains
In strong Delight and pleasing Chains.

6 He calls me from the Leopard's Den,
From this wild World of Beasts and Men,
To *Sion,* where his Glories are;
Not *Lebanon* is half so fair.

7 Nor Dens of Prey, nor flow'ry Plains,
Nor earthly Joys, nor earthly Pains,
Shall hold my Feet, or force my Stay,
When *Christ* invites my Soul away.

LXXIV.

LXXIV. *The Church the Garden of* Christ, Sol. Song iv. 12, 14, 15, *and* v. 1.

1 WE are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;
A little Spot, enclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

2 Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's Hand;
And all his Springs in *Sion* flow,
To make the young Plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;
Spirit Divine! descend and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

4 Make our best Spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour God;
And Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

[5 Let my beloved come and taste
His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast.
I come, my Spouse, I come, he cries,
With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.

6 Our Lord into his Garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor Perfumes,
And calls us to a Feast divine,
Sweeter than Honey, Milk, or Wine.

7 *Eat of the Tree of Life, my Friends,*
The Blessings that my Father sends;
Your Taste shall all my Dainties prove,
And drink Abundance of my Love.

8 *Jesus,* we will frequent thy Board,
And sing the Bounties of our Lord,
But the rich Food, on which we live,
Demands more Praise than Tongue can give.

LXXV. *The Description of* Christ *the Beloved*, Sol. Song v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

1 THE wond'ring World enquires to know
Why I should love my *Jesus* so:
What are his Charms, say they, above
The Objects of a mortal Love?

2 Yes, my Beloved, to my Sight
Shews a sweet Mixture, Red and White,
All human Beauties, all Divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his Soul, from Blemish free;
Red with the Blood he shed for me;
The fairest of Ten Thousand Fairs;
A Sun amongst Ten Thousand Stars.

[4 His Head the finest Gold excels,
There Wisdom in Perfection dwells;
And Glory like a Crown adorns
Those Temples once beset with Thorns.

5 Compassions in his Heart are found,
Hard by the Signals of his Wound;
His sacred Side no more shall bear
The cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.]

[6 His Hands are fairer to behold,
Than Diamonds set in Rings of Gold;
Those heav'nly Hands that on the Tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
Loaded with Sins and Agonies,
Now on the Throne of his Command,
His Legs like Marble Pillars stand.]

[8 His Eyes are Majesty and Love,
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove;
No more shall trickling Sorrows roll
Through those dear Windows of his Soul.

9 His Mouth that pour'd out long Complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting Saints;

His

His Countenance more graceful is
Than *Lebanon* with all its Trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His Worth if all the Nations knew,
Sure the whole Earth wou'd love him too.

LXXVI. Christ *dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth*, Sol. Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

1 WHEN Strangers stand and hear me tell
What Beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his Throne
On Hills of Light, in Worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shows his Face
In the young Gardens of his Grace.

[3 In Vineyards planted by his Hand,
Where fruitful Trees in Order stand;
He feeds among the spicy Beds,
Where Lillies show their spotless Heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest Love,
No earthly Charms my Soul can move;
I have a Mansion in his Heart,
Nor Death nor Hell shall make us part.]

5 He takes my Soul e'er I'm aware,
And shews me where his Glories are,
No Chariot of *Aminadab*
The heav'nly Rapture can describe.

[6 O may my Spirit daily rise
On Wings of Faith above the Skies,
Till Death shall make my last Remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

LXXVII. *The Love of* Christ *to the Church, in his Language to her, and Provisions for her,* Sol. Song vii. 5, 6 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW in the Gall'ries of his Grace
Appears the King, and thus he says;
How fair my Saints are in my Sight!
My Love, how pleasant for Delight!

2 Kind is thy Language, Sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly Grace in ev'ry Word;
From that dear Mouth a Stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest Wine.

3 Such wond'rous Love awakes the Lip
Of Saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the Praises of thy Name,
And makes our cold Affections flame.

4 These are the Joys he lets us know,
In Fields and Villages below;
Gives us a Relish of his Love,
But keeps his noblest Feast above.

5 In Paradise, within the Gates,
An higher Entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in Store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *The Strength of* Christ's *Love, and the Soul's Jealousy of her own,* Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

[1 WHO is this fair One in Distress,
That travels from the Wilderness?
And press'd with Sorrows, and with Sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the Spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the Treasures of his Blood:
And her Request, and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.]

3 "O

3 " O let my Name engraven ſtand,
" Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand;
" Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear
" That Pledge of Love for ever there.

4 " Stronger than Death thy Love is known,
" Which Floods of Wrath could never drown;
" And Hell and Earth in vain combine
" To quench a Fire ſo much divine.

5 " But I am jealous of my Heart,
" Leſt it ſhould once from thee depart;
" Then let thy Name be well impreſt,
" As a fair Signet on my Breaſt.

6 " Till thou haſt brought me to thy Home,
" Where Fears and Doubts can never come;
" Thy Count'nance let me often ſee,
" And often thou ſhalt hear from me.

7 " Come, my Beloved, haſte away,
" Cut ſhort the Hours of thy Delay;
" Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
" Over the Hills where Spices grow.

LXXIX. *A Morning Hymn*, Pſalm xix. 5, 8, *and* lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the Morning, at whoſe Voice
The chearful Sun makes Haſte to riſe,
And like a Giant doth rejoice
To run his Journey through the Skies.

2 From the fair Chambers of the *Eaſt*
The Circuit of his Race begins,
And, without Wearineſs or Reſt,
Round the whole Earth he flies and ſhines.

3 O, like the Sun, May I fulfil
Th' appointed Duties of the Day,
With ready Mind and active Will
March on, and keep my heav'nly Way.

[4 But I ſhall rove and loſe the Race,
If God, my Sun, ſhould diſappear,

And

And leave me in the World's wild Maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.

5 Lord, thy Commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded Eyes;
Thy Threat'nings just, thy Promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.]

6 Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,
And then receive me to thy Bliss;
All my Desires and Hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An Evening Hymn*, Psalm iv. 8, *and* iii. 5, 6, *and* cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my Days,
And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.

2 Much of my Time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my Home;
But he forgives my Follies past,
He gives me Strength for Days to come.

3 I lay my Body down to Sleep,
Peace is the Pillow for my Head;
While well-appointed Angels keep
Their watchful Stations round my Bed.

4 In vain the Sons of Earth or Hell,
Tell me a thousand frightful Things,
My God in Safety makes me dwell
Beneath the Shadow of his Wings.

[5 Faith in his Name forbids my Fear;
O may thy Presence ne'er depart!
And in the Morning make me hear
The Love and Kindness of thy Heart.

6 Thus when the Night of Death shall come,
My Flesh shall rest beneath the Ground,
And wait thy Voice to rouse my Tomb,
With sweet Salvation in the Sound.]

LXXXI.

LXXXI. *A Song for Morning or Evening*, Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy Love!
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new:
And Morning Mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early Dew.

2 Thou spread'st the Curtains of the Night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours;
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all my drowzy Pow'rs.

3 I yield my Pow'rs to thy Command,
To thee I consecrate my Days:
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

LXXXII. *God far above Creatures*; or, *Man vain and mortal*, Job iv. 17---21.

1 SHALL the vile Race of Flesh and Blood,
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal Worms presume to be
More Holy, Wise, or Just than He?

2 Behold, he puts his Trust in none
Of all the Spirits round his Throne;
Their Natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither Holy, Just, nor Wise.

3 But how much meaner Things are they
Who spring from Dust, and dwell in Clay!
Touch'd by the Fingers of thy Wrath,
We faint and vanish like the Moth.

4 From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
We die by Thousands in thy Sight;
Bury'd in Dust whole Nations lie
Like a forgotten Vanity.

5 Almighty Pow'r, to Thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious Thou!
No more the Sons of Earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and Death under Providence,* Job v. 6, 7, 8.

1 NOT from the Duſt Affliction grows,
Nor Troubles riſe by Chance;
Yet we are born to Cares and Woes,
A ſad Inheritance!

2 As Sparks break out from burning Coals,
And ſtill are upwards borne;
So Grief is rooted in our Souls,
And Man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my Cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd Grace;
He rules me by his well-known Laws
Of Love and Righteouſneſs.

4 Not all the Pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future Peace,
For Death and Hell can do no more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, Righteouſneſs, and Strength in* Chriſt, Iſa. xlv. 21---25

1 *JEHOVAH* ſpeaks, let *Iſr'el* hear,
Let all the Earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His Sov'reign Honours and his Names.

2 "I am the Laſt, and I the Firſt,
"The Saviour God, and God the Juſt;
"There's none beſide pretends to ſhew
"Such Juſtice and Salvation too

[3 "Ye that in Shades of Darkneſs dwell,
"Juſt on the Verge of Death and Hell,
"Look up to me from diſtant Lands,
"Light, Life and Heav'n, are in my Hands.

4 "I by my holy Name have ſworn,
"Nor ſhall the Word in vain return;

"To

" To me ſhall all Things bend the Knee,
" And ev'ry Tongue ſhall ſwear to me.]
5 " In me alone, ſhall Men confeſs,
" Lies all their Strength and Righteouſneſs:
" But ſuch as dare deſpiſe my Name,
" I'll clothe them with eternal Shame.
6 " In me the Lord, ſhall all the Seed
" Of *Iſr'el* from their Sins be freed,
" And by their ſhining Graces prove
" Their Int'reſt in my pard'ning Love.

LXXXV. *The ſame.*

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his Throne,
Mercy and Juſtice are the Names
By which I will be known.
2 *Ye dying Souls that ſit*
In Darkneſs and Diſtreſs,
Look from the Borders of the Pit
To my recov'ring Grace.
3 Sinners ſhall hear the Sound;
Their thankful Tongues ſhall own,
Our Righteouſneſs and Strength is found
In Thee, the Lord alone.
4 In Thee ſhall *Iſr'el* truſt,
And ſee their Guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the Sinners juſt,
And take the Saints to Heav'n.

LXXXVI. *God Holy, Juſt, and Sovereign,* Job ix. 2---10.

1 HOW ſhould the Sons of *Adam*'s Race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in Righteouſneſs,
We fall beneath his Rod.

2 To

2 To vindicate my Words and Thoughts,
I'll make no more Pretence;
Not one of all my thousand Faults
Can bear a just Defence.

3 Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wise;
What vain Presumers dare
Against their Maker's Hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal War?

[4 Mountains, by his Almighty Wrath,
From their old Seats are torn;
He shakes the Earth from *South* to *North*,
And all her Pillars mourn.

5 He bids the Sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient Sun forbears;
His Hand with Sackcloth spreads the Skies,
And seals up all the Stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy Sea;
Flies on the stormy Wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous Way,
Or his dark Footsteps find.

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the humble and Penitent*, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
" I sit upon my holy Throne;
" My Name is God, I dwell on high;
" Dwell in my own Eternity.

2 " But I descend to Worlds below,
" On Earth I have a Mansion too;
" The humble Spirit and contrite
" Is an Abode of my Delight.

3 " The humble Soul my Words revive,
" I bid the mourning Sinner live;
" Heal all the broken Hearts I find,
" And ease the Sorrows of the Mind.

4 " When

4 " When I contend against their Sin,
" I'll make them know how vile they've been,
" But ſhould my Wrath for ever ſmoke,
" Their Souls would ſink beneath my Stroke."
5 O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair and die!
Thus ſhall our better Thoughts approve
The Methods of thy chaſt'ning Love.

LXXXVIII. *Life the Day of Grace and Hope,*
Eccleſ. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the Time to ſerve the Lord,
The Time t' inſure the great Reward;
And while the Lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt Sinner may return.
[2 Life is the Hour that God has giv'n
To 'ſcape from Hell, and fly to Heav'n;
The Day of Grace, and Mortals may
Secure the Bleſſings of the Day.]
3 The Living know that they muſt die,
But all the Dead forgotten lie;
Their Mem'ry and their Senſe is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
[4 Their Hatred and their Love is loſt,
Their Envy buried in the Duſt;
They have no Share in all that's done
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.]
5 Then what my Thoughts deſign to do,
My Hands with all your Might purſue,
Since no Device, nor Work is found,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground.
6 There are no Acts of Pardon paſt
In the cold Grave to which we haſte;
But Darkneſs, Death, and long Deſpair,
Reign in eternal Silence there.

LXXXIX.

LXXXIX. *Youth and Judgment*, Eccl. xi. 9.

1 YE Sons of *Adam*, vain and young,
Indulge your Eyes, indulge your Tongue,
Taste the Delights your Souls desire,
And give a Loose to all your Fire.

2 Pursue the Pleasure you design,
And cheer your Hearts with Songs and Wine,
Enjoy the Day of Mirth, but know,
There is a Day of Judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your Thoughts,
His Book records your secret Faults;
The Works of Darkness, you have done,
Must all appear before the Sun.

4 The Vengeance to your Follies due,
Should strike your Hearts with Terror through;
How will ye stand before his Face,
Or answer for his injur'd Grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their Eyes
From these alluring Vanities,
And let the Thunder of thy Word,
Awake their Souls to fear the Lord.

XC. *The same.*

1 LO the young Tribes of *Adam* rise,
And through all Nature rove,
Fulfil the Wishes of their Eyes,
And taste the Joys they love.

2 They give a Loose to wild Desires;
But let the Sinners know
The strict Account that God requires
Of all the Works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his Throne on high,
The frighted Earth and Seas
Avoid the Fury of his Eye,
And flee before his Face.

4 How

4 How ſhall I bear that dreadful Day,
And ſtand the fiery Teſt?
I give all mortal Joys away,
To be for ever bleſt.

XCI. *Advice to Youth*; or, *Old Age and Death in an unconverted State*, Eccl. xii. 1, 7, Iſa. lxv. 20.

1 NOW, in the Heat of youthful Blood,
Remember your Creator God;
Behold the Months come haſt'ning on,
When you ſhall ſay, *My Joys are gone.*
2 Behold, the aged Sinner goes,
Laden with Guilt and heavy Woes,
Down to the Regions of the Dead,
With endleſs Curſes on his Head.
3 The Duſt returns to Duſt again;
The Soul, in Agonies of Pain,
Aſcends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her Doom, and ſinks to Hell.
4 Eternal King, I fear thy Name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my Soul muſt hence remove,
Give me a Manſion in thy Love.

XCII. Chriſt *the Wiſdom of* God, Prov. viii. 1, 22---32.

1 SHALL Wiſdom cry aloud,
And not her Speech be heard?
The Voice of God's eternal Word,
Deſerves it no Regard?
2 "I was his chief Delight,
"His everlaſting Son,
"Before the firſt of all his Works,
"Creation, was begun.
3 "Before the flying Clouds,
"Before the ſolid Land,

"Before

" Before the Fields, before the Flood,
" I dwelt at his Right Hand.

4 " When he adorn'd the Skies,
" And built them, I was there,
" To order when the Sun ſhould riſe,
" And marſhal ev'ry Star.

5 " When he pour'd out the Sea,
" And ſpread the flowing Deep,
" I gave the Flood a firm Decree
" In its own Bounds to keep.]

6 " Upon the empty Air
" The Earth was ballanc'd well;
" With Joy I ſaw the Manſion where
" The Sons of Men ſhould dwell.

7 " My buſy Thoughts at firſt
" On their Salvation ran,
" E'er Sin was born, or *Adam*'s Duſt
" Was faſhion'd to a Man.

8 " Then come, receive my Grace,
" Ye Children, and be wiſe;
" Happy the Man that keeps my Ways,
" The Man that ſhuns them dies.

XCIII. Chriſt, *or Wiſdom, obey'd or reſiſted,* Prov. viii. 34, 35, 36.

1 THUS ſaith the Wiſdom of the Lord,
" Bleſs'd is the Man that hears my Word;
" Keeps daily Watch before my Gates,
" And at my Feet for Mercy waits.

2 " The Soul that ſeeks me ſhall obtain
" Immortal Wealth and heav'nly Gain;
" Immortal Life is his Reward,
" Life, and the Favour of the Lord.

3 " But the vile Wretch that flies from me,
" Doth his own Soul an Injury;
" Fools that againſt my Grace rebel
" Seek Death, and love the Road to Hell.

XCIV.

XCIV. *Justification by Faith, not by Works*; or, *The Law condemns, Grace Justifies.* Rom. iii. 19---22.

1 VAIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men
On their own Works have built;
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
And all their Actions Guilt.

2 Let *Jew* and *Gentile* stop their Mouths,
Without a murm'ring Word,
And the whole Race of *Adam* stand
Guilty before the Lord

3 In vain we ask God's righteous Law
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the Law can do.

4 *Jesus*, how glorious is thy Grace,
When in thy Name we trust!
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
That makes the Sinner just.

XCV. *Regeneration*, John i. 13, *and* iii. 3, &c.

1 NOT all the outward Forms on Earth,
Nor Rites that God has giv'n,
Nor Will of Man, nor Blood, nor Birth,
Can raise a Soul to Heav'n,

2 The Sov'reign Will of God alone
Creates us Heirs of Grace;
Born in the Image of his Son,
A new peculiar Race.

3 The Spirit like some heav'nly Wind
Blows on the Sons of Flesh,
New-models all the carnal Mind,
And forms the Man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd Souls awake, and rise
From the long Sleep of Death;
On heav'nly Things we fix our Eyes,
And Praise employs our Breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes Boasting*, 1 Cor. i. 26--31.

1 BUT few among the carnal Wise,
But few of noble Race,
Obtain the Favour of thine Eyes,
Almighty King of Grace.

2 He takes the Men of meanest Name,
For Sons and Heirs of God:
And thus he pours abundant Shame
On honourable Blood.

3 He calls the Fool, and makes him know
The Myst'ries of his Grace,
To bring aspiring Wisdom low,
And all its Pride abase.

4 Nature has all its Glories lost,
When brought before his Throne;
No Flesh shall in his Presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

XCVII. Christ *our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in Shadows of the Night,
We lie till *Christ* restores the Light;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

2 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
Till his atoning Blood appears;
Then we awake from deep Distress,
And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*

3 Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin,
His Spirit makes our Natures clean;
Such Virtues from his Suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 *Jesus* beholds where *Satan* reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

5 Poor

5 Poor helpless Worms in Thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

XCVIII. *The same.*

1 HOW heavy is the Night
That hangs upon our Eyes,
Till *Christ*, with his reviving Light,
Over our Souls arise!

2 Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n,
But in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways,
His Hands infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.

4 The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy Ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy Sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

XCIX. *Stones made Children of* Abraham; or, *Grace not conveyed by religious Parents*, Matt. iii. 9.

1 VAIN are the Hopes that Rebels place
Upon their Birth and Blood,
Descended from a pious Race;
(Their Fathers now with God.)

2 He from the Caves of Earth and Hell
Can take the hardest Stones,

And fill the House of *Abr'am* well
With new-created Sons.

3 Such wond'rous Pow'r doth he possess,
Who form'd our mortal Frame,
Who call'd the World from Emptiness,
The World obey'd and came.

C. *Believe and be saved*, John iii. 16, 17, 18.

1 NOT to condemn the Sons of Men,
Did *Christ* the Son of God appear;
No Weapons in his Hands are seen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.

2 Such was the Pity of our God,
He lov'd the Race of Man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our Load,
Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.

3 Sinners believe the Saviour's Word,
Trust in his mighty Name, and live;
A thousand Joys his Lips afford,
His Hands a thousand Blessings give.

4 But Vengeance and Damnation lies
On Rebels who refuse the Grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest Hell shall be their Place,

CI. *Joy in Heaven, for a repenting Sinner*, Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can describe the Joys that rise,
Through all the Courts of Paradise,
To see a Poidigal return,
To see an Heir of Glory born?

2 With Joy the Father doth approve
The Fruit of his eternal Love;
The Son with Joy looks down and sees
The Purchase of his Agonies.

3 The Spirit takes Delight to view
The holy Soul he form'd anew;
The Saints and Angels join to sing
The growing Empire of their King.

CII.

CII. *The Beatitudes,* Matt. v. 3---12.

[1 BLEST are the humble Souls that ſee
Their Emptineſs and Poverty;
Treaſures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.]

[2 Bleſt are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart;
The Blood of *Chriſt* divinely flows
A healing Balm for all their Woes.]

[3 Bleſt are the Meek, who ſtand afar
From Rage and Paſſion, Noiſe and War;
God will ſecure their happy State,
And plead their Cauſe againſt the Great.]

[4 Bleſt are the Souls that thirſt for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living Streams and living Bread.]

[5 Bleſt are the Men whoſe Bowels move,
And melt with Sympathy and Love;
From *Chriſt* the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again.]

[6 Bleſt are the Pure, whoſe Hearts are clean
From the defiling Pow'rs of Sin;
With endleſs Pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs Purity.]

[7 Bleſt are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;
They ſhall be call'd the Heirs of Bliſs,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.]

[8 Bleſt are the Suff'rers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for *Jeſus'* Sake,
Their Souls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

CIII. *Not ashamed of the Gospel,* 2 Tim. i 12.

1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

2 *Jesus*, my God; I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

3 Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
Till the decisive Hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless Name
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New *Jerusalem*
Appoint my Soul a Place.

CIV. *A State of Nature and Grace,* 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the Malicious or Profane,
The Wanton or the Proud,
Nor Thieves, nor Slanderers shall obtain
The Kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising Grace! And such were we
By Nature and by Sin,
Heirs of immortal Misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in *Jesus*' Blood,
We're pardon'd through his Name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our Frame.

4 O for a persevering Pow'r
To keep thy just Commands!
We would defile our Hearts no more,
No more pollute our Hands.

CV.

CV. *Heaven invisible and holy*, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi 27.

1 NOR Eye has seen, nor Ear has heard,
Nor Sense nor Reason known,
What Joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a Heav'n to come;
The Beams of Glory in his Word
Allure and guide us Home.

3 Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
And all the Region Peace;
No wanton Lips, nor envious Eye,
Can see or taste the Bliss.

4 Those holy Gates for ever bar
Pollution, Sin, and Shame;
None shall obtain Admittance there,
But Foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There all their Names are found;
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CVI. *Dead to Sin by the Cross of* Christ, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy Grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his Wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose Sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the Dead.

3 We will be Slaves no more,
Since *Christ* has made us free,
Has nail'd our Tyrants to his Cross,
And bought our Liberty.

CVII. *The Fall and Recovery of Man*; or, Christ *and* Satan *at Enmity*, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by subtil Snares of Hell,
Adam, our Head, our Father fell,
When *Satan*, in the Serpent hid,
Propos'd the Fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the Threat'ning; Death began
To take Possession of the Man;
His unborn Race receiv'd the Wound,
And heavy Curses sunk the Ground.

3 But *Satan* found a worse Reward;
Thus saith the Vengeance of the Lord,
Let everlasting Hatred be
Betwixt the Woman's Seed and Thee.

4 *The Woman's Seed shall be my Son,*
He shall destroy what thou hast done;
Shall break thy Head, and only feel
Thy Malice raging at his Heel.

[5 He spake; and bid Four Thousand Years
Roll on; at length his Son appears:
Angels with Joy descend to Earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's Birth.

6 Lo, by the Sons of Hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt Earth and Skies,
He gave their Prince a fatal Blow,
And triumph'd o'er the Pow'rs below.]

CVIII. Christ *unseen and beloved*, 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal Eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love him in his Word.

2 On Earth we want the Sight
Of our Redeemer's Face,

Yet

Yet, Lord, our inmoſt Thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy Grace.
3 And when we taſte thy Love,
Our Joys divinely grow,
Unſpeakable, like thoſe above,
And Heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The Value of* Chriſt, *and his Righteouſneſs,* Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more
Of all the Duties I have done;
I quit the Hopes I held before
To truſt the Merits of thy Son.
2 Now for the Love I bear his Name,
What was my Gain I count my Loſs;
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Croſs.
3 Yes, and I muſt and will eſteem
All Things but Loſs for *Jeſus'* Sake:
O may my Soul be found in him,
And of his Righteouſneſs partake!
4 The beſt Obedience of my Hands
Dares not appear before thy Throne,
But Faith can anſwer thy Demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate Glory,* 2 Cor. v. 1, 5--8.

1 THERE is a Houſe not made with Hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting ſtands,
Till God ſhall bid it fly.
2 Shortly this Priſon of my Clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call.
3 'Tis He, by his Almighty Grace,
That forms thee fit for Heav'n,

And as an Earneſt of the Place
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by Faith of Joys to come,
Faith lives upon his Word;
But while the Body is our Home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy Grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the Fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with Thee.

CXI. *Salvation by Grace*, Titus iii. 3---7.

[1 LORD, we confeſs our num'rous Faults,
How great our Guilt has been!
Fooliſh and vain were all our Thoughts,
And all our Lives were Sin.

2 But, O my Soul, for ever praiſe,
For ever love his Name,
Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways,
Of Folly, Sin, and Shame.]

[3 'Tis not by Works of Righteouſneſs,
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by Sov'reign Grace,
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'Tis from the Mercy of our God
That all our Hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our Souls are waſh'd from Sin.

5 'Tis through the Purchaſe of his Death,
Who hung upon the Tree,
The Spirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry Bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the Dead we live anew;
And juſtify'd by Grace,
We ſhall appear in Glory too,
And ſee our Father's Face.

CXII.

CXII. *The Brazen Serpent*; or, *Looking to* Jesus, 3 John, ver. 14---16.

1 SO did the *Hebrew* Prophet raise
The Brazen Serpent high;
The Wounded felt immediate Ease,
The Camp forbore to die.

2 *Look upward in the dying Hour,*
And live, the Prophet cries;
But *Christ* performs a nobler Cure,
When Faith lifts up her Eyes.

3 High on the Cross the Saviour hung,
High on the Heav'ns he reigns;
Here Sinners, by th' old Serpent stung,
Look, and forget their Pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying World revives;
The *Jew* beholds the glorious Hope,
Th' expiring *Gentile* lives.

CXIII. Abraham's *Blessing on the* Gentiles, Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the Promise! how Divine,
To *Abr'am* and his Seed!
I'll be a God to Thee and Thine,
Supplying all their Need.

2 The Words of his extensive Love
From Age to Age endure;
The Angel of the Cov'nant proves,
And seals the Blessing sure.

3 *Jesus* the ancient Faith confirms,
To our great Fathers giv'n;
He takes young Children to his Arms,
And calls them Heirs of Heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his Ways!
His Love endures the same;
Nor from the Promise of his Grace
Blots out the Children's Name.

CXIV. *The same*, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by Nature we belong
To the Wild Olive Wood;
Grace took us from the barren Tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same Blessings Grace endows
The *Gentile* and the *Jew*;
If pure and holy be the Root,
Such are the Branches too.

3 Then let the Children of the Saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy Blood.

4 Thus to the Parents, and their Seed,
Shall thy Salvation come,
And num'rous Houſholds meet at laſt
In one eternal Home.

CXV. *Conviction of Sin by the Law*, Rom. vii 8, 9, 14, 24.

1 LORD how ſecure my Conſcience was,
And felt no inward Dread!
I was alive without the Law,
And thought my Sins were dead.

2 My Hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright;
But ſince the Precept came,
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
I find how vile I am.

[3 My Guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
Till terribly I ſaw
How Perfect, Holy, Juſt and Pure,
Was thine eternal Law.

4 Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
My Sins reviv'd again,

I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my Hopes were ſlain.]

5 I'm like a helpleſs Captive ſold,
Under the Pow'r of Sin;
I cannot do the Good I would,
Nor keep my Conſcience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry Breath
For ſome kind Pow'r to ſave,
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
And thus redeem the Slave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our Neighbour*, Matt. xii. 37---40.

1 THUS ſaith the firſt, the great Command,
" Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
" To love thy Maker, and thy God,
" With utmoſt Vigour and Delight.

2 " Then ſhall thy Neighbour next in Place
" Share thine Affection and Eſteem,
" And let thy Kindneſs to thyſelf
" Meaſure and rule thy Love to him."

3 This is the Senſe that *Moſes* ſpoke,
This did the Prophets preach and prove;
For Want of this the Law was broke,
And the whole Law's fulfill'd by Love.

4 But O! how baſe our Paſſions are!
How cold our Charity and Zeal!
Lord, fill our Souls with heav'nly Fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy Will.

CXVII. *Election Sovereign and Free*, Rom. ix. 21, 22, 23, 24.

[1 BEHOLD the Potter and the Clay,
He forms his Veſſels as he pleaſe:
Such is our God, and ſuch are we;
The Subjects of his high Decrees.

2 Doth

2 Doth not the Workman's Pow'r extend
O'er all the Mass; which Part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler End,
And which to leave for viler Use?]
3 May not the Sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his Favours as he will;
Choose some to Life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?
[4 What if to make his Terror known,
He lets his Patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile Rebels to go on,
And seal their own Destruction sure?
5 What if he means to show his Grace,
And his electing Love employs
To mark out some of mortal Race,
And form them fit for heav'nly Joys?]
6 Shall Man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's Ways unjust,
The Thunder of whose dreadful Word
Can crush a thousand Worlds to Dust?
7 But, O my Soul, if Truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy Sight,
Yet still his written Will obey,
And wait the great decisive Day.
8 Then shall he make his Justice known,
And the whole World before his Throne,
With Joy, or Terror, shall confess
The Glory of his Righteousness.

CXVIII. Moses *and* Christ; or, *Sins against the Law and Gospel*, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. *and* x. 28, 29.

1 THE Law by *Moses* came,
But Peace, and Truth, and Love,
Were bought by *Christ* (a nobler Name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst

2 Amidſt the Houſe of God
Their diff'rent Works were done;
Moſes a faithful Servant ſtood,
But *Chriſt* a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new Commands
Be ſtrict Obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's Houſe he ſtands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4 The Man that durſt deſpiſe
The Law that *Moſes* brought;
Behold how terribly he dies
For his preſumptuous Fault.

5 But ſorer Vengeance falls
On that rebellious Race,
Who hate to hear when *Jeſus* cal's,
And dare reſiſt his Grace.

CXIX. *The different Succeſs of the Goſpel,* 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 CHRIST and his Croſs is all our Theme;
The Myſt'ries that we ſpeak
Are Scandal in the *Jews* Eſteem,
And Folly to the *Greek*.

2 But Souls enlightened from above,
With Joy receive the Word;
They ſee what Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

3 The vital Savour of his Name
Reſtores their fainting Breath;
But Unbelief perverts the ſame
To Guilt, Deſpair, and Death.

4 Till God diffuſe his Graces down,
Like Show'rs of heav'nly Rain,
In vain *Apollos* ſows the Ground,
And *Paul* may plant in vain.

CXX.

CXX. *Faith of Things unseen*, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brightest Evidence
Of Things beyond our Sight,
Breaks through the Clouds of Flesh and Sense,
And dwells in heav'nly Light.

2 It sets Times past in present View,
Brings distant Propsects home,
Of Things a Thousand Years ago,
Or Thousand Years to come.

3 By Faith we know the Worlds were made,
By God's Almighty Word;
Abr'am, to unknown Countries led,
By Faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a City fair and high,
Built by th' eternal Hands;
And Faith assures us though we die,
That heav'nly Building stands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to God*, Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

1 THUS saith the Mercy of the Lord,
I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they
Shall be a Seed for me.

2 *Abr'am* believ'd the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Sons to God;
But Water seals the Blessings now,
That once was seal'd with Blood.

3 Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her House,
When she receiv'd the Word:
Thus the believing Goaler gave
His Houshold to the Lord.

4 Thu

4 Thus later Saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient Truth embrace;
To thee their Infant Offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy Grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with* Christ *in Baptism*, Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

1 DO we not know that solemn Word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord;
Baptiz'd into his Death, and then
Put off the Body of our Sin?
2 Our Souls receive diviner Breath,
Rais'd from Corruption, Guilt and Death:
So from the Grave did *Christ* arise,
And lives to God above the Skies.
3 No more let Sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal Flesh again;
The various Lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have Dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The Repenting Prodigal*, Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 BEHOLD the Wretch whose Lust and Wine
Had wasted his Estate,
He begs a Share amongst the Swine,
To taste the Husks they eat.
2 *I die with Hunger here*, he cries,
I starve in foreign Lands;
My Father's House has large Supplies,
And bountiful are his Hands.
3 *I'll go, and with a mournful Tongue,*
Fall down before his Face;
Father, I've done thy Justice Wrong,
Nor can deserve thy Grace.
4 He said, and hasten'd to his Home.
To seek his Father's Love;

The

The Father saw the Rebel come,
And all his Bowels move.
5 He ran and fell upon his Neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his Son;
The Rebel's Heart with Sorrow brake
For Follies he had done.
6 *Take off his Clothes of Shame and Sin,*
(The Father gives Command)
Dress him in Garments white and clean,
With Rings adorn his Hand.
7 *A Day of Feasting I ordain,*
Let Mirth and Joy abound;
My Son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found.

CXXIV. *The First and Second* Adam, Rom. v. 12, &c.

1 DEEP in the Dust before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own;
Great God we own th' unhappy Name,
Whence sprung our Nature, and our Shame.
2 *Adam* the Sinner: At his Fall
Death, like a Conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;
A Thousand new born Babes are dead,
By fatal Union to their Head.
3 But while our Spirits fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of the Law;
We sing the Honours of thy Grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.
4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our Nature to his own;
Adam the Second, from the Dust,
Raises the Ruins of the First.
[5 By the Rebellion of one Man,
Through all his Seed the Mischief ran;
And by one Man's Obedience now
Are all his Seed made righteous too.]

6 Where

6 Where Sin did reign, and Death abound;
There have the Sons of *Adam* found
Abounding Life; there glorious Grace
Reigns through the Lord our Righteousness.

CXXV. Christ's *Compassion to the Weak and Tempted*, Heb. iv. 15, 16, *and* v. 7. Matth. xii. 20.

1 WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High-Priest above,
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what sore Temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While *Satan*'s fiery Darts he bore,
And did resist to Blood.

4 He in the Days of feeble Flesh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.

[5 He'll never quench the smoaking Flax,
But raise it to a Flame;
The bruised Reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.]

6 Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the distressing Hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and Uncharitableness*, Rom xiv. 17. 19 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT different Food, or different Dress,
Compose the Kingdom of our Lord,
But Peace, and Joy, and Righteousness,
Faith and Obedience to his Word.

2 When

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the Gospel mighty Wrong;
For God the Gracious and the Wise,
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.
3 Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and Love our Souls pursue;
Nor shall our Practice give Offence
To Saints, the *Gentile*, or the *Jew*.

CXXVII. Christ's *Invitation to Sinners*; or, *Humility and Pride*; Matt. xi. 28--30.

1 "COME hither all ye weary Souls,
"Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
"I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,
"And raise you to my heav'nly Home.
2 "They shall find Rest that learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
"But Passion rages like the Sea,
"And Pride is restless as the Wind.
3 "Bless'd is the Man, whose Shoulders take
"My Yoke, and bear it with Delight;
"My Yoke is easy to his Neck,
"My Grace shall make the Burden light."
4 *Jesus*, we come at thy Command,
With Faith, and Hope, and humble Zeal,
Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

CXXVIII. *The Apostle's Commission*; or, *The Gospel attested by Miracles*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 GO preach my Gospel, *saith the Lord*;
"Bid the whole Earth my Grace receive:
"He shall be sav'd that trusts my Word,
"He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

[2 "I'll

[2 " I'll make your great Commiſſion known,
" And ye ſhall prove my Goſpel true,
" By all the Works that I have done,
" By all the Wonders ye ſhall do.
3 " Go heal the Sick, go raiſe the Dead,
" Go caſt out Devils in my Name;
" Nor let my Prophets be afraid,
" Tho' *Greeks* reproach, and *Jews* blaſpheme.]
4 " Teach all the Nations my Commands,
" I'm with you till the World ſhall end;
" All Pow'r is truſted in my Hands,
" I can deſtroy, and I defend."
5 *He ſpake, and Light ſhone round his Head,*
On a bright Cloud to Heav'n he rode:
They to the fartheſt Nations ſpread
The Grace of their aſcended God.

CXXIX. *Submiſſion and Deliverance*; or, Abraham *offering his Son*, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

1 SAINTS, at your Father's heav'nly Word,
Give up your Comforts to the Lord;
He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
Or grant you Bleſſings more divine.
2 So *Abr'am*, with obedient Hand,
Led forth his Son at God's Command;
The Wood, the Fire, the Knife he took,
His Arm prepar'd the dreadful Stroke.
3 Abr'am *forbear*, the Angel cry'd,
Thy Faith is known, thy Love is try'd;
Thy Son ſhall live, and in thy Seed
Shall the whole Earth be bleſs'd indeed.
4 Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing Hour
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring Pow'r;
The Mount of Danger is the Place,
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing Grace.

CXXX.

CXXX. *Love and Hatred*, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

1 NOW, by the Bowels of my God,
His ſharp Diſtreſs, his ſore Complaints,
By his laſt Groans, his dying Blood,
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

2 Clamour and Wrath, and War be gone,
Envy and Spite for ever ceaſe,
Let bitter Words no more be known
Amongſt the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

3 The Spirit like a peaceful Dove,
Flies from the Realms of Noiſe and Strife;
Why ſhou'd we vex and grieve his Love,
Who ſeals our Souls to heav'nly Life?

4 Tender and kind be all our Thoughts,
Through all our Lives let Mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous Faults
For the dear Sake of *Chriſt* his Son.

CXXXI. *The Phariſee and Publican*, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how Sinners diſagree,
The Publican and Phariſee!
One doth his Righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his Guilt and Shame.

2 This Man at humble Diſtance ſtands,
And cries for Grace with lifted Hands;
That boldly riſes near the Throne,
And talks of Duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent Language knows,
And diff'rent Anſwers he beſtows;
The humble Soul with Grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the Proud his Anger frowns.

4 Dear Father let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting *Phariſee*;
I have no Merits of my own,
But plead the Suff'rings of thy Son.

CXXXII.

CXXXII. *Holineſs and Grace,* Tit. ii. 10---13.

1 SO let our Lips and Lives expreſs
The Holy Goſpel we profeſs,
So let our Works and Virtue ſhine,
To prove the Doctrine all Divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The Honour of our Saviour God;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace ſubdues the Pow'r of Sin.

3 Our Fleſh and Senſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and Envy, Luſt and Pride;
While Juſtice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love,
Our inward Piety approve.

4 Religion bears our Spirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed Hope,
The bright Appearance of the Lord,
And Faith ſtands leaning on his Word.

CXXXIII. *Love and Charity,* 1 Cor. xiii. 2--7, 13.

1 LET Phariſees of high Eſteem
Their Faith and Zeal declare,
All their Religion is a Dream,
If Love be wanting there.

2 Love ſuffers long with patient Eye,
Nor is provok'd in Haſte,
She lets the preſent Inj'ry die,
And long forgets the paſt.

[3 Malice and Rage, thoſe Fires of Hell,
She quenches with her Tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no Ill,
Though ſhe endure the Wrong.]

4 She nor deſires, nor ſeeks to know
The Scandals of the Time;
Nor looks with Pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.]

5 She

5 She lays her own Advantage by
To seek her Neighbour's Good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our Lives with Blood.

6 Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r,
In all the Realms above;
There Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without Love*, 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 HAD I the Tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,
And nobler Speech than Angels use,
If Love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in Heav'n and Hell,
Or could my Faith the World remove,
Still I am nothing without Love.

3 Should I distribute all my Store
To feed the Bowels of the Poor,
Or give my Body to the Flame
To gain a Martyr's glorious Name:

4 If Love to God, and Love to Men,
Be absent, all my Hopes are vain;
Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,
The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The Love of* Christ *shed abroad in the Heart*, Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel
The Joys that cannot be expreſt.

2 Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,

And

And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.
3 Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done
By all the Church, through *Christ* his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and Hypocrisy*; or, *Formality in Worship*. John iv. 24. Psal. cxxxix. 23, 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit, Just and Wise,
He sees our inmost Mind;
In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.
2 Nothing but Truth before his Throne,
With Honour can appear,
The painted Hypocrites are known,
Thro' the Disguise they wear.
3 Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,
Their bending Knees the Ground;
But God abhors the Sacrifice,
Where not the Heart is found.
4 Lord, search my Thoughts, and try my Ways,
And make my Soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy Face,
And find Acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by Grace in* Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting Honours giv'n.
He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.
2 Not for our Duties or Deserts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise,

3 'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die:
He gave us Grace in *Christ* his Son,
Before he spread the starry Sky.

4 *Jesus*, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Counsels known;
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

5 He dies; and in that dreadful Night
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our Heav'n to Light,
And took Possession of the Joy.

CXXXVIII. *Saints in the Hand of* Christ. John x 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands,
My Lord, my Hope, my Trust;
If I am found in *Jesus'* Hands,
My Soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His Honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his Sheep,
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His Hands securely keep.

3 Nor Death, nor Hell shall e'er remove
His Fav'rites from his Breast;
In the dear Bosom of his Love
They must for ever rest.

CXXXIX. *Hope in the Covenant*; or, *God's Promise and Truth unchangeable*. Heb. iv. 17--1

1 HOW oft have Sin and *Satan* strove
To rend my Soul from Thee, my Go
But everlasting is thy Love,
And *Jesus* seals it with his Blood.

2 The Oath and Promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous Grace;

Eter

Eternal Pow'r performs the Word,
And fills all Heav'n with endless Praise.

3 Amidst Temptations sharp and long,
My Soul to this dear Refuge flies;
Hope is my Anchor, firm and strong,
While Tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The Gospel bears my Spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the Foundation for my Hope,
In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

CXL. *A Living and a Dead Faith, collected from several Scriptures.*

1 MIstaken Souls! that dream of Heav'n,
And make their empty Boast
Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n,
While they are Slaves to Lust.

2 Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,
If Faith be cold and dead,
None but a living Pow'r unites
To *Christ* the living Head.

3 'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart,
'Tis Faith that works by Love;
That bids all sinful Joys depart,
And lifts the Thoughts above.

4 'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell,
By a celestial Pow'r;
This is the Grace that shall prevail
In the decisive Hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's Will,
As well as trust his Grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own Holiness.

6 When from the Curse he sets us free,
He makes our Natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be
The Minister of Sin.

7 His Spirt purifies our Frame,
And ſeals our Peace with God;
Jeſus, and his Salvation, came
By Water and by Blood.]

CXLI. *The Humiliation and Exaltation of* Chriſt,
Iſaiah liii. 1--5, 10--12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy Word,
Or that Salvation known?
Reveal thine Arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The *Jews* eſteem'd him here
Too mean for their Belief:
Sorrows his chief Acquaintance were,
And his Companion, Grief.

3 They turn'd their Eyes away,
And treated him with Scorn;
But 'twas their Grief upon him lay,
Their Sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the ſtubborn *Jews*,
And *Gentiles* then unknown,
The God of Juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
His beſt beloved Son.

5 " But I'll prolong his Days,
" And make his Kingdom ſtand;
" My Pleaſure (ſaith the God of Grace)
" Shall proſper in his Hand.

[6 " His joyful Seed ſhall ſee
" The Purchaſe of his Pain,
" And by his Knowledge juſtify
" The guilty Sons of Men.]

[7 " Ten Thouſand Captive Slaves
" Releas'd from Death and Sin,
" Shall quit their Priſons and their Graves,
" And own his Pow'r Divine.]

[8 " Heav'n

[8 " Heav'n ſhall advance my Son
" To Joys that Earth deny'd;
" Who ſaw the Follies Men had done,
" And bore their Sins, and dy'd."]

CXLII. *The ſame*, Iſai. liii. 6--9, 12.

1 LIKE Sheep we went aſtray,
And broke the Fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent Way,
But all the downward Road.

2 How dreadful was the Hour,
When God our Wand'rings laid,
And did at once his Vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's Head!

3 How glorious was the Grace,
When *Chriſt* ſuſtain'd the Stroke!
His Life and Blood the Shepherd pays
A Ranſom for the Flock.

4 His Honour and his Breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the Wicked in his Death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God ſhall raiſe his Head
O'er all the Sons of Men,
And make him ſee a num'rous Seed,
To recompence his Pain.

6 *I'll give him* (ſaith the Lord)
A Portion with the Strong;
He ſhall poſſeſs a large Reward,
And hold his Honours long.

CXLIII. *Characters of the Children of God, from ſeveral Scriptures.*

1 SO new-born Babes deſire the Breaſt,
To feed, and grow, and thrive:
So Saints with Joy the Goſpel taſte,
And by the Goſpel live.

[2 With inward Guſt their Heart approves
All that the World relates;
They love the Men their Father loves,
And hate the Works he hates.]

[3 Not all the flatt'ring Baits on Earth
Can make them Slaves to Luſt;
They can't forget their heav'nly Birth,
Nor grovel in the Duſt.

4 Not all the Chains that Tyrants uſe,
Shall bind their Souls to Vice;
Faith, like a Conqu'ror, can produce
A thouſand Victories.]

[5 Grace, like an uncorrupted Seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal Principles forbid
The Sons of God to ſin.]

[6 Not by the Terrors of a Slave
Do they perform his Will,
But, with the nobleſt Pow'rs they have,
His ſweet Commands fulfil.]

7 They find Acceſs at ev'ry Hour
To God within the Vale;
Hence they derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And Joys that never fail.

8 O happy Souls! O glorious State
Of over-flowing Grace!
To dwell ſo near their Father's Seat,
And ſee his lovely Face!

9 Lord, I addreſs thy heav'nly Throne;
Call me a Child of thine,
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my Heart Divine.

10 There ſhed thy choiceſt Loves abroad,
And make my Comforts ſtrong;
Then ſhall I ſay, *My Father, God,*
With an unwav'ring Tongue.

CXLIV

CXLIV. *The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit*, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 WHY should the Children of a King
Go mourning all their Days?
Great Comforter descend and bring
Some Tokens of thy Grace.
2 Dost thou not dwell in all the Saints,
And seal the Heirs of Heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my Complaints,
And show my Sins forgiv'n?
3 Assure my Conscience of her Part
In the Redeemer's Blood;
And bear thy Witness with my Heart,
That I am born of God.
4 Thou art the Earnest of his Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come;
And thy soft Wings, Celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me Home.

CXLV. Christ *and* Aaron, *taken from* Heb. vii. *and* ix.

1 *JESUS*, in Thee our Eyes behold
A Thousand Glories more
Than the rich Gems and polish'd Gold
The Sons of *Aaron* wore.
2 They first their own Burnt-Off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from Sin;
Thy Life was pure, without a Spot,
And all thy Nature clean.
[3 Fresh Blood, as constant as the Day,
Was on their Altar spilt;
But thy one Off'ring takes away
For ever all our Guilt.]
[4 Their Priesthood ran through sev'ral Hands,
For mortal was their Race;

Thy never-changing Office ſtands,
Eternal as thy Days.]

[5 Once in the Circuit of a Year,
With Blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the Vale appears,
Before the Golden Throne.

6 But *Chriſt*, by his own pow'rful Blood,
Aſcends above the ſkies,
And, in the Preſence of our God,
Shows his own Sacrifice.]

7 *Jeſus*, the King of Glory, reigns
On *Sion*'s heav'nly Hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his Prieſthood ſtill.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's Face:
Give him, my Soul, thy Cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of* Chriſt, *borrowed from inanimate Things in Scripture.*

1 GO, worſhip at *Immanuel*'s Feet,
See in his Face what wonders meet,
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

[2 The whole Creation can afford
But ſome faint Shadows of my Lord;
Nature to make his Beauties known,
Muſt mingle Colours not her own.]

[3 Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?
Dear Lord, our Souls would thus be fed:
That Fleſh, that dying Blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.]

[4 Is he a Tree? The World receives
Salvation from his healing Leaves:
That righteous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is *David*'s Root and Offspring too.]

[5 Is

[5 Is he a Rose? Not *Sharon* yields
Such Fragrancy in all her Fields:
Or if the Lill he assume,
The Vallies bless the rich Perfume.]

[6 Is he a Vine? His heav'nly Root
Supplies the Boughs with Life and Fruit:
O let a lasting Union join
My Soul, the Branch, to *Christ*, the Vine!]

[7 Is he the Head? Each Member lives,
And owns the vital Pow'r he gives;
The Saints below, and Saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his Love.]

[8 Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the Plague of Sin and Death:
These Waters all my Soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted Garments too.]

[9 Is he a Fire? He'll purge my Dross,
But the true God sustains no Loss:
Like a Refiner shall he sit,
And tread the Refuse with his Feet.]

[10 Is he a Rock? How firm he proves?
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet Streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the Desart through.]

[11 Is he a Way? He leads to God,
The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood:
There would I walk with Hope and Zeal,
Till I arrive at *Sion*'s Hill.]

[12 Is he a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold the Pastures large and green;
A Paradise divinely fair,
None but the Sheep have Freedom there.]

[13 Is he design'd a Corner-Stone,
For Men to build their Heav'n upon?
I'll make him my Foundation too,
Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.]

[14 Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and Pow'r;
And still to his most holy Place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my Face.]

[15 Is he a Star? He breaks the Night,
Piercing the Shades with dawning Light;
I know his Glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning Star.]

[16 Is he a Sun? His Beams are Grace,
His Course is Joy and Righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their Clouds, and dry their Tears.

17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where Storms and Darkness never rise!
There he displays his Pow'rs abroad,
And shines, and reigns th' Incarnate God.]

18 Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears;
His Beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him Face to Face.

CXLVII. *The Names and Titles of* Christ, *from several Scriptures.*

[1 'TIS from the Treasures of his Word
I borrow Titles for my Lord;
Nor Art nor Nature can supply
Sufficient Forms of Majesty.

2 Bright Image of his Father's Face,
Shining with undiminish'd Rays;
Th' Eternal God's Eternal Son,
The Heir and Partner of his Throne.]

3 The King of King's, the Lord most high,
Writes his own Name upon his Thigh;
He wears a Garment dipt in Blood,
And breaks the Nations with his Rod.

4 Where Grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd Love,

Awakes

Awakes his Wrath without Delay,
And *Judah*'s Lion tears the Prey.
5 But when for Works of Peace he comes,
What winning Titles he assumes?
Light of the World; and Life of Men;
Nor bears those Characters in vain.
6 With tender Pity in his Heart,
He acts the Mediator's Part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfils the Names he wears.
7 At Length the Judge his Throne ascends,
Divides the Rebels from his Friends,
And Saints in full Fruition prove
His rich Variety of Love.

CXLVIII. *The same, as the* cxlviiith Psalm.

[1 WITH chearful Voice I sing
The Titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the Names
Of Honour from his Word.
Nature and Art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient Forms
Of Majesty.
2 In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious Face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely Rays:
Th' Eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the Throne.]
3 The Sov'reign *King of Kings*,
The *Lord of Lords* most high,
Writes his own Name upon
His Garment and his Thigh.

His Name is call'd
The Word of God,
He rules the Earth
With Iron Rod.

4 Where Promiſes and Grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry *Lamb* reſents
The Injuries of his Love;
Awakes his Wrath
Without Delay,
As Lions roar,
And tear the Prey.

5 But when for Works of Peace
The great *Redeemer* comes,
What gentle Characters,
What Titles he aſſumes?
Light of the World,
And Life of Men;
Nor will he bear
Thoſe Names in vain.

6 Immenſe Compaſſion reigns
In our *Immanuel*'s Heart,
When he deſcends to act
A *Mediator*'s Part.
He is a *Friend*,
And *Brother* too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord the *Judge*
His awful Throne aſcends,
And drives the Rebels far
From Favourites and Friends.
Then ſhall the Saints
Completely prove
The Heighths and Depths
Of all his Love.

CXLIX.

CXLIX. *The Offices of* Chrift, *from ſeveral Scriptures.*

1 JOIN all the Names of Love and Pow'r,
That ever Men or Angels bore;
All are too mean to ſpeak his Worth,
Or ſet *Immanuel*'s Glory forth.

2 But O what condeſcending Ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly Grace!
My Eyes with Joy and Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love he bears for me.

[3 The *Angel of the Cov'nant* ſtands
With his Commiſſion in his Hands,
Sent from his Father's milder Throne
To make the great Salvation known.]

[4 Great *Prophet*, let me bleſs thy Name,
By Thee the joyful Tidings came,
Of Wrath appeas'd, of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd, and Peace with Heav'n.]

[5 My bright *Example*, and my *Guide*,
I would be walking near thy Side;
O let me never run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden Way!

6 I love my *Shepherd*, he ſhall keep
My wand'ring Soul amongſt his Sheep;
He feeds his Flock, he calls their Names,
And in his Boſom bears the Lambs.]

[7 My *Surety* undertakes my Cauſe,
Anſwering his Father's broken Laws;
Behold my Soul at Freedom ſet,
My Surety paid the dreadful Debt.]

[8 *Jeſus*, my great *High-Prieſt*, has dy'd,
I ſeek no Sacrifice beſide;
His Blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.]

[9 My *Advocate* appears on high,
The Father lays his Thunder by;

Not

Not all that Earth and Hell can ſay,
Shall turn my Father's Heart away.]

[10 My *Lord*, my *Conqu'ror*, and my *King*,
Thy Sceptre and thy Sword I ſing;
Thine is the Vict'ry, and I ſit
A joyful Subject at thy Feet.]

[11 Aſpire, my Soul, to glorious Deeds,
The *Captain of Salvation* leads:
March on, nor fear to win the Day,
Though Death and Hell obſtruct the Way.]

12 Should Death and Hell, and Pow'rs unknown,
Put all their Forms of Miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for *Chriſt* diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign Ways.

CL. *The ſame as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

1 JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wiſdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever Mortal knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his Worth,
Too mean to ſet
My *Saviour* forth.

2 But O what gentle Terms,
What condeſcending Ways
Doth our *Redeemer* uſe,
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
Mine Eyes with Joy
And Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love
He bears for me.

[3 Array'd in mortal Fleſh,
He like an *Angel* ſtands,
And holds the Promiſes
And Pardons in his Hands;
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's Throne,

To

To make his Grace
To Mortals known.]

[4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My Tongue would bless thy Name;
By Thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.]

[5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern*, and my *Guide*;
And through this desart Land
Still keep me near thy Side.
O let my Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way!]

[6 I love my *Shepherd*'s Voice,
His watchful Eyes shall keep
My wandring Soul among
The Thousands of his Sheep;
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears
The tender Lambs.]

[7 To this dear *Surety*'s Hand
Will I commit my Cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws.
Behold my Soul
At freedom set!
My Surety paid
The dreadful Debt.]

[8 *Jesus* my great *High-Priest*,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
My guilty Conscience seeks
No Sacrifice beside.

His

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone?
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.]

[9 My *Advocate* appears
For my Defence on high;
The Father bows his Ears,
And lays his Thunder by.
Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love, away.]

[10 My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqu'ror*, and my *King*,
Thy Scepter, and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I sing.
Thine is the Pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing Bonds
Before thy Feet.]

[11 Now let my Soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To Conquest and a Crown.
A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Though Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.]

12 Should all the Hosts of Death,
And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful Forms
Of Rage and Mischief on;
I shall be safe,
For *Christ* displays
Superior Pow'r
And Guardian Grace.

The End of the First Book.

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

Compoſed on Divine Subjects.

I. *A Song of Praiſe to God from* Great-Britain.

1 NATURE with all her Pow'rs ſhall ſing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praiſe.

[2 Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that ſit near his Throne;
Tune your Harps high, and ſpread the Sound
To the Creation's utmoſt Bound.]

[3 All mortal Things of meaner Frame,
Exert your Force, and own his Name:
Whilſt with our Souls, and with our Voice,
We ſing his Honours, and our Joys]

[4 To him be ſacred all we have,
From the young Cradle to the Grave:
Our Lips ſhall his loud Wonders tell,
And ev'ry Word a Miracle.]

[5 This

[5 This *Northern* Isle, our native Land;
Lies safe in God th' Almighty's Hand;
Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating Chain.

6 He builds and guards the *British* Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.]

7 Raise monumental Praises high
To him that thunders through the Sky,
And with an awful Nod or Frown
Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down.

[8 Pillows of lasting Brass proclaim
The Triumphs of th' Eternal Name;
While trembling Nations read from far
The Honours of the God of War.]

9 Thus let our burning Zeal employ
Our loftiest Thoughts and loudest Songs;
Britain, pronounce with warmest Joy
Hosanna from Ten Thousand Tongues.

10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy Name;
The strongest Notes that Angels raise,
Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

II. *The Death of a Saviour.*

1 MY Thoughts on awful Subjects roll,
Damnation and the Dead,
What Horrors seize the guilty Soul
Upon a dying Bed!

2 Ling'ring about these mortal Shores,
She makes a long Delay.
Till like a Flood, with rapid Force,
Death sweeps the Wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery Coast,

Amongst

Amongſt abominable Fiends,
Herſelf a frightful Ghoſt.

4 There endleſs Crowds of Sinners lie,
And Darkneſs makes their Chains;
Tortur'd with keen Deſpair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer Pains.

5 Not all their Anguiſh, and their Blood,
For their old Guilt atones,
Nor the Compaſſion of a God
Shall hearken to their Groans.

6 Amazing Grace, that kept my Breath,
Nor bid my Soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's Death,
And well inſur'd his Love.

III. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

1 WHY do we mourn departing Friends?
Or ſhake at Death's Alarms?
'Tis but the Voice that *Jeſus* ſends
To call them to his Arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as Time can move?
Nor would we wiſh the Hours more ſlow
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
There the dear Fleſh of *Jeſus* lay,
And left a long Perfume.

4 The Graves of all his Saints he bleſt,
And ſoften'd every Bed:
Where ſhould the dying Members reſt,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our Feet the Way.
Up to the Lord our Fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great Riſing Day.

6 Then

6 Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,
And bid our Kindred rise;
Awake, ye Nations, under Ground,
Ye Saints, ascend the Skies.

IV. *Salvation in the Cross.*

1 HERE at thy Cross, my dying God,
I lay my Soul beneath thy Love,
Beneath the Droppings of thy Blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
2 Not all that Tyrants think or say,
With Rage and Lightning in their Eyes,
Nor Hell shall fright my Heart away,
Should Hell with all its Legions rise.
3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this Heart should lie;
Resolv'd (for that's my last Defence)
If I must perish, there to die.
4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my Fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy Shade?
Thy Vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor *Satan* dares my Soul invade.
5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy Blood,
And all my Foes shall lose their Aim;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best Honours to his Name.

V. *Longing to praise* Christ *better.*

1 LORD, when my Tho'ts with Wonder roll
O'er the sharp Sorrows of thy Soul;
And read my Maker's broken Laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy Cross:
2 When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear Blood of thine,
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's Side:

3 My

3 My Paſſions riſe and ſoar above,
I'm wing'd with Faith, and fir'd with Love;
Fain would I reach eternal Things,
And learn the Notes that *Gabriel* ſings.

4 But my Heart fails, my Tongue complains,
For Want of their immortal Strains;
And in ſuch humble Notes as theſe
Muſt fall below thy Victories.

5 Well, the kind Minute muſt appear,
When we ſhall leave theſe Bodies here;
Theſe Clogs of Clay, and mount on high,
To join the Songs above the Sky.

VI. *A Morning Song.*

1 ONCE more, my Soul, the riſing Day
Salutes thy waking Eyes,
Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
To him that rolls the Skies.

2 Night unto Night his Name repeats,
The Day renews the Sound,
Wide as the Heav'n on which he ſits
To turn the Seaſons round.

3 'Tis he ſupports my mortal Frame,
My Tongue ſhall ſpeak his Praiſe;
My Sins would rouze his Wrath to Flame,
And yet his Wrath delays.

[4 On a poor Worm thy Pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand:
Thy Juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But Mercy held thine Hand.

5 A Thouſand wretched Souls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting Sun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my Thread,
And yet my Moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my Hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy thy Light,
Then ſhall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleaſing Night.

VII. *An Evening Song.*

(1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song
Like holy Incense rise;
Assist the Off'rings of my Tongue
To reach the lofty Skies.

2 Through all the Dangers of the Day
Thy Hand was still my Guard,
And still to drive my Wants away
Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.)

3 Perpetual Blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few Returns of Love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched Soul?
How are my Follies multiply'd,
Fast as my Minutes roll

5 Lord, with this guilty Heart of mine,
To thy dear Cross I flee,
And to thy Grace my Soul resign,
To be renew'd by Thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning Blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' Embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's Breast.

VIII. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

1 HOSANNA, with a chearful Sound,
To God's upholding Hand;
Ten Thousand Snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing Pow'r
That rais'd us with a Word,
And every Day, and every Hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The

3 The Ev'ning rests our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room,
We wake, and we admire the Bed
That was not made our Tomb.

4 The rising Morning can't assure
That we shall end the Day,
For Death stands ready at the Door
To seize our Lives away.

5 Our Breath is forfeited by Sin
To God's revenging Law;
We own thy Grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry Gasp we draw.

6 God is our Sun, whose daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings;
Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night,
Beneath his shady Wings.

IX. *Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of* Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred Head
For such a Worm as I?

[2 Thy Body slain, sweet *Jesus* thine,
And bath'd in its own Blood,
While all expos'd to Wrath divine,
The glorious Suff'rer stood!]

3 Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown!
And Love beyond Degree!

4 Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For Man the Creature's Sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears,

Dissolve

Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

6 But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love we owe;
Here, Lord, I give myſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with Carnal Joys.*

1 MY Soul forſakes her vain Delight,
And bids the World farewel;
Baſe as the Dirt beneath my Feet,
And miſchievous as Hell.

2 No longer will I aſk your Love,
Nor ſeek your Friendſhip more;
The Happineſs that I approve,
Lies not within your Pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this ſpacious Earth
That ſuits my large Deſire;
To boundleſs Joy and ſolid Mirth
My nobler Thoughts aſpire.

[4 Where Pleaſure rolls its living Flood,
From Sin and Droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the Throne of God,
And fit to cheer the Mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the Sphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own All-ſufficience there,
To make our Bliſs complete.]

6 Had I the Pinions of a Dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly Road;
There ſits my Saviour dreſt in Love,
And there my ſmiling God.

XI. *The ſame.*

1 I Send the Joys of Earth away,
Away ye Tempters of the Mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful Sea,
And empty as the whiſtling Wind.

2 Your

2 Your Streams were floating me along
Down to the Gulf of black Despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your Song,
Your Streams had e'en convey'd me there.
3 Lord, I adore thy matchless Grace,
That warn'd me of that dark Abyss;
That drew me from those treach'rous Seas,
And bid me seek superior Bliss.
4 Now to the shining Realms above,
I stretch mine Hands, and glance mine Eyes;
O for the Pinions of a Dove,
To bear me to the Upper Skies!
5 There, from the Bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless Pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last Abode,
And drown the Sorrows of my Soul.

XII. Christ *is the Substance of the* Levitical *Priesthood.*

1 THE true *Messiah* now appears,
The Types are all withdrawn;
So fly the Shadows and the Stars
Before the rising Dawn.
2 No smoaking Sweets, nor bleeding Lambs,
Nor Kid, nor Bullock slain;
Incense and Spice of costly Names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
3 *Aaron* must lay his Robes away,
His Mitre and his Vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The Off'ring and the Priest.
4 He took our mortal Flesh to shew
The Wonders of his Love;
For us he paid his Life below;
And prays for us above.

5 *Father*, he cries, *forgive their Sins,*
For I myself have dy'd;
And then he shows his open Veins,
And pleads his wounded Side.

XIII. *The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, a*
Restoration of this World.

1 SING to the Lord that built the Skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately Frame
Let half the Nations sound his Praise,
And Lands unknown repeat his Name.
2 He form'd the Seas, and form'd the Hills,
Made ev'ry Drop, and ev'ry Dust,
Nature and Time, with all their Wheels,
And push'd them into Motion first.
3 Now, from his high imperial Throne,
He looks far down upon the Spheres;
He bids the shining Orbs roll on,
And round he turns our hasty Years.
4 Thus shall this moving Engine last
Till all his Saints are gathered in:
Then for the Trumpets dreadful Blast
To shake it all to Dust again!
5 Yet when the Sound shall tear the Skies,
And Lightning burn the Globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes,
There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you.

XIV. *The Lord's Day*; or, *Delight in Ordinan*

1 WELCOME, sweet Day of Rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving Breast,
And those rejoicing Eyes!
2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his Saints to Day;

Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

3 One Day amidſt the Place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than Ten Thouſand Days
Of pleaſurable Sin.

4 My willing Soul would ſtay
In ſuch a Frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting Bliſs.

XV. *The Enjoyment of* Chriſt; or, *Delight in Worſhip.*

1 FAR from my Tho'ts vain World be gone,
Let my religious Hours alone;
Fain would my Eyes my Saviour ſee,
I wait a Viſit, Lord, from Thee.

2 My Heart grows warm with holy Fire,
And kindles with a pure Deſire:
Come, my dear *Jeſus*, from above,
And feed my Soul with heav'nly Love.

[3 The Trees of Life immortal ſtand,
In flour'ſhing Rows, at thy Right Hand,
And in ſweet Murmurs, by their Side,
Rivers of Bliſs perpetual glide.

4 Haſte then, but with a ſmiling Face,
And ſpread the Table of thy Grace:
Bring down a Taſte of Fruit divine,
And cheer my Heart with ſacred Wine.

5 Bleſt *Jeſus*, what delicious Fare!
How ſweet thy Entertainments are!
Never did Angels taſte above,
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.

6 Hail, great *Immanuel*, all divine,
In Thee thy Father's Glories ſhine:
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt One,
That Eyes have ſeen, or Angels known.

XVI. *Part the Second.*

7 LORD, what a Heav'n of ſaving Grace,
Shines through the Beauties of thy Fac
And lights our Paſſions to a Flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming Name!

8 When I can ſay, my God is mine!
When I can feel thy Glories ſhine,
I tread the World beneath my Feet,
And all that Earth calls Good or Great.

9 While ſuch a Scene of ſacred Joys
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employs;
Here we could ſit, and gaze away,
A long, an everlaſting Day.

10 Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the Night,
To the fair Coaſts of perfect Light;
Then ſhall our joyful Senſes rove
O'er the dear Objects of our Love.

[11 There ſhall we drink full Draughts of Bli
And pluck new Life from heav'nly Trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, beſtow
A Drop of Heav'n on Worms below.

12 Send Comforts down from thy Right Ha
While we paſs through this barren Land,
And in thy Temple let us ſee
A Glimpſe of Love, a Glimpſe of Thee.]

XVII. *God's Eternity.*

1 RISE, riſe my Soul, and leave the Grou
Stretch all my Thoughts abroad,
And rouſe up ev'ry tuneful Sound,
To praiſe th' eternal God.

2 Long e'er the lofty Skies were ſpread,
Jehovah fill'd his Throne;
Or *Adam* form'd, or Angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

His boundleſs Years can ne'er decreaſe,
  But ſtill maintain their Prime;
Eternity's his dwelling Place,
  And ever is his Time.
While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
  The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal Now,
  And ſees our Ages waſte.
The Sea and Sky muſt periſh too,
  And vaſt Deſtruction come;
The Creatures, look, how old they grow,
  And wait their fiery Doom!
Well, let the Sea ſhrink all away,
  And Flame melt down the Skies,
My God ſhall live an endleſs Day,
  When th' old Creation dies.

XVIII. *The Miniſtry of Angels.*

HIGH on a Hill of dazzling Light
  The King of Glory ſpreads his Seat,
And Troops of Angels, ſtretch'd for Flight,
Stand waiting round his awful Feet.
**Go*, ſaith the Lord, *my* Gabriel *go,*
Salute the Virgin's fruitful Womb;
†Make haſte, ye Cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.
‖Here a bright Squadron leaves the Skies,
And thick around *Eliſha* ſtands;
Anon a heav'nly Soldier flies,
¶And breaks the Chains from *Peter*'s Hands.
Thy winged *Troops*, O God of Hoſts,
Wait on thy wand'ring Church below;

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*Luke i. 26. †Luke ii. 13. ‖2 Kings vi. 17. ¶Acts xii. 7.

Here we are ſailing to thy Coaſts,
Let Angels be our Convoy too.

5 ‡Are they not all thy Servants, Lord?
At thy Command they go and come;
With chearful Haſte obey thy Word,
And guard thy Children to their Home.

XIX. *Our Bodies frail, and God our Preſerver.*

1 LET others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor Death nor Danger fear;
But we'll confeſs, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble Things we are.

2 Freſh as the Graſs our Bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay,
A bleſting Wind ſweeps o'er the Land,
And fades the Graſs away.

3 Our Life contains a thouſand Springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange! that a Harp of thouſand Strings,
Should keep in Tune ſo long!

4 But 'tis our God ſupports our Frame,
The God that built us firſt;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That rear'd us from the Duſt.

[5 He ſpoke, and ſtrait our Hearts and Brains,
In all their Motions roſe;
Let Blood, ſaid he, *flow round the Veins*,
And round the Veins it flows.

6 While we have Breath, or uſe our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

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‡Heb. i. ult.

XX.

X. *Backslidings and Returns; or, The Inconstancy of our Love.*

WHY is my Heart so far from Thee,
My God, my chief Delight;
Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
With the Thee, no more by Night?

2 Why should my foolish Passions rove?
Where can such Sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy Love,
As I have found in Thee?]

When my forgetful Soul renews
The Savour of thy Grace,
My Heart presumes I cannot lose
The Relish all my Days.

. But e'er one fleeting Hour is past,
The flattering World employs
Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
And to pollute my Joys.

5 Trifles of Nature or of Art,
With fair deceitful Charms,
Intrude upon my thoughtless Heart,
And thrust Thee from my Arms.]

; Then I repent, and vex my Soul,
That I should leave Thee so,
Where will those wild Affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sin's promis'd Joys are turn'd to Pain,
And I am drown'd in Grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my Relief.

3 Seizing my Soul with sweet Surprize,
He draws with loving Bands;
Divine Compassion in his Eyes,
And Pardon in his Hands.]

9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In Chace of false Delight!

Let me be faſten'd to thy Croſs,
Rather than loſe thy Sight.]
[10 Make Haſte, my Days, to reach the Goal,
And bring my Heart to reſt,
On the dear Centre of my Soul,
My God, my Saviour's Breaſt.]

XXI. *A Song of Praiſe to God the Redeemer.*

1 LET the old Heathens tune their Song
Of great *Diana*, and of *Jove*,
But the ſweet Theme that moves my Tongue
Is my Redeemer and his Love.
2 Behold a God deſcends and dies,
To ſave my Soul from gaping Hell;
How the black Gulph where *Satan* lies
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!
3 How Juſtice frown'd, and Vengeance ſtood,
To drive me down to endleſs Pain!
But the great Son propos'd his Blood,
And heav'nly Wrath grew mild again.
4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To Thee be endleſs Honour giv'n;
Thy wond'rous Name ſhall be ador'd,
Round the wide Earth, and wider Heav'n.

XXII. *With God is terrible Majeſty.*

1 TERRIBLE God that reign'ſt on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring Hand!
Thy fiery Bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all Earth or Hell withſtand.
2 This the old Rebel Angels knew,
And *Satan* fell beneath thy Frown:
Thine Arrows ſtruck the Traitor through,
And weighty Vengeance ſunk him down.
3 This *Sodom* felt, and feels it ſtill,
And roars beneath th' eternal Load;

With

With endless Burnings, who can dwell,
Or bear the Fury of a God?

4 Tremble, ye Sinners, and submit,
Throw down your Arms before his Throne,
Bend your Heads low beneath his Feet,
Or his strong Hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, blest Saints, that love him too,
With Rev'rence bow before his Name,
Thus all his heav'nly Servants do:
God is a bright and burning Flame.

XXIII. *The Sight of God and* Christ *in Heaven.*

1 DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy Wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The Reach of these inferior Things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower Sky,
Up where eternal Ages roll,
Where solid Pleasures never die,
And Fruits immortal feast the Soul.

3 O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight,
Of our Almighty Father's Throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with Light,
Cloth'd in a Body like our own.

4 Adoring Saints around him stand,
And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the Man,
And sheds sweet Glories on them all.

5 O what amazing Joys they feel,
While to their golden Harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly Hill,
And spread the Triumphs of their King.

6 When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy Face, and sing, and love.

XXIV. *The Evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels and Men.*

1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the Skies,
And form'd all Nature with a Word,
The joyful Cherubs tun'd his Praise,
And ev'ry bending Throne ador'd.

2 High in the Midst of all the Throng,
Satan, a tall Arch-Angel, sat,
*Amongst the Morning Stars he sung,
'Till Sin destroy'd his heav'nly State.

[3 'Twas Sin that hurl'd him from his Throne,
Grov'ling in Fire the Rebel lies;
†*How art thou sunk in Darkness down,*
Son of the Morning, from the Skies.]

4 And thus our two first Parents stood,
Till Sin defac'd the happy Place;
They lost their Garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn Race.

[5 So sprung the Plague from *Adam*'s Bow'r,
And spread Destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curst Name, and in One Hour,
Spoil'd Six Days Labour of a God.]

6 Tremble, my Soul, and mourn for Grief,
That such a Foe should seize thy Breast;
Fly to the Lord for quick Relief;
O may he slay this treach'rous Guest.

7 Then to thy Throne, victorious King,
Then to thy Throne our Shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting Arm we sing,
For Sin the Monster bleeds and dies.

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* Job xxxviii. 7. † Isaiah xiv. 12.

XXV.

XXV. *Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

1 MY drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish Soul!
Nothing has half thy Work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little Ants for one poor Grain
Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live?

3 We, for whose Sake all Nature stands,
And Stars their Courses move;
We, for whose Guard the Angel Bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown,
He purchas'd with his Blood!

5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, holy Dove, from heav'nly Hill,
And fire and warm our Hearts.

6 Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls shall rise;
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
We'll fly, and take the Prize.

XXVI. *God invisible.*

1 LORD, we are blind, we Mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright Abode;
O 'tis beyond a Creature-mind,
To glance a Thought half-way to God!

2 Infinite Leagues beyond the Sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither Wings nor Souls can fly,
Nor Angels climb the topless Throne.

3 The Lord of Glory builds his Seat
Of Gems insuperably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred Feet,
Substantial Beams of gloomy Night.
4 Yet, Glorious Lord, thy gracious Eyes
Look through, and chear us from above;
Beyond our Praise thy Grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him all his Angels.* Psalm cxlviii. 2.

1 GOD! th' eternal awful Name,
That the whole heav'nly Army fears;
That shakes the wide Creation's Frame,
And *Satan* trembles when he hears.
2 Like Flames of Fire his Servants are,
And Light surrounds his Dwelling Place;
But, O! ye fiery Flames, declare
The brighter Glories of his Face.
3 'Tis not for such poor Worms as we
To speak so infinite a Thing;
But your immortal Eyes survey
The Beauties of your Sov'reign King.
4 Tell how he shews his smiling Face,
And clothes all Heav'n in bright Array;
Triumph and Joys run through the Place,
And Songs eternal as the Day.
5 Speak (for you feel his burning Love)
What Zeal it spreads through all your Frame;
That sacred Fire dwells all above,
For we on Earth have lost the Name.
[6 Sing of his Pow'r and Justice too,
That infinite Right Hand of his,
That vanquish'd *Satan* and his Crew,
And Thunder drove them down from Bliss.]
[7 What mighty Storms of poison'd Darts
Were hurl'd upon the Rebels there!

What

What deadly Jav'lins nail'd their Hearts
Faſt to the Racks of long Deſpair!]

[8 Shout to your King, you heav'nly Hoſt:
You that behold the ſinking Foe;
Firmly ye ſtood when they were loſt;
Praiſe the rich Grace that kept ye ſo.]

9 Proclaim his Wonders from the Skies,
Let ev'ry diſtant Nation hear;
And while you ſound his lofty Praiſe,
Let humble Mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and Eternity.*

1 STOOP down, my Tho'ts, that uſe to riſe,
Converſe awhile with Death;
Think how a gaſping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

2 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,
His Pulſes faint and few,
Then, ſpeechleſs, with a doleful Groan,
He bids the World adieu.

3 But, O the Soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the Clay!
Ye Thoughts, purſue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous Way.

4 Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there;
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Deſpair.

5 And muſt my Body faint and die?
And muſt this Soul remove?
O! for ſome Guardian Angel nigh,
To bear it ſafe above!

6 *Jeſus*, to thy dear faithful Hand
My naked Soul I truſt,
And my Fleſh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Duſt.

XXIX.

XXIX. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

1 JESUS, with all thy Saints above,
My Tongue would bear her Part,
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving Love,
And ſing thy bleeding Heart.

2 Bleſt be the Lamb, my deareſt Lord,
Who bought me with his Blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming Sword
In his own vital Flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive Soul
From *Satan*'s heavy Chains,
And ſent the Lion down to howl,
Where Hell and Horror reigns.

4 All Glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceaſing Praiſe,
While Angels live to know his Name,
Or Saints to feel his Grace.

XXX. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

[1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known;
Join in a Song with ſweet Accord,
And thus ſurround the Throne.

2 The Sorrows of the Mind
Be baniſh'd from the Place!
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our Pleaſure leſs.]

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
That never knew our God,
But Fav'rites of the Heav'nly King,
May ſpeak their Joys abroad.

[4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy Sky,
And manages the Seas.]

5 This

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He shall send down his heav'nly Pow'rs
To carry us above.
6 There we shall see his Face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the Rivers of his Grace,
Drink endless Pleasures in.
7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal State,
The Thoughts of such amazing Bliss
Should constant Joys create.
[8 The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial Fruits on earthly Ground
From Faith and Hope may grow.
9 The Hill of *Sion* yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.
10 Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry;
We're marching through *Immanuel*'s Ground,
To fairer Worlds on high.]

XXXI. Christ's *Presence makes Death easy.*

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous Worms we Mortals are!
Death is the Gate of endless Joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2 The Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife,
Fright our approaching Souls away;
Still we shrink back again to Life,
Fond of our Prison, and our Clay.
3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My Soul should stretch her Wings in Haste,
Fly

Fly fearless through Death's Iron Gate,
Nor feel the Terrors as she pass'd.

4 *Jesus* can make a dying Bed
Feel soft as downy Pillows are,
While on his Breast I lean my Head,
And breathe my Life out sweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and Folly.*

1 HOW short and hasty is our Life!
How vast our Soul's Affairs!
Yet senseless Mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their Years.

2 Our Days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a Moment's Stay,
Just like a Story or a Song,
We pass our Lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the Tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest Hell,
That slight the Joys above!
What Chains of Vengeance should we feel,
That break such Cords of Love!

5 Draw us, O God, with Sov'reign Grace,
And lift our Thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal Race,
And see Salvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The blessed Society in Heaven.*

1 RAISE thee, my Soul, fly up, and run
Through ev'ry heav'nly Street,
And say, There's nought below the Sun
That's worthy of thy Feet.

[2 Thus will we mount on sacred Wings,
And tread the Courts above;

Nor

Nor Earth, nor all her mightieſt Things,
Shall tempt our meaneſt Love.]

3 There, on a high majeſtic Throne,
Th Almighty Father reigns,
And ſheds his glorious Goodneſs down
On all the bliſsful Plains.

4 Bright, like the Sun, the Saviour ſits,
And ſpreads eternal Noon;
No Ev'nings there, nor gloomy Nights,
To want the feeble Moon.

5 Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining Skies
Behold the ſacred Dove,
While baniſh'd Sin and Sorrow flies
From ll the Realms of Love.

6 The glorious Tenants of the Place
Stand bending round the Throne;
And Saints and Seraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three One.

[7 But O what Beams of heav'nly Grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten Thouſand Smiles from *Jeſus*' Face,
And Love in ev'ry Smile!

8 *Jeſus*, and when ſhall that dear Day,
That joyful Hour appear,
When I ſhall leave this Houſe of Clay,
To dwell amongſt 'em there?]

XXXIV. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit*; or, *Fervency of Devotion deſired.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of ſacred Love
In theſe cold Hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of theſe trifling Toys;
Our Souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal Joys.

3 In

3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying Rate;
Our Love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.*

1 LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace,
But our loud Songs shall still record
The Wonders of thy Praise.

2 We raise our Shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to thy Throne,
All Glory to th' UNITED Three,
The Undivided One.

3 'Twas He (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word,
'Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

4 *Hosanna!* let the Earth and Skies
Report the joyful Sound,
Rocks, Hills and Vales, reflect the Voice,
In one eternal Round.

XXXVI. Christ's *Intercession.*

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne,
With his atoning Blood.

2 No

2 No fiery Vengeance now,
Nor burning Wrath comes down;
If Justice calls for Sinners Blood,
The Saviour shews his own.
3 Before his Father's Eye
Our humble Suit he moves,
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
4 Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honour sing,
Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.
[5 We bow before his Face,
And sound his Glories high,
" *Hosanna* to the God of Grace,
" That lays his Thunder by.]
6 " On Earth thy Mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above;"
But, Lord, how weak the mortal Strains
To speak immortal Love!
[7 How jarring and how low,
Are all the Notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour tune our Songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

XXXVII. *The Same.*

1 LIFT up your Eyes to heav'nly Seats,
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital Blood,
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.
3 Petitions now and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off'rings bring,

The

The Prieſt with his own Sacrifice
Preſents them to the King.

[4 Let Papiſts truſt what Names they pleaſe,
Their Saints and Angels boaſt;
We've no ſuch Advocates as theſe,
Nor pray to heav'nly Hoſt.]

5 *Jeſus* alone ſhall bear my Cries
Up to his Father's Throne;
He (deareſt Lord) perfumes my Sighs,
And ſweetens ev'ry Groan.

[6 Ten Thouſand Praiſes to the King,
Hoſanna in the high'ſt;
Ten Thouſand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God, and to his *Chriſt*.]

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

1 HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inſpires the Breaſt,
Love is the brighteſt of the Train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear,
Our ſtubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be abſent there.

3 'Tis Love that makes our cheerful Feet
In ſwift Obedience move,
The Devils know and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.

4 This is the Grace that lives and ſings,
When Faith and Hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful Strings
In the Sweet Realms of Bliſs.

5 Before we quite forſake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

XXXIX.

XXXIX. *The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

1 OUR Days, alas! are mortal Days,
Are short and wretched too;
**Evil* and *Few*, the Patriarch says,
And well the Patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow Bound
That Heav'n allows to Men,
And Pains and Sins run through the Round
Of Threescore Years and Ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my Days in Haste;
Moments of Sin, and Months of Woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly Love prepare my Soul,
And call her to the Skies,
Where Years of long Salvation roll,
And Glory never dies.

XL. *Our Comfort in the Covenant made with* Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his Promise stands,
Ev'n when he hides his Face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's Hands,
His Glory and his Grace.

2 Then why, my Soul, these sad Complaints,
Since *Christ* and we are One?
Thy God is faithful to his Saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,
And Part of Heav'n possest;
I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

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* Gen. xlvii. 9.

XLI. *A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.*

1 UP to the Fields where Angels lie,
And living Waters gently roll,
Fain would my Thoughts leap out and fly,
But Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.

2 Thy wond'rous Blood, dear dying *Christ*,
Can make this Load of Guilt remove;
And thou can'ſt bear me where thou fly'ſt,
On thy kind Wings, celeſtial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and ſee
The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
What little Things theſe Worlds would be!
How deſpicable to my Eyes!

4 Had I a Glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh as tho' I ſaw 'em not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I ſhould perceive the Noiſe no more
Than we can hear a ſhaking Leaf,
While rattling Thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely Face,
And all my Pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing
Thine endleſs Grandeur, and thy Grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

1 MY God, what endleſs Pleaſures dwell
Above, at thy Right Hand!
The Courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy Graces ſtand!

2 The Swallow near thy Temple lies,
And chirps a chearful Note;
The Lark mounts upward to thy Skies,
And tunes her warbling Throat.

3 And

3 And we, when in thy Presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful Tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's Board,
We crown the Feast with Songs.
4 While *Jesus* shines with quick'ning Grace,
We sing and mount on high;
But if a Frown becloud his Face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
[5 Just as we see the lonesome Dove
Bemoan her widow'd State,
Wand'ring she flies thro' all the Grove,
And mourns her loving Mate.
6 Just so our Thoughts from Thing to Thing,
In restless Circles rove;
Just so we droop, and hang the Wing,
When *Jesus* hides his Love.]

XLIII. Christ's *Sufferings and Glory.*

1 NOW for a Tune of lofty Praise,
To great *Jehovah*'s equal Son!
Awake, my Voice, in heav'nly Lays,
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.
2 Sing how he left the Worlds of Light,
And the bright Robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his Flight
On Wings of everlasting Love.
[3 Down to this base, this sinful Earth,
He came to raise our Nature high;
He came t' atone Almighty Wrath;
Jesus the God was born to die.]
[4 Hell and its Lions roar'd around,
His precious Blood the Monsters spilt,
While weighty Sorrows prest him down,
Large as the Loads of all our Guilt.]
5 Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
Th' Almighty Captive Pris'ner lay:

Th' Al-

Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And rose to everlasting Day.

6 Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of shining Grace,
See what immortal Glories sit
Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.

7 Amongst a Thousand Harps and Songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred Name fills all their Tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly Plains.

XLIV. *Hell*; or, *The Vengeance of God.*

1 WITH holy Fear, and humble Song,
The dreadful God our Souls adore;
Rev'rence and Awe become the Tongue
That speaks the Terrors of his Pow'r.

2 Far in the Deep, where Darkness dwells,
The Land of Horror and Despair,
Justice has built a dismal Hell,
And laid her Stores of Vengeance there.

[3 Eternal Plagues and heavy Chains,
Tormenting Racks and fiery Coals,
And Darts t' inflict immortal Pains,
Dy'd in the Blood of damned Souls.]

[4 There *Satan* the first Sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his Iron Bands;
In vain the Rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the Weight of both thy Hands.]

5 There, guilty Ghosts of *Adam*'s Race,
Shriek out and howl beneath thy Rod;
Once they would scorn a Saviour's Grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my Soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinners, obey the Saviour's Call;
Else your Damnation hastens on,
And Hell gapes wide to wait your Fall.

XLV. *God's Condescension to our Worship.*

1 THY Favours, Lord, surprise our Souls,
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the Poles,
To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?
2 Still might he fill his starry Throne,
And please his Ears with *Gabriel*'s Songs;
But heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.
3 Great God, what poor Returns we pay,
For Love so infinite as thine;
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay,
But thy Compassion's all divine.

XLVI. *God's Condescension to Human Affairs.*

1 UP to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlasting Praises fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.
[2 He that can shake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod,
His Goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]
[3 God that must stoop to view the Skies,
And bow to see what Angels do,
Down to our Earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his Footsteps downward too.]
4 He over-rules all mortal Things,
And manages our mean Affairs;
On humble Souls the King of Kings
Bestows his Counsels and his Cares.
5 Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

6 In vain might lofty Princes try
Such Condeſcenſion to perform;
For Worms were never rais'd ſo high,
Above their meaneſt Fellow-Worm.

7 O could our thankful Hearts deviſe
A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
To the Third Heav'n our Songs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden Harps thy Praiſe.

XLVII. *Glory and Grace in the Perſon of* Chri

1 NOW to the Lord a noble Song!
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs Love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in *Jeſus*' Face,
The brighteſt Image of his Grace;
God, in the Perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt Works out-done.

3 The ſpacious Earth, and ſpreading Flood,
Proclaim the wiſe, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich Glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling Star.

4 But in his Looks a Glory ſtands,
The nobleſt Labour of thine Hands:
The pleaſing Luſtre of his Eyes
Out-ſhines the Wonders of the Skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming Theme;
My Thoughts rejoice at *Jeſus*' Name:
Ye Angels dwell upon the Sound,
Ye Heav'ns reflect it to the Ground,

6 O may I live to reach the Place,
Where he unveils his lovely Face;
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And ſing his Name to Harps of Gold!

XLVI

XLVIII. *Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

1 HOW vain are all Things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
Each Pleaſure hath its Poiſon too,
And ev'ry Sweet a Snare.

2 The brighteſt Things below the Sky
Give but a flatt'ring Light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs Delight.

3 Our deareſt Joys, and neareſt Friends,
The Partners of our Blood,
How they divide our wav'ring Minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The Fondneſs of a Creature's Love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the Senſe!
Thither the warm Affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy Beauties be
My Soul's eternal Food;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.

XLIX. Moſes *dying in the Embrace of God.*

1 DEATH cannot make our Souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through her darkeſt Shade,
And never yield to Fear.

2 I could renounce my All below,
If my Creator bid,
And run, if I was call'd to go,
And die as *Moſes* did.

3 Might I but climb to *Piſgah*'s Top,
And view the promis'd Land,
My Fleſh itſelf ſhould long to drop,
And pray for the Command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's Arms,
I wou'd forget my Breath,
And lose my Life among the Charms
Of so divine a Death.

L. *Comfort under Sorrows and Pains.*

1 NOW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my Name upon his Heart;
I would forget my Pains a while,
And in the Pleasure lose the Smart.

2 But, oh! it swells my Sorrows high,
To see my blessed *Jesus* frown;
My Spirits sink, my Comforts die,
And all the Springs of Love are down.

3 Yet why, my Soul, why these Complaints?
Still while he frowns his Bowels move;
Still on his Heart he bears his Saints,
And feels their Sorrows and his Love.

4 My Name is printed on his Breast;
His Book of Life contains my Name:
I'd rather have it there impreſt,
Than in the bright Records of Fame.

5 When the last Fire burns all Things here,
These Letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair Book appear,
Writ by th' Eternal Father's Hand.

6 Now shall my Minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's Will;
My rising and my setting Sun
Roll gently up and down the Hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

1 BRIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our Spirits bow before thy Seat;
To thee we lift an humble Thought,
And worship at thine awful Feet.

[2 Thy

[2 Thy Pow'r hath form'd, thy Wisdom sways
All Nature with a sov'reign Word;
And the bright World of Stars obeys
The Will of their superior Lord.]

[3 Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy Right Hand;
Eternal Justice guards thy Throne,
And Vengeance waits thy dread Command.]

[4 A Thousand Seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the Sons of Light
Pretends Comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human Frame,
Jesus array'd in Flesh and Blood,
Thinks it no Robbery to claim
A full Equality with God.

6 Their Glory shines with equal Beams;
Their Essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by diff'rent Names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the Name of Christ our King,
With equal Honours be ador'd;
His Praise let ev'ry Angel sing,
And all the Nations own the Lord.

LII. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

1 DEATH! 'Tis a melancholy Day,
To those that have no God,
When the poor Soul is forc'd away
To seek her last Abode.

2 In vain to Heav'n she lifts her Eyes,
But Guilt, a heavy Chain,
Still drags her downward from the Skies,
To Darkness, Fire and Pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye Heirs of Hell,
Let stubborn Sinners fear;

You muſt be driv'n from Earth, and dwell
A long *For Ever* there.
4 See how the Pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your Face;
And thou, my Soul, look downwards too,
And ſing recov'ring Grace,
5 He is a God of ſov'reign Grace.
That promis'd Heav'n to me;
And taught my Thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy Spirits be.
6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy Right Hand,
Then come the joyful Day,
Come Death and ſome celeſtial Band,
To bear my Soul away.

LIII. *The Pilgrimage of Saints*; or, *Earth and Heaven.*

1 LORD! what a wretched Land is this,
That yields us no Supply;
No chearing Fruits, no wholeſome Trees,
Nor Streams of living Joy.
2 But pricking Thorns through all the Ground,
And mortal Poiſons grow,
And all the Rivers that are found,
With dang'rous Waters flow.
3 Yet the dear Path to thine Abode
Lies through this horrid Land,
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly Road,
And run at thy Command.
[4 Our Souls ſhall tread the Deſart through
With undiverted Feet;
And Faith and flaming Zeal ſubdue
The Terrors that we meet.]
[5 A thouſand ſavage Beaſts of Prey
Around the Foreſt roam,
But *Judah*'s Lion guards the Way,
And guides the Stangers Home.]

[6 Long

[6 Long Nights and Darkneſs dwell below,
With ſcarce a twinkling Ray;
But the bright World to which we go,
Is everlaſting Day.]

[7 By glimmering Hopes and gloomy Fears
We trace the ſacred Road,
Thro' diſmal Deeps and dang'rous Snares
We make our Way to God.]

8 Our Journey is a thorny Maze,
But we march upward ſtill,
Forget theſe Troubles of the Ways,
And reach at *Sion*'s Hill.

[9 See the kind Angels at the Gates
Inviting us to come;
There *Jeſus* the Fore-runner waits
To welcome Trav'lers Home.]

10 There on a green and flow'ry Mount
Our weary Souls ſhall ſit,
And with tranſporting Joys recount
The Labours of our Feet.

[11 No vain Diſcourſe ſhall fill our Tongue,
Nor Trifles vex our Ear,
Infinite Grace ſhall be our Song,
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal Glories to the King
That brought us ſafely through;
Our Tongue ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
And endleſs Praiſe renew.

LVI. *God's Preſence is Light in Darkneſs.*

1 MY GOD, the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,
The Glory of my brighteſt Days,
And Comfort of my Nights.

In darkeſt Shades if he appear,
My Dawning is begun!

He is my Soul's ſweet Morning-ſtar,
And he my riſing Sun.

3 The op'ning Heav'ns around me ſhine
With Beams of ſacred Bliſs,
While *Jeſus* ſhews his Heart is mine,
And whiſpers, *I am his.*

4 My Soul would leave this heavy Clay
At that tranſporting Word,
Run up with Joy the ſhining Way,
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

5 Fearleſs of Hell and ghaſtly Death,
I'd break through ev'ry Foe;
The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith,
Should bear me Conqu'ror through.

LV. *Frail Life, and ſucceeding Eternity.*

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms are we!

[2 Our waſting Lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As Months and Days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating Pulſe we tell,
Leaves but the Number leſs.

3 The Year rolls round, and ſteals away
The Breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the Grave]

4 Dangers ſtand thick through all the Ground,
To puſh us to the Tomb,
And fierce Diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry Mortals Home.

5 Good God! on what a ſlender Thread!
Hang everlaſting Things!
Th' eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings.

6 Infinite

6 Infinite Joy, or endless Woe,
Attends on every Breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death!
7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,
To walk this dang'rous Road;
And if our Souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

LVI. *The Misery of being without God in this World*; or, *Vain Prosperity.*

1 NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely Great,
Though they increase their golden Store,
And rise to wond'rous Height.
2 They taste of all the Joys that grow
Upon this earthly Clod;
Well they may search the Creature through:
For they have ne'er a God.
3 Shake off the Thoughts of dying too,
And think your Life your own;
But Death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your Glory down.
4 Yes, you must bow your stately Head,
Away your Spirit flies,
And no kind Angel near your Bed,
To bear it to the Skies.
5 Go now, and boast of all your Stores,
And tell how bright you shine;
Your Heaps of glitt'ring Dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The Pleasure of a good Conscience.*

1 LORD, how secure and blest are they,
Who feel the Joys of pardon'd Sin;
Should Storms of Wrath shake Earth and Sea,
Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.

2 The Day glides ſweetly o'er their Heads,
Made up of Innocence and Love;
And ſoft and ſilent as the Shades,
Their nightly Minutes gently move.

[3 Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come on,
But fly not half ſo faſt away,
Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,
And calm as Summer Ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to heav'nly Hills,
Where Groves of living Pleaſure grow,
And longing Hopes and chearful Smiles,
Sit undiſturb'd upon their Brow.]

5 They ſcorn to ſeek our golden Toys,
But ſpend the Day, and ſhare the Night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer Joys,
That Heav'n prepares for their Delight.

6 While wretched we like Worms and Moles
Lie grov'ling in the Duſt below;
Almighty Grace, renew our Souls,
And we'll aſpire to Glory too.

LVIII. *The Shortneſs of Life, and the Goodneſs of God.*

1 TIME! what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how ſwift they are;
Swift as an *Indian* Arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting Star.

[2 The preſent Moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in Haſte,
That we can never ſay, *They're here*,
But only ſay, *They're paſt*.]

[3 Our Life is ever on the Wing,
And Death is ever nigh;
The Moment when our Lives begin,
We all begin to die]

4 Yet,

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting Days
Thy lasting Favours share;
Yet, with the Bounties of thy Grace,
Thou load'st the rolling Year.

5 'Tis sov'reign Mercy finds us Food,
And we are cloath'd with Love:
While Grace stands pointing out the Road
That leads our Souls above.

6 His Goodness runs an endless Round,
All Glory to the Lord:
His Mercy never knows a Bound;
And be his Name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the lasting Song,
And when we close our Eyes,
Let the next Age thy Praise prolong
Till Time and Nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on Earth.*

1 GLORY to God that walks the Sky,
And sends his Blessing through,
That tells his Saints of Joys on high,
And gives a Taste below.

2 Glory to God, that stoops his Throne,
That Dust and Worms may see't,
And brings a Glimpse of Glory down
Around his sacred Feet.

3 When *Christ*, with all his Graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind Beams abroad,
'Tis a young Heav'n on earthly Ground,
And Glory in the Bud.

4 A blooming Paradise of Joy
In this wild Desart springs;
And ev'ry Sense I strait employ
On sweet celestial Things.

5 White Lillies all around appear,
And each his Glory shews:

The Rose of *Sharon* blossoms here,
The fairest Flow'r that blows.

6 Chearful I feast on heav'nly Fruit,
And drink the Pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the Foot
Of the Eternal Throne.]

7 But ah! how soon my Joys decay,
How soon my Sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly Scene away
From these lamenting Eyes!

8 When shall the Time, dear *Jesus*, when
The shining Day appear,
That I shall leave those Clouds of Sin,
And Guilt and Darkness here?

9 Up to the Fields above the Skies
My hasty Feet would go,
There, everlasting Flow'rs arise,
And Joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The Truth of God the Promises*; or, *The Promises are our Security.*

1 PRAISE, everlasting Praise, be paid
To him that Earth's Foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong Decrees
Sway the Creation as he please.

2 Praise to the Goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his People by his Word,
And there, as strong as his Decrees,
He sets his kindest Promises.

[3 Firm as the Words his Prophets give,
Sweet Words on which his Children live;
Each of them is the Voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the Skies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that Sound
That bid the new made Heav'ns go round;
And stronger than the solid Poles,
On which the Wheel of Nature rolls.]

5 Whence

5 Whence then ſhould Doubts and Fears ariſe?
Why trickling Sorrows down our Eyes?
Slowly, alas! our Mind receives
The Comfort that our Maker gives.

6 Oh, for a ſtrong, a laſting Faith,
To credit what th'Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the Meſſage of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.

7 Then ſhould the Earth's old Pillars ſhake,
And all the Wheels of Nature break,
Our ſteady Souls ſhould fear no more
Than ſolid Rocks when Billows roar.

8 Our everlaſting Hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable Skies;
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own Courts his Pow'r ſuſtains.

LXI. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

1 MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this Houſe of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

[2 And you, mine Eyes, look down, and view
The hollow gaping Tomb,
That gloomy Priſon waits for you,
Whene'er the Summons come.]

3 Oh! could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their Stead,
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the Dead.

4 Then ſhould we ſee the Saints above,
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

[5 How ſhould we ſcorn theſe Clothes of Fleſh,
Theſe Fetters and this Load!

And

And long for Ev'ning to undreſs,
That we may reſt with God.]
6 We ſhould almoſt forſake our Clay
Before the Summons come,
And pray, and wiſh our Souls away
To their eternal Home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer*; or, *The Laſt Judgment, and Hell.**

1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly Hoſts,
And thou, O Earth, adore;
Let Death and Hell through all their Coaſts,
Stand trembling at his Pow'r.
2 His ſounding Chariot ſhakes the Sky,
He makes the Clouds his Throne;
There all his Stores of Lightning lie,
Till Vengeance darts them down.
3 His Noſtrils breathe out fiery Streams,
And from his awful Tongue
A ſov'reign Voice divides the Flames,
And Thunder roars along.
4 Think, O my Soul, the dreadful Day,
When the incenſed God
Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea,
And fling his Wrath abroad.
5 What ſhall the Wretch, the Sinner, do?
He once deny'd the Lord;
But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his Word.
6 Tempeſts of angry Fire ſhall roll,
To blaſt the Rebel Worm,
And beat upon his naked Soul,
In one eternal Storm.

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* Made in a great ſudden Storm of Thunder, *Auguſt* the 20th, 1697.

LXIII. *A Funeral Thought.*

1 HARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound,
My Ears attend the Cry,
" Ye living Men, come view the Ground,
" Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2 " Princes, this Clay muſt be your Bed,
" In Spite of all your Tow'rs;
" The Tall, the Wiſe, the Reverend Head,
" Muſt lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain Doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
And yet prepare no more.

4 Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,
To fit our Souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying Fleſh,
We'll riſe above the Sky.

LXIV. *God the Glory and the Defence of* Sion.

1 HAPPY the Church, thou ſacred Place,
The Seat of thy Creator's Grace;
Thine holy Courts are his Abode,
Thou earthly Palace of our God.

2 Thy Walls are Strength, and at thy Gates
A Guard of heav'nly Warriors waits;
Nor ſhall thy deep Foundations move,
Fix'd on his Counſels and his Love.

3 Thy Foes in vain Deſigns engage,
Againſt his Throne in vain they rage,
Like riſing Waves, with angry Roar,
That daſh and die upon the Shore.

4 Then let our Souls in *Sion* dwell,
Nor fear the Wrath of *Rome* and Hell;
His Arms embrace this happy Ground,
Like brazen Bulwarks built around.

5 God

4 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting Moments run,
On us he sheds new Beams of Grace;
And we reflect his brightest Praise.

LXV. *The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

1 WHEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid Farewel to ev'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

2 Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at *Satan*'s Rage,
And face a frowning World.

3 Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All.

4 There I shall bathe my weary Soul
In Seas of heav'nly Rest;
And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Across my peaceful Breast.

LXVI. *A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.*

1 THERE is a Land of pure Delight,
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleasures banish Pain.

2 There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-with'ring Flow'rs:
Death like a narrow Sea divides
This heav'nly Land from ours.

[3 Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,
Stand dress't in living Green;

So

So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* ſtood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous Mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narrow Sea,
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the Brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our Doubts remove
Thoſe gloomy Doubts that riſe,
To ſee the *Cana'n* that we love,
With unbeclouded Eyes.

6 Could we but climb where *Moſes* ſtood,
And view the Landſkip o'er,
Not *Jordan*'s Stream, nor Death's cold Flood,
Should fright us from the Shore.

LXVII. *God's Eternal Dominion.*

1 GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthleſs Worms are we!
Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
And pay their Praiſe to Thee.

2 Thy Throne Eternal Ages ſtood,
E'er Suns or Stars were made;
Thou art the Ever-living God,
Were all the Nations dead.

3 Nature and Time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe Survey,
From the Formation of the Sky,
To the great burning Day.

4 Eternity, with all its Years,
Stands preſent in thy View;
To Thee there's nothing Old appears,
Great God, there's nothing New.

5 Our Lives through various Scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling Cares;
While thine eternal Thought moves on
Thine undiſturb'd Affairs.

6 Great

6 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless Worms are we!
Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
And pay their Praise to Thee.

LXVIII. *The humble Worship of Heaven.*

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The Place of thine Abode;
I'd leave thy earthly Courts, and flee
Up to thy Seat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy distant Face,
And 'tis a pleasing Sight:
But to abide in thy Embrace,
Is infinite Delight.

3 I'd part with all the Joys of Sense,
To gaze upon thy Throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

[4 There all the heav'nly Hosts are seen,
In shining Ranks they move,
And drink immortal Vigour in,
With Wonder, and with Love.

5 Then at thy Feet, with awful Fear,
Th' adoring Armies fall;
With Joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' Eternal ALL.

6 There I would vie with all the Host
In Duty and in Bliss,
While LESS THAN NOTHING I could boast,
*And VANITY confess.

7 The more thy Glories strike mine Eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my Joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

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*Isai. xi. 17.

LXIX.

LXIX. *The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.*

[1 BEGIN my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,
And speak some boundless Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name,
Of our Eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim *Salvation from the Lord*
For wretched dying Men;
His Hand has writ the sacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines,
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze
Those everlasting Lines.]

[5 He that can dash whole Worlds to Death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that Almighty Breath
Fulfils his great Decrees.

6 His very Word of Grace is strong,
As that which built the Skies,
The Voice that rolls the Stars along,
Speaks all the Promises.

7 He said, *Let the wide Heav'n be spread*;
And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad!
Abra'm, *I'll be thy God*, he said,
And he was *Abra'm*'s God.

8 O might I hear thine heav'nly Tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine*,
Those gentle Words should raise my Song
To Notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping Heart rejoice,
And think my Heav'n secure!
I trust the All-creating Voice,
And Faith desires no more.]

LXX.

LXX. *God's Dominion over the Sea.* Pſalm cvii.

1 GOD of the Seas, thy thund'ring Voice
Makes all the roaring Waves rejoice,
And one ſoft Word of thy Command,
Can ſink them ſilent in the Sand.

2 If but a *Moſes* wave thy Rod,
The Sea divides, and owns its God;
The ſtormy Floods their Maker knew,
And let his choſen Armies through.

3 The ſcaly Flocks amidſt the Sea,
To Thee, their Lord, a Tribute pay;
The meaneſt Fiſh that ſwims the Flood
Leaps up, and means a Praiſe to God.

[4 The larger Monſters of the Deep,
On thy Commands Attendance keep,
By thy Permiſſion ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming Way.

5 If God his Voice of Tempeſt rears,
Leviathan lies ſtill, and fears;
Anon he lifts his Noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the Ocean to the Sky.]

6 How is thy glorious Pow'r ador'd
Amidſt theſe wat'ry Nations, Lord?
Yet the bold Men that trace the Seas,
Bold Men, refuſe their Maker's Praiſe.

[7 What Scenes of Miracles they ſee,
And never tune a Song to Thee!
While on the Flood they ſafely ride,
They curſe the Hand that ſmooths the Tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry Graves,
And ſome drink Death among the Waves:
Yet the ſurviving Crew blaſpheme,
Nor own the God that reſcu'd them.]

9 O for ſome Signal of thine Hand!
Shake all the Seas, Lord, ſhake the Land,
Great Judge deſcend, leſt Men deny
That there's a God that rules the Sky.

From

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the Reader will forgive the Neglect of Rhime in the First and Third Lines of the Stanza.

LXXI. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

1 THE Glories of my Maker God
My joyful Voice shall sing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 'Twas his Right Hand that shap'd our Clay,
And wrought this human Frame;
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God,
And worship with our Tongues;
We claim some Kindred with the Skies,
And join th' Angelic Songs.

4 Let grov'ling Beasts of ev'ry Shape,
And Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Rocks, and Trees, and Fires, and Seas,
Their various Tribute bring.

5 Ye Planets to his Honour shine,
And Wheels of Nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied Course
Around the steady Pole.

6 The Brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

LXXII. *The* Lord's Day; or, *The Resurrection of* Christ.

1 BLEST Morning, whose young dawning (Rays
Behold our rising God,
That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his dark Abode,

2 In

2 In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The Third, th' appointed Day.

3 Hell and the Grave unite their Force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.

4 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred Hours we pay,
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.

[5 Salvation and immortal Praise
To our victorious King;
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
With glad *Hosannas* ring.]

LXXIII. *Doubts scattered*; or, *Spiritual Joy restor'd.*

1 HENCE from my Soul, sad Thoughts be gone,
And leave me to my Joys,
My Tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful Noise.

2 Darkness and Doubts had veil'd my Mind,
And drown'd my Head in Tears,
Till sov'reign Grace, with shining Rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.

3 O what immortal Joys I felt,
And Raptures all divine,
When *Jesus* told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine.

4 In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
And breaks my Peace in vain;
One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face,
Revives my Joys again.

LXXIV. *Repentance from a Sense of Divine Goodness*; or, *A Complaint of Ingratitude.*

1 IS this the kind Return,
And these the Thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our Blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn Frame
Has Sin reduc'd our Mind?
What strange rebellious Wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

[3 On us he bids the Sun
Shed his reviving Rays,
For us the Skies their Circles run,
To lengthen out our Days.

4 The Brutes obey their God,
And bow their Necks to Men,
But we more base, more brutish Things,
Reject his easy Reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our Souls afresh,
Break, sov'reign Grace, these Hearts of Stone,
And give us Hearts of Flesh.

6 Let old Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly, as new Mercies fall,
Let hourly Thanks arise.

LXXV. *Spiritual and Eternal Joy*; or, *The beatific Sight of* Christ.

1 FROM Thee, my God, my Joys shall rise,
And run eternal Rounds,
Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
And all created Bounds.

2 The holy Triumphs of my Soul,
Shall Death itself out-brave,

Leave

Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.

3 There where my bleſſed *Jeſus* reigns,
In Heav'n's unmeaſur'd Space,
I'll ſpend a long Eternity
In Pleaſure and in Praiſe.

4 Millions of Years my wond'ring Eyes
Shall o'er thy Beauties rove,
And, endleſs Ages, I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.

[5 Sweet *Jeſus*, ev'ry Smile of thine
Shall freſh Endearments bring,
And Thouſand Taſtes of new Delight
From all my Graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy bleſt Abode;
Fly, for my Spirit longs to ſee
My Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion of* Chriſt.

1 *HOSANNA* to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himſelf in Clay,
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.

2 Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our *Immanuel* roſe,
He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh Foes.

3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Fleſh,
And Triumph in his Eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters Bleſſings down,
Our *Jeſus* fills the middle Seat
Of the Cleſtial Throne.

[5 Raiſe

[5 Raiſe your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
To reach his bleſt Abode,
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
To our incarnate God.
6 Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt Strings,
Your ſweeteſt Voices raiſe;
Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
Sound our *Immanuel*'s Praiſe.]

LXXVII. *The Chriſtian Warfare.*

[1 STAND up, my Soul, ſhake off thy Fears,
And gird the Goſpel Armour on;
March to the Gates of endleſs Joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
2 Hell and thy Sins reſiſt thy Courſe,
But Hell and Sin are vanquiſh'd Foes;
Thy *Jeſus* nail'd them to the Croſs,
And ſung the Triumph when he roſe.]
[3 What though the Prince of Darkneſs rage,
And waſte the Fury of his Spite;
Eternal Chains confine him down
To fiery Deeps, and endleſs Night.
4 What though thy inward Luſts rebel;
'Tis but a ſtruggling Gaſp for Life;
The Weapons of victorious Grace
Shall ſlay thy Sins, and end the Strife.]
5 Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly Gate,
There Peace and Joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.
6 There ſhall I wear a ſtarry Crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace;
While all the Armies of the Skies
Join in my glorious Leader's Praiſe.

LXXVIII. *Redemption of* Christ.

1 WHEN the first Parents of our Race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the Infection of their Sin,
Had tainted all our Blood;
2 Infinite Pity touch'd the Heart
Of the Eternal *SON*,
Descending from the heav'nly Court,
He left his Father's Throne.
3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine Array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a Veil
Of our inferior Clay.
4 His living Pow'r, and dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men;
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.
5 To Thee, dear Lord, our Flesh and Soul
We joyfully resign,
Blest *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.
6 Thine Honour shall for ever be
The Bus'ness of our Days,
For ever shall our thankful Tongues
Speak thy deserved Praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.
2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief,
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

3 Dow

3 Down from the ſhining Seats above
With joyful Haſte he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Fleſh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

4 He ſpoil'd the Pow'rs of Darkneſs thus,
And brake our Iron Chains;
Jeſus has freed our Captive Souls
From everlaſting Pains.

[5 In vain the baffled Prince of Hell
His curſed Projects tries,
We, that were doom'd his endleſs Slaves,
Are rais'd above the Skies.]

6 O for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their laſting Silence break;
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praiſes ſpeak.

[7 Yes, we will praiſe Thee, dearest Lord,
Our Souls are all on Flame;
Hoſanna round the ſpacious Earth
To thine adored Name.

8 Angels aſſiſt our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

LXXX. *God's awful Power and Goodneſs.*

1 O THE Almighty Lord!
How matchleſs is his Pow'r!
Tremble, O Earth, beneath his Word,
While all the Heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imperious Kings
Bow low before his Throne;
Crouch to his Feet, ye haughty Things,
Or he ſhall tread you down.

3 Above the Skies he reigns,
And with amazing Blows
He deals insufferable Pains
On his rebellious Foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy Praise;
Thy Sceptre's equal to thy Rod,
The Sceptre of thy Grace.

5 The Arms of mighty Love
Defend our *Sion* well,
And heav'nly Mercy walls us round
From *Babylon* and Hell.

6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above;
Thus we adore the God of Might,
And bless the God of Love.

LXXXI. *Our Sin the Cause of* Christ's *Death.*

1 AND now the Scales have left mine Eyes,
Now I begin to see;
Oh the curs'd Deeds my Sins have done!
What murd'rous Things they be!

2 Were these the Traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair Body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly Limbs
With Floods of purple Gore?

3 Was it for Crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,
When Justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his Soul to Pain?

4 Forgive my Guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence, from my Heart, ye Sins be gone,
For *Jesus* I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly Arms,
From Grace's Magazine;

A

And I'll proclaim eternal War
With ev'ry darling Sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.*

1 ARISE, my Soul, my joyful Pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my Voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.
2 He rais'd me from the Deeps of Sin,
The Gates of gaping Hell,
And fix'd my Standing more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.
3 The Arms of everlaſting Love
Beneath my Soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages ſet
My ſlipp'ry Footſteps faſt.
4 The City of my bleſt Abode
Is wall'd around with Grace,
Salvation for a Bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the Sacred Place.
5 *Satan* may vent his ſharpeſt Spite,
And all his Legions roar,
Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
And bounds his raging Pow'r.
6 Ariſe, my Soul, awake, my Voice,
And Tunes of Pleaſure ſing,
Loud *Hallelujahs* ſhall addreſs
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The Paſſion and Exaltation of* Chriſt.

1 THUS ſaith the Ruler of the Skies,
Awake my dreadful Sword;
Awake, my Wrath, and ſmite the Man,
My Fellow, ſaith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread Command,
And armed down ſhe flies,
Jeſus ſubmits t' his Father's Hand,
And bows his Head and dies.

3 But Oh! the Wiſdom and the Grace
That join with Vengeance now!
He dies to ſave our guilty Race,
And yet he riſes too.

4 A Perſon ſo divine as he,
Who yielded to be ſlain,
That he could give his Soul away,
And take his Life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let ev'ry Nation ſing,
And Angels ſound with endleſs Joy
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The ſame.*

1 COME, all harmonious Tongues,
Your nobleſt Muſic bring,
'Tis *Chriſt*, the everlaſting God,
And *Chriſt*, the Man, we ſing.

2 Tell how he took our Fleſh,
To take away our Guilt,
Sing the dear Drops of ſacred Blood
That helliſh Monſter ſpilt.

[3 Alas, the cruel Spear
Went deep into his Side,
And the rich Flood of purple Gore
Their murd'rous Weapons dy'd.]

[4 The Waves of ſwelling Grief
Did o'er his Boſom roll,
And Mountains of Almighty Wrath
Lay heavy on his Soul.]

5 Down to the Shades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head;

Yet he arose to live and reign,
When Death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody Spear,
The Cross and Nails no more;
For Hell itself shakes at his Name,
And all the Heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's Throne;
The Father lays his Vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full Glories shine
With uncreated Rays,
And bless his Saints and Angels Eyes
To everlasting Days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

1 WHY does your Face, ye humble Souls,
Those mournful Colours wear?
What Doubts are these that waste your Faith,
And nourish your Despair?

2 What, though your num'rous Sins exceed
The Stars that fill the Skies,
And aiming at th' Eternal Throne,
Like pointed Mountains rise?

3 What, though your mighty Guilt beyond
The wide Creation swell,
And has its curs'd Foundations laid
Low as the Deeps of Hell?

4 See here an endless Ocean flows
Of never-failing Grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's Veins
The sacred Flood increase!

5 It rises high, and drowns the Hills,
'T has neither Shore nor Bound;
Now if we search to find our Sins,
Our Sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our Hearts, adore the Grace
That buries all our Faults,
And pard'ning Blood that ſwells above
Our Follies and our Thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from Sin and Miſery in Heaven.*

1 OUR Sins, alas, how ſtrong they be!
And like a violent Sea,
They break our Duty, Lord, to Thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The Waves of Trouble how they riſe!
How loud the Tempeſts roar!
But Death ſhall land our weary Souls
Safe on the heav'nly Shore.

3 There to fulfil his ſweet Commands
Our ſpeedy Feet ſhall move,
No Sin ſhall clog our winged Zeal,
Or cool our burning Love.

4 There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell
The Wonders of his Grace,
Till heav'nly Raptures fire our Hearts,
And ſmile in every Face.

5 For ever his dear ſacred Name
Shall dwell upon our Tongue,
And *Jeſus* and Salvation be
The Cloſe of ev'ry Song.

LXXXVII. *The Divine Glories above our Reaſon.*

1 HOW wond'rous great, how glorious (bright
Muſt our Creator be,
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling Light
Of vaſt Infinity?

2 Our ſoaring Spirits upwards riſe
Tow'rd the Celeſtial Throne,
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed Three,
And the Almighty One.

3 Our

3 Our Reaſon ſtretches all its Wings,
And climbs above the Skies;
But ſtill how far beneath thy Feet
Our grov'ling Reaſon lies!
[4 Lord, here we bend our humble Souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak Pinions of our Mind
Can ſtretch a Thought no more.]
5 Thy Glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring Tongue;
In vain the higheſt Seraph tries
To form an equal Song.
[6 In humble Notes our Faith adores
The great myſterious King,
While Angels ſtrain their nobler Pow'rs,
And ſweep th' immortal String.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

1 SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!
'Tis Pleaſure to our Ears;
A ſov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.
2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay;
But we ariſe by Grace divine
To ſee a heav'nly Day.
3 Salvation! let the Eccho fly
The ſpacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conſpire to raiſe the Sound.

LXXXIX. Chriſt's *Victory over Satan.*

1 *HOSANNA* to our conqu'ring King,
The Prince of Darkneſs flies,
His Troops ruſh headlong down to Hell,
Like Lightning from the Skies.

2 There, bound in Chains, the Lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd Sheep;
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

3 *Hosanna* to our conqu'ring King,
All hail incarnate Love!
Ten Thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

4 Thy Vict'ries, and thy deathless Fame,
Through the wide World shall run,
And everlasting Ages sing
The Triumphs thou hast won.

XC. *Faith in* Christ *for Pardon and Sanctification.*

1 HOW sad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin how deep it stains!
And *Satan* binds our captive Minds
Fast in his slavish Chains.

2 But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the sacred Word,
Ho, ye despairing Sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
And runs to this Relief;
I would believe thy Promise, Lord,
Oh, help my Unbelief.

[4 To the dear Fountain of thy Blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted Soul
From Crimes of deepest Dye.]

5 Stretch our thine Arm, victorious King,
My reigning Sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With all his hellish Crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm,
On thy kind Arms I fall;

Be

Be thou my Strength and Righteouſneſs,
My *Jeſus*, and my All.

XCI. *The Glory of* Chriſt *in Heaven.*

1 O The Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where *Jeſus* ſheds the brighteſt Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace!

2 Sweet Majeſty and awful Love
Sit ſmiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above,
At humble Diſtance bow.

[3 Princes, to his imperial Name,
Bend their bright Sceptres down,
Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs rejoice
To ſee him wear the Crown.]

4 Archangels ſound his lofty Praiſe
Through ev'ry heav'nly Street;
And lay their higheſt Honours down,
Submiſſive at his Feet.

5 Thoſe ſoft, thoſe bleſſed Feet of his,
That once rude Iron tore,
High on a Throne of Light they ſtand,
And all the Saints adore.

6 His Head, the dear Majeſtick Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories ſhine,
And circle it around.

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unſeen adore;
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts ſhall love him more.

[8 Lord, how our Souls are all on Fire
To ſee thy bleſt Abode,
Our Tongues rejoice in Tunes of Praiſe
To our incarnate God.

9 And whilst our Faith enjoys this Sight,
We long to leave our Clay,
And wish thy fiery Chariots, Lord,
To fetch our Souls away.]

XCII. *The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.*

Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
Through the whole Nations run;
Ye *British* Skies, resound the Noise
Beyond the rising Sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
Thee, our glad Voices sing,
And join with the Celestial Choir
To praise th' Eternal King.

3 Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
And on the starry Skies
Sit smiling at the weak Designs
Thine envious Foes devise.

4 Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And, with an awful Frown,
Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
And shakes their *Babel* down.

[5 There secret Fires in Caverns lay,
And we the Sacrifice;
But gloomy Caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all searching Eyes.

6 Their dark Designs were all reveal'd,
Their Treasons all betray'd;
Praise to the Lord that broke the Snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy Sons of Hell
Still new Rebellions try,
Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage,
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty

8 Almighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Pow'r;
Let *Britain* with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

XCIII. *God all, and in all,* Pſalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee, I call,
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.

[2 Thy ſhining Grace can chear
This Dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.]

[3 The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis Heav'n to reſt in thine Embrace,
And no where elſe but there.]

[4 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The Angels owe their Bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious Throne,
And dwell where *Jeſus* is.]

[5 Not all the Harps above
Can make a heav'nly Place,
If God his Reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his Face.]

6 Nor Earth, nor all the Sky,
Can one Delight afford,
No, not a Drop of real Joy
Without thy Preſence, Lord.

7 Thou art the Sea of Love,
Where all my Pleaſures roll;
The Circle where my Paſſions move,
And Center of my Soul.

[8 To Thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Deſire,

And

And yet how far from Thee I lie!
Dear *Jesus*, raise me higher.

XCIV. *God my only Happiness*, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but Thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly Ball.

[2 What empty Things are all the Skies,
And this inferior Clod?
There's nothing here deserves my Joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

[3 In vain the bright, the burning Sun,
Scatters his feeble Light;
'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

4 And whilst upon my restless Bed,
Amongst the Shades, I roll,
If my Redeemer shew his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.]

5 To Thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,
And Health and safe Abode;
Thanks to thy Name for meaner Things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a Toy is glitt'ring Wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee?
Or what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me?

7 Were I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own,
Without thy Graces and thyself,
I was a Wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
And grasp in all the Shore,
Grant me the Visits of thy Face,
And I desire no more.

XCV.

XCV. *Look on him, whom they pierced, and mourn.*

1 INFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord;
Hell and the *Jews* conſpir'd his Death,
And us'd the *Roman* Sword.

2 Oh the ſharp Pangs of ſmarting Pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
His ſacred Body tore!

3 But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
In vain do I accuſe,
In vain I blame the *Roman* Bands,
And the more ſpiteful *Jews*.

4 'Twere you, my Sins, my cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were;
Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down
Upon his guiltleſs Head:
Break, break, my Heart, O burſt, mine Eyes,
And let my Sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul,
Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown mine Eyes
In undiſſembled Woe.

XCVI. *Diſtinguiſhing Love*; or, *Angels puniſhed, and Men ſaved.*

1 DOWN headlong, from their native Skies,
The Rebel-Angels fell,
And Thunder-bolts of flaming Wrath
Purſu'd them deep to Hell.

2 Down from the Top of earthly Bliſs
Rebellious Man was hurl'd;

And

And *Jesus* stoop'd beneath the Grave,
To reach a sinking World.

3 O Love of infinite Degree!
Unmeasurable Grace!
Must Heav'n's eternal Darling die
To save a trait'rous Race?

4 Must Angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless Fire,
While God forsakes his shining Throne,
To raise us Wretches higher?

5 Oh! for this Love, let Earth and Skies
With *Hallelujahs* ring,
And the full Choir of human Tongues
All *Hallelujahs* sing.

XCVII. *The same.*

1 FROM Heav'n the sinning Angels fell,
And Wrath and Darkness chain'd them (down;
But Man, vile Man, forsook his Bliss,
And Mercy lifts him to a Crown.

2 Amazing Work of sov'reign Grace,
That could distinguish Rebels so!
Our guilty Treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting Fetters too.

3 To Thee, to Thee, Almighty Love,
Our Souls, ourselves, our All we pray;
Millions of Tongues shall sound thy Praise
On the bright Hills of heav'nly Day.

XCVIII. *Hardness of Heart complained of.*

1 MY Heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies,
Heavy and cold within my Breast,
Just like a Rock of Ice!

2 Sin, like a raging Tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty Throne,

And

And ev'ry Grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this Heart of Stone.
3 How ſeldom do I riſe to God,
Or taſte the Joys above?
This Mountain preſſes down this Faith,
And chills my flaming Love.
4 When ſmiling Mercy courts my Soul
With all its heav'nly Charms,
This ſtubborn, this relentleſs Thing,
Would thruſt it from my Arms.
5 Againſt the Thunders of thy Word,
Rebellious I have ſtood;
My Heart! it ſhakes not at the Wrath
And Terrors of a God.
6 Dear Saviour, ſteep this Rock of mine
In thine own Crimſon Sea!
None but a Bath of Blood divine
Can melt the Flint away.

XCIX. *The Book of God's Decrees.*

1 LET the whole Race of Creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his ſov'reign Voice has form'd
He governs with a Nod.
[2 Ten Thouſand Ages e'er the Skies
Were into Motion brought;
All the long Years, and Worlds to come,
Stood preſent to his Thought.
3 There's not a Sparrow, or a Worm,
But's found in his Decrees;
He raiſes Monarchs on their Thrones,
And ſinks them as he pleaſe.]
4 If Light attends the Courſe I run,
'Tis he provides thoſe Rays;
And 'tis his Hand that hides my Sun,
If Darkneſs cloud my Days.

5 Yet

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The Volumne of his deep Decrees,
What Months are writ for me.
6 When he reveals the Book of Life,
O may I read my Name
Amongst the chosen of his Love,
The Foll'wers of the Lamb.

C. *The Presence of* Christ *is the Life of my Soul.*

[1 HOW full of Anguish is the Thought?
How it distracts and tears my Heart?
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my Soul, *Depart.*]
2 Lord, when I quit this earthly Stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy Breast?
For I have sought no other Home;
For I have learnt no other Rest.
3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some Glimpses of thy Face;
And Heav'n, without thy Presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome Place.
4 When earthly Cares engross the Day,
And hold my Thoughts aside from Thee,
The shining Hours of chearful Light,
Are long and tedious Years to me.
5 And if no Ev'ning Visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my Soul,
How dull the Night! how sad the Shade!
How mournfully the Minutes roll!
6 This Flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my Blood;
To breathe when vital Air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my Food.
[7 *Christ* is my Light, my Love, my Care,
My blessed Hope, my heav'nly Prize;

Dearer

Dearer than all my Paſſions are,
My Limbs, my Bowels, or my Eyes.
8 The Strings that twine about my Heart,
Tortures and Racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear Hold of *Chriſt* my Love.]
[9 My God! and can an humble Child,
That loves Thee with a Flame ſo high,
Be never from thy Face exil'd
Without the Pity of thine Eye?
10 Impoſſible---For thine own Hands
Have tied my Heart ſo faſt to Thee;
And in the Book the Promiſe ſtands,
That where thou art, thy Friends muſt be.]

CI. *The World's three chief Temptations.*

1 WHEN, in the Light of Faith Divine,
We look on Things below,
Honour, and Gold, and ſenſual Joy,
How vain and dang'rous too?
[2 Honour's a Puff of noiſy Breath;
Yet Men expoſe their Blood,
And venture everlaſting Death
To gain that airy Good.
3 Whilſt others ſtarve the nobler Mind,
And feed on ſhining Duſt;
They rob the Serpent of his Food,
'T indulge a ſordid Luſt.]
4 The Pleaſures that allure our Senſe
Are dang'rous Snares to Souls;
There's but a Drop of flatt'ring Sweet,
And daſh'd with bitter Bowls.
5 God is my All-ſufficient Good,
My Portion and my Choice;
In him my vaſt Deſires are fill'd,
And all my Pow'rs rejoice.

6 In

6 In vain the World accoſts my Ear,
And tempts my Heart anew;
I cannot buy your Bliſs ſo dear,
Nor part with Heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy Reſurrection.*

1 NO, I'll repine at Death no more,
But with a chearful Gaſp reſign
To the cold Dungeon of the Grave,
Theſe dying, with'ring Limbs of mine.

2 Let Worms devour my waſting Fleſh,
And crumble all my Bones to Duſt;
My God ſhall raiſe my Frame anew,
At the Revival of the Juſt.

3 Break, ſacred Morning, through the Skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful, Day;
Cut ſhort the Hours, dear Lord, and come,
Thy ling'ring Wheels, how long they ſtay!

[4 Our weary Spirits faint to ſee
The Light of thy returning Face,
And hear the Language of thoſe Lips,
Where God has ſhed his richeſt Grace.]

[5 Haſte then upon the Wings of Love,
Rouſe all the pious ſleeping Clay,
That we may join in heav'nly Joys,
And ſing the Triumph of the Day.]

CIII. Chriſt's *Commiſſion*, John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy Souls, approach your God,
With new melodious Songs;
Come, render to Almighty Grace
The Tribute of your Tongues.

2 So ſtrange, ſo boundleſs was the Love,
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father ſent his equal Son
To give them Life again.

3 Thy

3 Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging Sword
No hard Commission to perform
The Vengeance of a God.

4 But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forsook the Throne;
When *Christ* on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

5 Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's Love,
And give the Father Praise.

CIV. *The same.*

1 RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune.
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

3 His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror clothes his Brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with Pardon down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrow cease;

Bow

Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy Call,
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy Name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.*

1 AND are we Wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell.

2 The Burthen of our weighty Guilt
Would ſink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To cruſh our feeble Frames.

3 Almighty Goodneſs cries, *Forbear*,
And ſtrait the Thunder ſtays;
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin;
Our aching Hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What Rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye Luſts, ſhall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the Croſs.*

1 O If my Soul was form'd for Woe,
How would I vent my Sighs!
Repentance ſhould like Rivers flow
From both my ſtreaming Eyes.

2 'Twas for my Sins my deareſt Lord
Hung on the curſed Tree,

And

And groan'd away a dying Life
For Thee, my Soul, for Thee.

3 O how I hate those Lusts of mine,
That crucify'd my God;
Those Sins that pierc'd and nail'd his Flesh
Fast to the fatal Wood.

4 Yes, my dear Redeemer, they shall die,
My Heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty Things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst, with a melting broken Heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise Revenge against my Sins,
And slay the Murd'rers too.

CVII. *The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

1 THAT awful Day will surely come,
Th' appointed Hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn Test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my Heart,
How could I bear to hear thy Voice
Pronounce the Sound, *Depart?*

[3 The Thunder of that dismal Word
Would so torment my Ear,
'Twould tear my Soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting Fear.]

[4 What, to be banish'd from my Life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal Pain,
Yet Death for ever fly?]

5 O wretched State of deep Despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful Station where
I must not taste his Love.

6 *Jesus*

6 *Jesus*, I throw my Arms around,
And hang upon thy Breast;
Without a gracious Smile from Thee,
My Spirit cannot rest.

7 O tell me that my worthless Name
Is graven on thy Hands,
Shew me some Promise in thy Book
Where my Salvation stands.

[8 Give me one kind assuring Word
To sink my Fears again;
And chearfully my Soul shall wait
Her Threscore Years and Ten.]

CVIII. *Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.*

1 COME, let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Court above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a Throne of Love.

2 Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And shot devouring Flame;
Our God appear'd *Consuming Fire*,
And Vengeance was his Name.

3 Rich were the Drops of *Jesus*' Blood
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd his Wrath to Grace.

4 Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double-flaming Sword.

5 The peaceful Gates of heav'nly Bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

6 To Thee Ten Thousand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;

An

And Glory to th' eternal King
That lays his Fury by.

CIX. *The Darkness of Providence.*

1 LORD, we adore thy vast Designs,
Th' obscure Abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.
2 Now thou array'st thine awful Face,
In angry Frowns, without a Smile;
We through the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassions still.
3 Through Seas and Storms of deep Distress
We sail by Faith, and not by Sight;
Faith guides us in the Wilderness,
Through all the Briars and the Night.
4 Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine Arm shall bear us safely through.

CX. *Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection.*

1 AND must this Body die?
This mortal Frame decay?
And must these active Limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the Clay?
2 Corruption, Earth and Worms,
Shall but refine this Flesh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the Skies
Looks down, and watches all my Dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious Grace
Shall these vile Bodies shine,
And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lovely Hopes we owe
To *Jesus'* dying Love;
We would adore his Grace below,
And sing his Pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the Praise
Of these our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
With our immortal Tongues.

CXI. *Thanksgiving for Victory*; or, *God's Dominion, and our Deliverance.*

1 ZION rejoice, and *Judah* sing;
The Lord assumes his Throne;
Let *Britain* own the heav'nly King,
And make his Glories known.

2 The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud,
From their high Seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a Cloud,
And thunders through the World.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal Hills,
Distributes mortal Crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
And totter at his Frowns.

4 Navies that rule the Ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his Breath;
And Legions, arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,
Descend to wat'ry Death.

5 Let Tyrants make no more Pretence
To vex our happy Land;
Jehovah's Name is our Defence,
Our Buckler is his Hand.

[6 Long may the King, our Sov'reign, live,
To rule us by his Word,

An

And all the Honours he can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

CXII. *Angels ministring to* Christ *and Saints.*

1 GREAT God, to what a glorious Height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son?
Angels, in all their Robes of Light,
Are made the Servants of his Throne.

2 Before his Feet their Armies wait,
And swift as Flames of Fire they move,
To manage his Affairs of State,
In Works of Vengeance or of Love.

3 His Orders run through all their Hosts,
Legions descend at his Command,
To shield and guard the *British* Coasts,
When foreign Rage invades our Land.

4 Now they are sent to guard our Feet
Upon the Gates of thine Abode,
Through all the Dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly Road.

[5 Lord, when I leave this mortal Ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved Angel down
Safe to conduct my Spirit home.

CXIII. *The same.*

1 THE Majesty of *Solomon!*
How glorious to behold!
The Servants waiting round his Throne,
The Iv'ry and the Gold!

2 But mighty God, thy Palace shines
With far superior Beams;
Thine Angel Guards are swift as Winds,
Thy Ministers are Flames.

[3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His Entrance on the Earth,

A ſhining Army downward fled
To celebrate his Birth.

4 And when oppreſt with Pains and Fears,
On the cold Ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly Form appears
T' allay his Agonies.]

5 Now to the Hands of *Chriſt* our King
Are all their Legions giv'n;
They wait upon his Saints, and bring
His choſen Heirs to Heav'n.

6 Pleaſure and Praiſe run through their Hoſt
To ſee a Sinner turn;
Then *Satan* has a Captive loſt,
And *Chriſt* a Subject born.

7 But there's an Hour of brighter Joy,
When he his Angels ſends
Obſtinate Rebels to deſtroy,
And gather in his Friends.

8 O! could I ſay, without a Doubt,
There ſhall my Soul be found,
Then let the great Arch-Angel ſhout,
And the laſt Trumpet ſound.

CXIV. Chriſt's *Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

1 I Sing my Saviour's wond'rous Death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
'Tis finiſh'd, ſaid his dying Breath,
And ſhook the Gates of Hell.

2 *'Tis finiſh'd,* our *Emanuel* cries,
The dreadful Work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign Throne ariſe,
His Kingdom is begun.

3 His Croſs a ſure Foundation laid
For Glory and Renown,
When through the Regions of the Dead
He paſs'd to reach the Crown.

4 Exalted

4 Exalted at his Father's Side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To Heav'n and Hell his Hands divide
The Vengeance or Reward.

5 The Saints, from his propitious Eye,
Await their several Crowns,
And all the Sons of Darkness fly
The Terrors of his Frowns.

CXV. *God the Avenger of his Saints*; or, *His Kingdom Supreme.*

1 HIGH as the Heav'ns above the Ground
Reigns the Creator, God,
Wide as the whole Creation's Bound
Extends his awful Rod.

2 Let Princes of exalted State
To him ascribe their Crown,
Render their Homage at his Feet,
And cast their Glories down.

3 Know that his Kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty Thoughts are vain;
He calls you *Gods*, that awful Name,
But ye must die like Men.

4 Then let the Sov'reigns of the Globe
Nor dare to vex the Just;
He puts on Vengeance like a Robe,
And treads the Worm to Dust.

5 Ye Judges of the Earth, be wise,
And think on Heav'n with Fear;
The meanest Saint that you despise,
Has an Avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and Thanks.*

1 HOW can I sink with such a Prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the Earth's huge Pillars up,
And spreads the Heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die while *Jesus* lives,
Who rose and left the Dead?
Pardon and Grace my Soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whatever my Duty bids me give,
My chearful Hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some Reserve,
And Duty did not call,
I love my God with Zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with God present.*

1 I Cannot bear thy Absence, Lord,
My Life expires if Thou depart;
Be thou, my Heart, still near my God,
And Thou, my God, be near my Heart.

2 I was not born for Earth and Sin,
Nor can I live on Things so vile;
Yet I would stay my Father's Time,
And hope and wait for Heav'n a while.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine Embrace
Let me resign my fleeting Breath,
And, with a Smile upon my Face,
Pass the important Hour of Death.

CXVIII. *The Priesthood of* Christ.

1 BLOOD has a Voice to pierce the Skies;
Revenge, the Blood of *Abel* cries:
But the dear Stream, when *Christ* was slain,
Speaks *Peace*, as loud, from ev'ry Vein.

2 Pardon and Peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his Vengeance by,
And Rebels, that deserv'd his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To

3 To *Jesus* let our Praises rise,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

CXIX. *The Holy Scriptures.*

1 LADEN with Guilt, and full of Fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord,
And not a Glimpse of Hope appears
But in thy written Word.

2 The Volume of my Father's Grace
Does all my Griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's Face
Almost in ev'ry Page.

[3 This is the Field where hidden lies
The Pearl of Price unknown;
That Merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the Pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated Water flows
To quench my Thirst of Sin;
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
No Danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the Judge that ends the Strife
Where Wit and Reason fail;
My Guide to everlasting Life,
Through all this gloomy Vale.

6 O may thy Counsels, mighty God,
My roving Feet command,
Nor I forsake the happy Road,
That leads to thy Right Hand.

CXX. *The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.*

1 THE Lord declares his Will,
And keeps the World in Awe;
Amidst the Smoke on *Sinai*'s Hill,
Breaks out his fiery Law.

2 The Lord reveals his Face,
And, ſmiling from above,
Sends down the Goſpel of his Grace,
Th' Epiſtles of his Love.

3 Theſe ſacred Words impart
Our Maker's juſt Commands;
The Pity of his melting Heart,
And Vengeance of his Hands.

[4 Hence we awake our Fear,
We draw our Comfort hence;
The Arms of Grace are treaſur'd here,
And Armour of Defence.

5 We learn *Chriſt* crucify'd,
And here behold his Blood;
All Arts and Knowledges beſide
Will do us little Good.]

6 We read the heav'nly Word,
We take the offer'd Grace,
Obey the Statutes of the Lord,
And truſt his Promiſes.

7 In vain ſhall *Satan* rage
Againſt a Book divine;
Where Wrath and Lightning guards the Page,
Where Beams of Mercy ſhine.

CXXI. *The Law and Goſpel diſtinguiſhed.*

1 THE Law commands, and makes us know
What Duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the Goſpel muſt reveal
Where lies our Strength to do his Will.

2 The Law diſcovers Guilt and Sin,
And ſhews how vile our Hearts have been,
Only the Goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving Love and cleanſing Grace.

3 What Curſes doth the Law denounce
Againſt the Man that fails but once?

But

But in the Gospel *Christ* appears
Pard'ning the Guilt of num'rous Years.

4 My Soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy Life and Comfort from the Law,
Fly to the Hope the Gospel gives;
The Man that trusts the Promise, lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and Meditation.*

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A Stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a Thousand Thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest Love.

2 Why should my Passions mix with Earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly Birth?
Why should I cleave to Things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from Flesh and Sense,
One sov'reign Word can draw me thence;
I would obey the Voice Divine,
And all inferior Joys resign.

4 Be Earth with all her Scenes withdrawn;
Let Noise and Vanity be gone;
In secret Silence of the Mind
My Heav'n, and there my God, I find.

CXXIII. *The Benefit of public Ordinances.*

1 AWAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
Away from Earth our Souls retreat;
We leave this worthless World afar,
And wait and worship near thy Seat.

2 Lord, in the Temple of thy Grace,
We see thy Feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.

3 While here our various Wants we mourn,
United Groans ascend on high,

And Prayer bears a quick Return
Of Blessings in Variety.

[4 If *Satan* rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some chearing Word;
We gird the Gospel-Armour on
To fight the Battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our Spirit faints and dies,
(Our Conscience gall'd with inward Stings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise
With healing-Beams beneath his Wings.]

6 Father, my Soul would still abide
Within thy Temple, near thy Side;
But if my Feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

CXXIV. Moses, Aaron, *and* Joshua.

1 'TIS not the Law of Ten Commands,
On holy *Sinai* giv'n,
Or sent to Men by *Moses*' Hands,
Can bring us safe to Heav'n.

2 'Tis not the Blood which *Aaron* spilt,
Nor Smoke of sweetest Smell,
Can buy a Pardon for our Guilt,
Or save our Souls from Hell.

3 *Aaron*, the Priest, resigns his Breath
At God's immediate Will;
And in the Desart, yields to Death
Upon th' appointed Hill.

4 And thus on *Jordan*'s yonder Side
The Tribes of *Israel* stand;
While *Moses* bow'd his Head and died,
Short of the promis'd Land.

5 *Israel*, rejoice, now * *Joshua* leads,
He'll bring your Tribes to Rest;

* *Joshua* the same with *Jesus*, and signifies a Saviour.

So

So far the *Saviour*'s Name exceeds
The *Ruler* and the *Priest*.

CXXV. *Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.*

1 LIFE and immortal Joys are giv'n
To Souls that mourn the Sins they've done,
Children of Wrath made Heirs of Heav'n
By Faith in God's Eternal Son.

2 Woe to the Wretch that never felt
The inward Pangs of pious Grief,
But adds to all his crying Guilt
The stubborn Sin of Unbelief.

3 The Law condemns the Rebel dead,
Under the Wrath of God he lies;
He seals the Curse on his own Head,
And with a double Vengeance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the Gospel.*

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his Children near,
While Pow'r and Truth, and boundless Love,
Display their Glories here.

2 Here in thy Gospel's wond'rous Frame
Fresh Wonders we pursue;
A Thousand Angels learn thy Name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy Name is writ in fairest Lines,
Thy Wisdom here we trace;
Wisdom through all the Myst'ry shines,
And shines in *Jesus*' Face.

4 The Law its best Obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging Justice shows
Its Honours in his Blood.

5 But ſtill the Luſtre of thy Grace
Our warmer Thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole Scene with brighter Rays,
And more exalts our Joys.

CXXVII. *Circumciſion and Baptiſm.*

(Written only for thoſe who practiſe the Baptiſm of Infants.)

1 THUS did the Sons of *Abra'm* paſs
Under the Bloody Seal of Grace;
The young Diſciples bore the Yoke,
Till *Chriſt* the painful Bondage broke.

2 By milder Ways doth *Jeſus* prove
His Father's Cov'nant, and his Love;
He ſeals to Saints his glorious Grace,
And not forbids their Infant Race.

3 Their Seed is ſprinkled with his Blood,
Their Children ſet apart for God;
His Spirit on their Offspring ſhed,
Like Water pour'd upon the Head.

4 Let ev'ry Saint with chearful Voice
In this large Covenant rejoice;
Young Children in their early Days
Shall give the God of *Abra'm* Praiſe.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt Nature from* Adam.

1 BLESS'D with the Joys of Innocence,
Adam, our Father, ſtood,
Till he debas'd his Soul to Senſe,
And eat th' unlawful Food.

2 Now we are born a ſinful Race,
To ſinful Joys inclin'd;
Reaſon has loſt its native Place,
And Fleſh enſlaves the Mind.

3 While Fleſh, and Senſe, and Paſſion reigns,
Sin is the ſweeteſt Good;

We

We fancy Muſick in our Chains,
And ſo forget the Load.
4 Great God! renew our ruin'd Frame,
Our broken Pow'rs reſtore,
Inſpire us with a heav'nly Flame,
And Fleſh ſhall reign no more.
5 Eternal Spirit, write thy Law
Upon our inward Parts,
And let the ſecond *Adam* draw
His Image on our Hearts.

CXXIX. *We walk by Faith, and not by Sight.*

1 'TIS by the Faith of Joys to come,
We walk through Deſarts dark as Night;
Till we arrive at Heav'n our Home,
Faith is our Guide, and Faith our Light.
2 The Want of Sight ſhe well ſupplies
She makes the pearly Gates appear,
Far into diſtant Worlds ſhe pries,
And brings eternal Glories near.
3 Chearful we tread the Deſart through,
While Faith inſpires a heav'nly Ray;
Though Lions roar, and Tempeſts blow,
And Rocks and Dangers fill the Way.
4 So *Abra'm*, by Divine Command,
Left his own Houſe to walk with God;
His Faith beheld the promis'd Land,
And fir'd his Zeal along the Road.

CXXX. *The new Creation.*

1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own Glories ſhew;
Behold, I ſit upon my Throne,
Creating all Things new.
2 *Nature and Sin are paſs'd away,*
And the old Adam *dies;*

My

My Hands a new Foundation lay,
See the new World arise.

3 *I'll be a Son of Righteousness*
To the new Heav'ns I make;
None but the New-born Heirs of Grace,
My Glories shall partake.

4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old State of Sin;
O make my Soul alive to Thee,
Create new Pow'rs within.

5 Renew mine Eyes, and form mine Ears,
And mould my Heart afresh;
Give me new Passions, Joys and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Flesh.

6 Far from the Regions of the Dead,
From Sin, and Earth, and Hell,
In the new World, that Grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

CXXXI. *The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

1 LET everlasting Glories crown
Thy Head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,
And writ the Blessings in thy Word.

[2 What, if we trace the Globe around,
And search from *Britain* to *Japan*,
There shall be no Religion found
So just to God, so safe to Man.]

3 In vain the trembling Conscience seeks
Some solid Ground to rest upon;
With long Despair the Spirit breaks,
Till we apply to *Christ* alone.

4 How well thy blessed Truths agree!
How wise and holy thy Commands!
Thy Promises, how firm they be!
How firm our Hope and Comfort stands!

[5 Not.

[5 Not the feign'd Fields of *Heath'nish* Bliss
Could raise such Pleasures in the Mind;
Nor does the *Turkish* Paradise
Pretend to Joys so well refin'd.]
6 Should all the Forms that Men devise
Assault my Faith with treach'rous Art,
I'd call them Vanity and Lies,
And bind the Gospel to my Heart.

CXXXII. *The Offices of* Christ.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with Truth and Grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit, and thy Word,
Shall lead us in thy Ways.
2 We rev'rence our High-Priest above
Who offer'd up his Blood;
And lives to carry on his Love,
By pleading with our God.
3 We honour our exalted King,
How sweet are his Commands!
He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin
By his Almighty Hands.
4 *Hosanna* to his glorious Name,
Who saves by diff'rent Ways;
His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
To our immortal Praise.

CXXXIII. *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit, we confess,
And sing the Wonders of thy Grace;
Thy Pow'r conveys our Blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly Ray,
Our Shades and Darkness turn to Day;
Thine inward Teachings make us know
Our Danger and our Refuge too.

3 Thy

3 Thy Pow'r and Glory works within,
And breaks the Chains of reigning Sin;
Doth our imperious Lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched Hearts anew.
4 The troubled Conscience knows thy Voice,
Thy chearing Words awake our Joys;
Thy Word allays the stormy Wind,
And calms the Surges of the Mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumcision abolished.*

1 THE Promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the Grace:
I will the God of Abra'm *be,*
And of his num'rous Race.
2 He said, and with a bloody Seal
Confirm'd the Words he spoke;
Long did the Sons of *Abra'm* feel
The sharp and painful Yoke.
3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own Flesh to bleed;
And *Gentiles* taste the Blessing now,
From the hard Bondage freed.
4 The God of *Abra'm* claims our Praise,
His Promises endure,
And *Christ* the Lord, in gentler Ways,
Makes the Salvation sure.

CXXXV. *Types and Prophecies of* Christ.

1 BEHOLD the Woman's promis'd Seed,
Behold the great *Messiah* come;
Behold the Prophets all agreed
To give him the superior Room.
2 *Abra'm*, the Saint, rejoic'd of old,
When Visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the Man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his Law.

3 The

3 The Types bore Witness to his Name;
Obtain'd their chief Design, and ceas'd;
The Incense, and the bleeding Lamb,
The Ark, the Altar, and the Priest.

4 Predictions in Abundance meet
To join their Blessings on his Head;
Jesus, we worship at thy Feet,
And Nations own the promis'd Seed.

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the Birth of* Christ.

1 THE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his Entrance on this Earth;
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
And heav'nly Hosts declare his Birth.

2 About the young Redeemer's Head
What Wonders and what Glories meet!
An unknown Star arose, and led
The Eastern Sages to his Feet.

3 *Simeon* and *Anna* both conspire
The Infant-Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred Fire,
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his Name.

4 Let *Jews* and *Greeks* blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with Scorn;
Our Souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

CXXXVI. *Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of* Christ.

1 BEHOLD the Blind their Sight receive;
Behold the Dead awake and live;
The Dumb speak Wonders; and the Lame
Leap like the Hart, and bless his Name.

2 Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own,
And seal the Mission of his Son;

The

The Father vindicates his Cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the Cross,
3 He dies; the Heav'ns in Mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
4 Hence, and for ever, from my Heart
I bid my Doubts and Fears depart;
And to those Hands my Soul resign,
Which bear Credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The Power of the Gospel.*

1 THIS is the Word of Truth and Love,
Sent to the Nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his Almighty Grace can do.
2 This Remedy did Wisdom find
To heal Diseases of the Mind;
This sov'reign Balm, whose Virtues can
Restore the ruin'd Creature, Man.
3 The Gospel bids the Dead revive,
Sinners obey the Voice, and live;
Dry Bones are rais'd, and cloath'd afresh,
And Hearts of Stone are turn'd to Flesh.
4 Where *Satan* reign'd in Shades of Night,
The Gospel strikes a heav'nly Light;
Our Lusts its wond'rous Pow'r controuls,
And calms the Rage of angry Souls.
5 Lions, and Beasts of savage Name,
Put on the Nature of the Lamb;
While the wild World esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the Change.
6 May but his Grace my Soul renew,
Let Sinners gaze and hate me too;
The Word that saves me does engage
A sure Defence from all their Rage.

CXXXIX.

CXXXIX. *The Example of* Christ.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my Duty in thy Word;
But in thy Life the Law appears,
Drawn out in living Characters.

2 Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's Will,
Such Love, and Meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold Mountains, and the Midnight Air,
Witness'd the Fervour of thy Pray'r;
The Desart thy Temptations knew,
Thy Conflict and thy Vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my Pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious Image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my Name
Amongst the Foll'wers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The Example of* Christ *and the Saints.*

1 GIVE me the Wings of Faith to rise
Within the Veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their Joys,
How bright their Glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their Couch with Tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

3 I ask them whence their Vict'ry came;
They with united Breath
Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb,
Their Triumph to his Death.

4 They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod
(His Zeal inspir'd their Breast)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd Rest.

5 Our

5 Our glorious Leader claims our Praiſe
For his own Pattern giv'n,
While the long Cloud of Witneſſes
Shew the ſame Path to Heav'n.

CXLI. *Faith aſſiſted by Senſe*; or, *Preaching Baptiſm, and the Lord's Supper.*

1 MY Saviour God, my ſov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the Skies!
But brings his Graces down to Senſe,
And helps my Faith to riſe.
2 My Eyes and Ears ſhall bleſs his Name,
They read and hear his Word;
My Touch and Taſte ſhall do the ſame,
When they receive the Lord.
3 Baptiſmal Water is deſign'd
To ſeal his cleanſing Grace;
While at his Feaſt of Bread and Wine
He gives his Saints a Place.
4 But not the Waters of a Flood
Can make my Fleſh ſo clean,
As by his Spirit, and his Blood,
He'll waſh my Soul from Sin.
5 Not choiceſt Meats, or nobleſt Wines,
So much my Heart refreſh,
As when my Faith goes through the Signs,
And feeds upon his Fleſh.
6 I love the Lord that ſtoops ſo low
To give his Word a Seal;
But the rich Grace his Hands beſtow,
Exceeds the Figures ſtill.

CXLII. *Faith in* Chriſt *our Sacrifice.*

1 NOT all the Blood of Beaſts,
On *Jewiſh* Altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty Conſcience Peace,
Or waſh away the Stain.

2 But

2 But *Christ*, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.
3 My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my Sin.
4 My Soul looks back to ſee
The Burthens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.
5 Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the Curſe remove;
We bleſs the Lamb with chearful Voice,
And ſing his bleeding Love.

CXLIII. *Fleſh and Spirit.*

1 WHAT diff'rent Pow'rs of Grace and Sin
Attend our mortal State?
I hate the Thoughts that work within,
And do the Works I hate.
2 Now I complain, and groan and die,
While Sin and *Satan* reign;
Now raiſe my Songs of Triumphs high,
For Grace prevails again.
3 So Darkneſs ſtruggles with the Light,
Till perfect Day ariſe;
Water and Fire maintain the Fight,
Until the Weaker dies.
4 Thus will the Fleſh and Spirit ſtrive,
And vex and break my Peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal Life,
And Sin for ever ceaſe.

CXLIV. *The Effusion of the Spirit*; or, *The Success of the Gospel.*

1 GREAT was the Day, the Joy was great,
When the divine Disciples met;
Whilst on their Heads the Spirit came,
And sat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

2 What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their Tongues with wond'rous Words
Instead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the Champions forth,
From *East* to *West*, from *South* to *North*;
Go, and assert your Saviour's Cause,
Go, spread the Mystery of his Cross.

4 Those Weapons of the holy War,
Of what Almighty Force they are,
To make our stubborn Passions bow,
And lay the proudest Rebels low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd;
While *Satan* rages at his Loss,
And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

6 Great King of Grace, my Heart subdue,
I would be led in Triumph too,
A willing Captive to my Lord,
And sing the Victories of his Word.

CXLV. *Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.*

1 I LOVE the Windows of thy Grace,
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's Face,
Without a Glass between.

2 O that the happy Hour were come,
To change my Faith to Sight!
I shall behold my Lord at Home,
In a diviner Light.

3 Haste,

3 Haſte, my beloved, and remove
Theſe interpoſing Days;
Then ſhall my Paſſions all be Love,
And all my Pow'rs be Praiſe

CXLVI. *The Vanity of Creatures*; or, *No Reſt on Earth.*

1 MAN has a Soul of vaſt Deſires,
He burns within with reſtleſs Fires,
Toſs'd to and fro, his Paſſions fly
From Vanity to Vanity.

2 In vain on Earth we hope to find
Some ſolid Good to fill the Mind;
We try new Pleaſures, but we feel
The inward Thirſt and Torment ſtill.

3 So, when a raging Fever burns,
We ſhift from Side to Side, by Turns;
And 'tis a poor Relief we gain
To change the Place, but keep the Pain.

4 Great God, ſubdue this vicious Thirſt,
This Love to Vanity and Duſt;
Cure the vile Fever of the Mind,
And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The Creation of the World*, Gen. i.

1 *NOW let a ſpacious World ariſe,*
Said the Creator, Lord;
At once th' obedient Earth and Skies,
Roſe at his ſov'reign Word.

[2 Dark was the Deep; the Waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the Land:
He call'd the Light; the new-born Day
Attends on his Command.

3 He bids the Clouds aſcend on high;
The Clouds aſcend, and bear
A watry Treaſure to the Sky,
And float on ſofter Air.

4 The

4 The liquid Element below
Was gather'd by his Hand;
The rolling Seas together flow,
And leave the solid Land.

5 With Herbs and Plants (a flow'ry Birth)
The naked Glebe he crown'd.
E'er there was Rain to bless the Earth,
Or Sun to warm the Ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper Skies;
Behold the Sun appears,
The Moon and Stars in Order rise,
To mark out Months and Years.

7 Out of the Deep th' Almighty King
Did vital Beings frame,
The painted Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Fish of ev'ry Name.]

8 He gave the Lion and the Worm
At once their wond'rous Birth,
And grazing Beasts, of various Form,
Rose from the teeming Earth.

9 *Adam* was form'd of equal Clay,
Though Sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler Ends than they,
With God's own Image bless'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's Eye
The young Creation stood:
He saw the Building from on high,
His Word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the Frame of Nature stands,
Thy Praise shall fill my Tongue;
But the new World of Grace demands
A more exalted Song.

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in* Christ

1 DEAREST of all the Names above,
My *Jesus*, and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?

2 'Ti

'Tis by the Merits of thy Death
The Father ſmiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.
Till God in human Fleſh I ſee,
My Thoughts no Comfort find;
The Holy, Juſt, and Sacred Three
Are Terrors to my Mind.
But if *Immanuel*'s Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy, begins;
His Name forbids my ſlaviſh Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.
While *Jews* on their own Law rely,
And *Greeks* of Wiſdom boaſt,
I love th' Incarnate Myſtery,
And there I fix my Truſt.

XLIX. *Honour to Magiſtrates*; or, *Government from God.*

ETERNAL Sov'reign of the Sky,
And Lord of all below,
We Mortals, to thy Majeſty
Our firſt Obedience owe.
2 Our Souls adore thy Throne ſupreme,
And bleſs thy Providence,
For Magiſtrates of meaner Name,
Our Glory and Defence.
3 The Crowns of *Britiſh* Princes ſhine
With Rays above the reſt,
Where Laws and Liberties combine
To make the Nation bleſt.]
4 Kingdoms on firm Foundations ſtand,
While Virtue finds Reward;
And Sinners periſh from the Land,
By Juſtice and the Sword.
5 Let *Cæſar*'s Due be ever paid
To *Cæſar* and his Throne,

But Consciences and Souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

CL. *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

1 SIN has a Thousand treach'rous Arts
To practise on the Mind;
With flatt'ring Looks she tempts our Hearts,
But leaves a Sting behind.

2 With Names of Virtue she deceives
The Aged and the Young;
And while the heedless Wretch believes,
She makes his Fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the Joy she brings,
And gives a fair Pretence;
But cheats the Soul of heav'nly Things,
And chains it down to Sense.

4 So on a Tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden Food;
Our Mother took her Poison there,
And tainted all her Blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and Inspiration.*

1 'TWAS by an Order from the Lord,
The Ancient Prophets spoke his Word;
His Spirit did their Tongues inspire,
And warm'd their Hearts with heav'nly Fire.

2 The Works and Wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the Messages they brought;
The Prophet's Pen succeeds his Breath,
To save the holy Words from Death.

3 Great God, mine Eyes with Pleasure look
On the dear Volume of thy Book;
There my Redeemer's Face I see,
And read his Name, who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false Raptures of the Mind
Be lost and vanish in the Wind;

Her

Here I can fix my Hope ſecure,
This is thy Word, and muſt endure.

CLII. Sinai *and* Sion, Heb. xii. 18, *&c.*

1 NOT to the Terrors of the Lord,
The Tempeſt, Fire and Smoke,
Not to the Thunder of that Word
Which God on *Sinai* ſpoke.
2 But we are come to *Sion*'s Hill,
The City of our God,
Where milder Words declare his Will,
And ſpread his Love abroad.
3 Behold th' innumerable Hoſt
Of Angels cloath'd in Light;
Behold the Spirits of the Juſt,
Whoſe Faith is turn'd to Sight.
4 Behold the bleſt Aſſembly there,
Whoſe Names are writ in Heav'n;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vileſt Sins forgiv'n.
5 The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead,
But one Communion make;
All join in *Chriſt*, their living Head,
And of his Grace partake.
6 In ſuch Society as this
My weary Soul would reſt;
The Man, who dwells where *Jeſus* is,
Muſt be for ever bleſt.

CLIII. *The Diſtemper, Folly, and Madneſs of Sin.*

1 SIN, like a venomous Diſeaſe,
Infects our vital Blood;
The only Balm is ſov'reign Grace,
And the Phyſician, God.
2 Our Beauty and our Strength are fled,
And we draw near to Death;

But *Christ*, the Lord, recals the Dead,
With his Almighty Breath.

3 Madness, by Nature, reigns within,
The Passions burn and rage,
Till God's own Son, with Skill divine,
The inward Fire asswage.

[4 We lick the Dust, we grasp the Wind,
And solid Good despise;
Such is the Folly of the Mind
Till *Jesus* makes us wise.

5 We give our Souls the Wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous Gall,
And rush with Fury down to Hell,
But Heav'n prevents the Fall.]

6 The Man possess'd amongst the Tombs,
Cuts his own Flesh, and cries;
He foams, and raves, till *Jesus* comes,
And the foul Spirit flies.

CLIV. *Self-righteousness insufficient.*

1 "* WHERE are the Mourners (saith the Lord)
" That wait and tremble at my Word,
" That walk in Darkness all the Day?
" Come, make my Name your Trust and Stay.

[2 " No Works nor Duties of your own
" Can for the smallest Sin atone;
" † The Robes that Nature may provide
" Will not your least Pollutions hide.

3 " The softest Couch that Nature knows,
" Can give the Conscience no Repose;
" Look to my Righteousness, and live;
" Comfort and Peace are mine to give.]

4 " Ye Sons of Pride, that kindle Coals
" With your own Hands, to warm your Souls,

* Isai. l. 10, 11. † Isai. xxviii. 20.

" Walk

" Walk in the Light of your own Fire,
" Enjoy the Sparks that ye desire.
5 " This is your Portion at my Hands;
" Hell waits you with her Iron Bands;
" Ye shall lie down in Sorrow there,
" In Death, in Darkness, and Despair.

CLV. Christ *our Passover.*

1 LO, the destroying Angel flies
To *Pharaoh*'s stubborn Land!
The Pride and Flow'r of *Egypt* dies
By his vindictive Hand.
2 He pass'd the Tents of *Jacob* o'er,
Nor pour'd the Wrath divine;
He saw the Blood on ev'ry Door,
And bless'd the peaceful Sign.
3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed
To break th' *Egyptian* Yoke;
Thus *Israel* is from Bondage freed,
And 'scapes the Angel's Stroke.
4 Lord, if my Heart were sprinkled too
With Blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty Soul of mine.
5 *Jesus*, our Passover, was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from *Satan*'s heavy Chain,
And God's avenging Sword.

CLVI. *Presumption and Despair*; or, *Satan's various Temptations.*

1 I Hate the Tempter and his Charms,
I hate his flatt'ring Breath;
The Serpent takes a Thousand Forms
To cheat our Souls to Death.

2 He feeds our Hopes with airy Dreams,
Or kills with ſlaviſh Fear;
And holds us ſtill in wide Extremes,
Preſumption, or Deſpair.

3 Now he perſuades, *how eaſy 'tis*
To walk the Road to Heav'n;
Anon he ſwells our Sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiv'n.

[4 He bids young Sinners, *Yet forbear*
To think of God or Death;
For Prayer and Devotion are
But melancholy Breath.

5 He tells the Aged, *They muſt die,*
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for Mercy now they cry,
For they have loſt their Day.]

6 Thus he ſupports his cruel Throne
By Miſchief and Deceit;
And drags the Sons of *Adam* down
To Darkneſs and the Pit.

7 Almighty God, cut ſhort his Pow'r,
Let them in Darkneſs dwell;
And that he vex the Earth no more,
Confine him down to Hell.

CLVII. *The ſame.*

1 NOW *Satan* comes with dreadful Roar,
And threatens to deſtroy;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious Joy.

2 Ye Sons of God, oppoſe his Rage,
Reſiſt, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our deareſt Lord engage
And vanquiſh him alone.

3 Now he appears almoſt divine,
Like Innocence and Love;

But the old Serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the Dove.
4 Fly from the false Deceiver's Tongue,
Ye Sons of *Adam* fly;
Our Parents found the Snare too strong,
Nor should the Children try

CLVIII. *Few saved*; or, *The Almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.*

1 BROAD is the Road that leads to Death,
And Thousands walk together there;
But Wisdom shews a narrower Path
With here and there a Traveller.
2 *Deny thyself, and take thy Cross,*
Is the Redeemer's great Command;
Nature must count her Gold but Dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly Land.
3 The fearful Soul that tires and faints,
And walks the Ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a Saint,
And makes his own Destruction sure.
4 Lord, let not all my Hopes be vain,
Create my Heart intirely new,
Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false Apostates never knew.

CLIX. *An unconverted State*; or, *Converting Grace.*

[1 GREAT King of Glory and of Grace,
We own with humble Shame
How vile is our degen'rate Race,
And our first Father's Name.]
2 From *Adam* flows our tainted Blood,
The Poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's Good,
And willing Slaves to Sin.

[3 Daily we break thy holy Laws,
And then reject thy Grace;
Engag'd in the old Serpent's Cause
Against our Maker's Face.]

4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the Distance well;
With Haste we run the dang'rous Road
That leads to Death and Hell.

5 And can such Rebels be restor'd!
Such Natures made Divine!
Let Sinners see thy Glory, Lord,
And feel this Pow'r of thine!

6 We raise our Father's Name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious Strangers nigh,
And turn his Foes to Friends.

CLX. *Custom in Sin.*

1 LET the wild Leopards of the Wood
Put off the Spots that Nature gives,
Then may the Wicked turn to God,
And change their Temper and their Lives.

2 As well might *Ethiopian* Slaves
Wash out the Darkness of their Skin;
The Dead as well may leave their Graves,
As old Transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where Vice has held its Empire long,
'Twill not endure the least Controul;
None but a Pow'r divinely strong,
Can turn the Current of the Soul.

4 Great God, I own thy Pow'r divine,
That works to change this Heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The Wonders of creating Grace.

CLXI. *Christian Virtues*; or, *The Difficulty of Conversion.*

1 STRAIT is the Way, the Door is strait,
That leads to Joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the Gate,
While Crouds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved Self must be deny'd,
The Mind and Will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and Patience try'd,
And vain Desires subdu'd.

[3 Flesh is a dang'rous Foe to Grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, Pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our Souls.

4 The Love of Gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile Idolatry).
And ev'ry Member, ev'ry Sense,
In sweet Subjection lie.]

5 The Tongue, that most unruly Pow'r,
Requires a strong Restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry Hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble helpless Worm,
Fulfil a Task so hard?
Thy Grace must all my Work perform,
And give the free Reward.

CLXII. *Meditation of Heaven*; or, *The Joy of Faith.*

1 MY Thoughts surmount these lower Skies,
And look within the Veil;
There Springs of endless Pleasures rise,
The Waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet Delight,
The blessed Three in One;

And ſtrong Affections fix my Sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His Promiſe ſtands for ever firm,
His Grace ſhall ne'er depart;
He binds my Name upon his Arm,
And ſeals it on his Heart.

4 Light are the Pains that Nature brings,
How ſhort our Sorrows are,
When with Eternal future Things
The Preſent we compare!

5 I would not be a Stranger ſtill
To that celeſtial Place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's Face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of Deſertion and Temptation.*

1 DEAR Lord, behold our ſore Diſtreſs;
Our Sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine Arm of conqu'ring Grace,
And let thy Foes be ſlain.

[2 The Lion, with his dreadful Roar,
Affrights thy feeble Sheep;
Reveal the Glory of thy Pow'r,
And chain him to the Deep.

3 Muſt we indulge a long Deſpair?
Shall our Petitions die?
Our Mournings never reach thine Ear,
Nor Tears affect thine Eye?]

4 If thou deſpiſe a mortal Groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's Blood;
An Advocate ſo near the Throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He bought the Spirit's pow'rful Sword,
To ſlay our deadly Foes;
Our Sins ſhall die beneath thy Word,
And Hell in vain oppoſe.

6 Ho

6 How boundleſs is our Father's Grace,
In Height, and Depth, and Length!
He makes his Son our Righteouſneſs,
His Spirit is our Strength.

CLXIV. *The End of the World.*

1 WHY ſhould this Earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our Eyes
On this low Ground, where Sorrows grow,
And ev'ry Pleaſure dies?
2 While Time his ſharpeſt Teeth prepares
Our Comforts to devour,
There is a Land above the Stars,
And Joys above his Pow'r.
3 Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die,
The Sun muſt end his Race,
The Earth and Sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's Face.
4 When will that glorious Morning riſe?
When the laſt Trumpet ſound,
And call the Nations to the Skies,
From underneath the Ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulneſs, Ignorance, and unſanctified Affections.*

1 LONG have I ſat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord,
But ſtill how weak my Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!
2 Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
And hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a Portion of thy Grace
My Mem'ry can retain!
[3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne.]

[4 How cold and feeble is my Love!
How negligent my Fear!
How low my Hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!]

5 Great God, thy sov'reign Pow'r impart,
To give the Word Success;
Write thy Salvation in my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.

[6 Shew my forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high;
There Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.]

CLXVI *The Divine Perfections.*

1 HOW shall I praise th' Eternal God,
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high Abode,
Or venture near his Throne?

[2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling Light;
But his All-searching Eye reveals
The Secrets of the Night.

3 Those watchful Eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the World around;
His Wisdom is a boundless Deep,
Where all our Thoughts are drown'd.]

[4 Speak we of Strength? His Arm is strong,
To save or to destroy;
Infinite Years his Life prolong,
And endless in his Joy.]

[5 He knows no Shadow of a Change,
Nor alters his Decrees;
Firm as a Rock his Truth remains
To guard his Promises.]

[6 Sinners before his Presence die;
How Holy is his Name!

His

His Anger and his Jealousy
Burn like devouring Flame.]
7 Justice, upon a dreadful Throne,
Maintains the Rights of God,
While Mercy sends her Pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's Blood.
8 Now to my Soul, Immortal King,
Speak some forgiving Word;
Then 'twill be double Joy to sing
The Glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The Divine Perfections.*

1 GReat God! thy Glories shall employ
My holy Fear, my humble Joy;
My Lips, in Songs of Honour, bring
Their Tribute to th' Eternal King.
[2 Earth and the Stars, and Worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his Throne;
All Nature hangs upon his Word,
And Grace and Glory own their Lord.]
[3 His sov'reign Pow'r what Mortal knows?
If he command, who dares oppose?
With Strength he girds himself around,
And treads the Rebels to the Ground.]
[4 Who shall pretend to teach him Skill,
Or guide the Counsels of his Will?
His Wisdom, like a Sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our Line.]
[5 His Name is Holy, and his Eye
Burns with immortal Jealousy;
He hates the Sons of Pride, and sheds
His fiery Vengeance on their Heads.]
[6 The Beamings of his piercing Sight
Bring dark Hypocrisy to Light;
Death and Destruction naked lie,
And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.]

[7 Th' eter-

[7 Th' eternal Law before him ſtands;
His Juſtice, with impartial Hands,
Divides to all their due Reward,
Or by the Sceptre, or the Sword.]

[8 His Mercy, like a boundleſs Sea,
Waſhes our Load of Guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his Juſtice on our Side.]

[9 Each of his Words demands my Faith,
My Soul can reſt on all he ſaith;
His Truth inviolably keeps
The largeſt Promiſe of his Lips.]

10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle Voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy Love, I dare proclaim
The brighteſt Honours of thy Name.

CLXVIII. *The ſame.*

1 *JEHOVAH* reigns, his Throne is high,
His Robes are Light and Majeſty;
His Glory ſhines with Beams ſo bright,
No Mortal can ſuſtain the Sight.

2 His Terrors keep the World in Awe,
His Juſtice guards his holy Law,
His Love reveals a ſmiling Face,
His Truth and Promiſe ſeal the Grace.

3 Through all his Works his Wiſdom ſhines,
And baffles *Satan*'s deep Deſigns;
His Pow'r is ſov'reign to fulfil
The nobleſt Counſels of his Will.

4 And will this glorious Lord deſcend
To be my Father, and my Friend?
Then let my Songs with Angels join;
Heav'n is ſecure, if God be mine.

CLXIX.

CLXIX. *The ſame; as the* cxlviiith Pſalm.

1 THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
His Throne is built on high;
The Garments he aſſumes
Are Light and Majeſty;
His Glories ſhine
With Beams ſo bright,
No mortal Eye
Can bear the Sight.

2 The Thunders of his Hand
Keep the wide World in Awe;
His Wrath and Juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy Law;
And where his Love
Reſolves to bleſs,
His Truth confirms
And ſeals the Grace.

3 Through all his ancient Works
Surpriſing Wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell,
And breaks their curs'd Deſigns.
Strong is his Arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great Decrees,
His ſov'reign Will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of Glory condeſcend?
And will he write his Name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his Name,
I love his Word;
Join all my Pow'rs,
And praiſe the Lord.

CLXX.

CLXX. *God incomprehensible and sovereign.*

[1* CAN Creatures to Perfection find
Th' Eternal uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest Stretch of Thought
Measure and search his Nature out?
2 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as Hell,
And what can Mortals know or tell?
His Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all the shining Worlds on high.
3 But Man, vain Man, would fain be wise,
Born, like a wild young Colt, he flies
Through all the Follies of his Mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty Wind.]
4 God is a King of Pow'r unknown,
Firm are the Orders of his Throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?
5 He wounds the Heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the Tempest of the Soul;
When he shuts up in long Despair,
Who can remove the heavy Bar?
6 † He frowns, and Darkness veils the Moon,
The fainting Sun grows dim at Noon;
‡ The Pillars of Heav'n's starry Roof
Tremble and start at his Reproof.
7 He gave the vaulted Heav'n its Form,
The crooked Serpent and the Worm;
He breaks the Billows with his Breath,
And smites the Sons of Pride to Death.
8 These are the Portion of his Ways,
But who shall dare describe his Face?
Who can endure his Light? Or stand
To hear the Thunders of his Hand?

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* Job xi. 7, &c. † Job xxv. 5 ‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

HYMNS

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

Prepared for the Holy Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

I. *The Lord's Supper instituted*, 1 Cor. xi. 23, *&c.*

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful Night
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose
Against the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his Foes.

2 Before the mournful Scene began,
He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What Love through all his Actions ran!
What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake!

3 *This is my Body, broke for Sin,*
Receive and eat the living Food;
Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine;
'Tis the New Cov'nant in my Blood;

[4 For us his Flesh with Nails was torn,
He bore the Scourge, he felt the Thorn;
And Justice pour'd upon his Head
Its heavy Vengeance in our Stead.

5 For

5 For us his vital Blood was ſpilt
To buy the Pardon of our Guilt,
When For black Crimes of biggeſt Size
He gave his Soul a Sacrifice.]

6 *Do this* (he cry'd) *till Time ſhall end,*
In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my Table, and record
The Love of your departed Lord.

[7 *Jeſus*, thy Feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhew thy Death, we ſing thy Name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The Marriage Supper of the Lamb.]

II. *Communion with* Chriſt *and with Saints*,
1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

[1 *JESUS* invites his Saints
To meet around his Board;
Here pardon'd Rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For Food he gives his Fleſh;
He bids us drink his Blood;
Amazing Favour! matchleſs Grace
Of our deſcending God!]

3 This holy Bread and Wine
Maintains our fainting Breath,
By Union with our living Lord,
And Int'reſt in his Death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Chriſt and his Members one;
We the young Children of his Love,
And he the firſt born Son.

5 We are but ſeveral Parts
Of the ſame broken Bread;
One Body hath its ſeveral Limbs,
But *Jeſus* is the Head.

6 Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
His glorious Name to raiſe;

Pleaſure

Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,
And ev'ry Voice be Praise.

III. *The New Testament in the Blood of* Christ; or, *The New Covenant sealed.*

1 *THE Promise of my Father's Love,*
Shall stand for ever good:
He said; and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd his Grace with Blood.

2 To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word
I set my worthless Name;
I seal th' Engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble Claim.

3 The Light, and Strength, and pard'ning Grace,
And Glory shall be mine;
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that Legacy my own,
Which *Jesus* did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.

5 Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name,
Who bless'd us in his Will,
And to his Testament of Love
Made his own Life the Seal.

IV. Christ's *dying Love*; or, *Our Pardon bought at a dear Price.*

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son?
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
And Pity brought him down.

[2 When Justice, by our Sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
Without a murm'ring Word.]

[5 He

[3 He ſunk beneath our heavy Woes
To raiſe us to his Throne;
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand beſtows,
But coſt his Heart a Groan.]

4 This was Compaſſion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His Love is ſtill as great;
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor lets his Saints forget.

[6 Here we behold his Bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd;
And ſee the Sorrows of his Soul
Bleed through his wounded Side.]

[7 Here we receive repeated Seals
Of *Jeſus*' dying Love;
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One ſoft Affection move.]

8 Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record,
And, with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. Chriſt *the Bread of Life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our Souls hath fed;
Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

[2 The *Manna* came from lower Skies,
But *Jeſus* from above,
Where the freſh Springs of Pleaſure riſe,
And Rivers flow with Love.

3 The *Jews*, the Fathers, dy'd at laſt,
Who eat that heav'nly Bread;

But

But these Provisions, which we taste,
Can raise us from the Dead.]
4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his Flesh
To nourish dying Men;
And often spreads his Table fresh,
Lest we should faint again!
5 Our Souls shall draw their heav'nly Breath,
While *Jesus* finds Supplies;
Nor shall our Graces sink to Death,
For *Jesus* never dies.
[6 Daily our mortal Flesh decays,
But *Christ*, our Life, shall come;
His unresisted Pow'r shall raise
Our Bodies from the Tomb.]

VI. *The Memorial of our absent Lord*, John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 *JESUS* is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak Senses reach him not;
And carnal Objects court our Eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our Thought.
2 He knows what wand'ring Hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely Face;
And, to refresh our Minds, he gave
These kind Memorials of his Grace.
3 The Lord of Life his Table spread
With his own Flesh and dying Blood;
We on the rich Provision feed,
And taste the Wine, and bless the God.
4 Let sinful Sweets be all forgot,
And Earth grow less in our Esteem,
Christ and his Love fill every Thought,
And Faith and Hope be fix'd on him.
5 While he is absent from our Sight,
'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

[6 Our

[6 Our Eyes look upwards to the Hills,
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come;
We wait thy Chariot's awful Wheels
To fetch our longing Spirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the World by the Croſs of* Chriſt, Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous Croſs,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richeſt Gain I count but Loſs,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the Death of *Chriſt* my God;
All the vain Things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his Blood.
3 See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down;
Did e'er ſuch Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thorns compoſe ſo rich a Crown?
[4 His dying Crimſon, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.]
5 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

[1 COME, let us join a joyful Tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye Saints on high around his Throne,
And we around his Board.
2 While once upon this lower Ground,
Weary and faint ye ſtood,
What dear Refreſhments here ye found
From this immortal Food?

3 The

3 The Tree of Life, that near the Throne
In Heav'n's high Garden grows,
Laden with Grace, bends gently down
Its ever-ſmiling Boughs.

[4 Hov'ring amongſt the Leaves, there ſtands
The ſweet celeſtial Dove;
And *Jeſus* on the Branches hangs
The Banner of his Love.]

[5 Tis a young Heav'n of ſtrange Delight,
While in his Shade we ſit;
His Fruit is pleaſing to the Sight,
And to the Taſte as ſweet.

6 New Life it ſpreads through dying Hearts,
And cheers the drooping Mind;
Vigour and Joy the Juice imparts,
Without a Sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming Weapon ſtand,
And guard all *Eden*'s Trees,
There's ne'er a Plant in all that Land,
That bears ſuch Fruit as theſe.

8 Infinite Grace our Souls adore,
Whoſe wond'rous Hand has made
This living Branch of ſov'reign Pow'r,
To raiſe and heal the Dead.

IX. *The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood*, 1 John v. 6

[1 LET all our Tongues be one,
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his Boſom ſent his Son
To fetch us Strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our Voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's Name;
Jeſus, th' Ambaſſador of Peace,
How chearfully he came!

3 It coſt him Cries and Tears
To bring us near to God;

Great

Great was our Debt, and he appears
To make the Payment Good.]

[4 My Saviour's pierced Side
Pour'd out a double Flood;
By Water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the Blood.

5 Infinite was our Guilt,
But he, our Prieſt, atones;
On the cold Ground his Life was ſpilt,
And offer'd with his Groans.]

6 Look up, my Soul, to him
Whoſe Death was thy Deſert,
And humbly view the living Stream
Flow from his breaking Heart.

7 There on the curſed Tree,
In dying Pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great Decree,
And all our Wants ſupplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By Water and by Blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame,
We feel his Witneſs good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their Record above,
Here, I believe, he dy'd for me,
And ſeal my Saviour's Love.

[10 Lord, cleanſe my Soul from Sin,
Nor let thy Grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witneſs to my Heart.]

X. Chriſt *crucified: The Wiſdom and Power of God.*

1 NATURE with open Volume ſtands
To ſpread her Maker's Praiſe abroad,
And ev'ry Labour of his Hands
Shows ſomething worthy of a God.

2 But

2 But in the Grace that rescu'd Man,
His brightest Form of Glory shines;
Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious Blood, and crimson Lines.

3 Here his whole Name appears complete;
Nor Wit can guess, nor Reason prove
Which of the Letters best is writ,
The Power, the Wisdom, or the Love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost Heart,
Where Grace and Vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart,
To make the purchas'd Pleasures mine.

5 O the sweet Wonders of that Cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest Life my Spirit draws
From his dear Wounds and bleeding Side.

6 I would for ever speak his Name,
In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown,
With Angels join to praise the Lamb,
And Worship at his Father's Throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our Senses.*

1 LORD, how divine thy Comforts are:
How heav'nly is the Place,
Where *Jesus* spreads the sacred Feast
Of his redeeming Grace!

2 There the rich Bounties of our God,
And sweetest Glories shine;
There *Jesus* says, that *I am his,*
And my Beloved's mine.

3 *Here* (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded Side)
See here the Spring of all your Joys,
That open'd when I dy'd.

[4 He smiles and chears my mournful Heart.
And tells of all his Pain,

All this, ſaid he, *I bore for thee*,
And then he ſmiles again.]

5 What ſhall we pay our heav'nly King
For Grace ſo vaſt as this?
He brings our Pardon to our Eyes,
And ſeals it with a Kiſs.

[6 Let ſuch amazing Loves as theſe
Be ſounded all abroad;
Such Favours are beyond Degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7 To him that waſh'd us in his Blood
Be everlaſting Praiſe,
Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
Eternal as his Days.]

XII. *The Goſpel Feaſt*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

[1 HOW rich are thy Proviſions, Lord,
The Table furniſh'd from above,
The Fruits of Life o'erſpread the Board,
The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love.

2 Thine ancient Family the *Jews*
Were firſt invited to the Feaſt,
We humbly take what they refuſe,
And *Gentiles* thy Salvation taſte.

3 We are the Poor, the Blind, the Lame,
And Help was far, and Death was nigh;
But at the Goſpel Call we came,
And ev'ry Want receiv'd Supply.

4 From the High-way that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkneſs and Deſpair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Preſence here.]

[5 What ſhall we pay th' Eternal Son
That left the Heav'n of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down
To bring us Wand'rers back to God.

6

6 It coſt him Death to ſavé our Lives,
To buy our Souls it coſt his own;
And all the unknown Joys he gives,
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

7 Our everlaſting Love is due
To him that ranſom'd Sinners loſt;
And pity'd Rebels when he knew
The vaſt Expence his Love would coſt.]

XIII. *Divine Love making a Feaſt, and calling in the Gueſts*, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW ſweet and awful is the Place
With *Chriſt* within the Doors,
While everlaſting Love diſplays
The choiceſt of her Stores.

2 Here ev'ry Bowel of our God
With ſoft Compaſſion rolls;
Here Peace and Pardon bought with Blood,
Is Food for dying Souls.

[3 While all our Hearts, and all our Songs,
Join to admire the Feaſt,
Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
"Lord, Why was I a Gueſt?

4 "Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
"And enter while there's Room?
"When Thouſands make a wretched Choice,
"And rather ſtarve than come."]

5 'Twas the ſame Love that ſpread the Feaſt,
That ſweetly forc'd us in,
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte,
And periſh'd in our Sin.

[6 Pity the Nations, O our God,
Conſtrain the Earth to come;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the Strangers home.

7 We long to ſee thy Churches full,
That all the choſen Race,

May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
Sing thy redeeming Grace.]

XIV. *The Song of* Simeon, Luke ii. 28; or, *A Sight of* Christ *makes Death easy.*

1 NOW have our Hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly Charms,
And wish to die as *Simeon* wou'd
With his young Saviour in his Arms.

2 Our Lips should learn that joyful Song,
Were but our Hearts prepar'd like his,
Our Souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy Word depart in Peace.

3 Here we have seen thy Face, O Lord,
And view'd Salvation with our Eyes,
Tasted and felt the living Word,
The Bread descending from the Skies.

4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his Blood before our Face,
To teach the Terrors of thy Name,
And shew the Wonders of thy Grace.

5 He is our Light, our Morning-Star,
Shall shine on Nations yet unknown;
The Glory of thine *Israel* here,
And Joy of Spirits near the Throne.

XV. *Our Lord* Jesus *at his own Table.*

[1 THE Mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful Tongue;
How rich he spreads his Royal Board,
And bless'd the Food, and sung.

2 Happy the Men that eat this Bread,
But double-bless'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving Head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on Thee.

3 By

3 By Faith the ſame Delights we taſte
As that great Fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on *Jeſus'* Breaſt,
And take the heav'nly Bread.]

4 Down from the Palace of the Skies
Hither the King deſcends,
" Come, my Beloved, eat (he cries)
" And drink Salvation, Friends.

[5 " My Fleſh is Food and Phyſick too,
" A Balm for all your Pains;
" And the red Streams of Pardon flow
" From theſe my pierced Veins."]

6 *Hoſanna* to his bounteous Love
For ſuch a Taſte below!
And yet he feeds his Saints above
With nobler Bleſſings too.

[7 Come the dear Day, the glorious Hour,
That brings our Souls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe Types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly Feaſt.]

XVI. *The Agonies of* Chriſt.

1 NOW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine,
Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively Figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hope, He dy'd for me,
And then our Griefs remove.

[3 Our humble Faith here takes her Riſe,
While ſitting round his Board;
And back to *Calvary* ſhe flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His Soul, what Agonies is felt
When his own God withdrew;

And the large Load of all our Guilt
Lay heavy on him too.
5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying he conquer'd Hell and Sin,
And made his Triumph there.]
6 Grace, Wisdom, Justice, join'd and wrought
The Wonders of that Day;
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought,
Can equal Thanks repay.
7 Our Hymns shall sound like those above,
Could we our Voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

XVII. *Incomparable Food*; or, *the Flesh and Blood of* Christ.

[1 WE sing th' amazing Deeds,
That Grace Divine performs.
Th' Eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying Worms.
2 This Soul-reviving Wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy Blood;
We thank that sacred Flesh of thine
For this immortal Food.]
3 The Banquet that we eat,
Is made of Heav'nly Things;
Earth hath no Dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
4 In vain had *Adam* sought,
And search'd his Garden round,
For there was no such blessed Fruit
In all that happy Ground.
5 Th' Angelick Host above
Can never taste this Food,
They feast upon their Maker's Love,
But not a Saviour's Blood.

6 On

On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless Grace.
And meets us with some chearing Word,
With Pleasure in his Face.
Come, all ye drooping Saints,
And banquet with the King,
This Wine will drown your sad Complaints,
And tune your Voice to sing.
Salvation to the Name
Of our adored *Christ*,
Through the wide Earth his Grace proclaim,
His Glory in the High'st.

XVIII. *The same.*

1 *JESUS*, we bow before thy Feet,
Thy Table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred Flesh our Souls have eat,
'Tis Living Bread; we thank Thee, Lord!
2 And here we drink our Saviour's Blood,
We thank Thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous Wine;
Mingled with Love the Fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding Heart of thine.
3 On Earth is no such Sweetness found,
For the Lamb's Flesh is heav'nly Food;
In vain we search the Globe around
For Bread so fine, or Wine so good.
4 Carnal Provisions can at best
But chear the Heart, or warm the Head,
But the rich Cordial that we taste,
Gives Life Eternal to the Dead.
5 Joy to the Master of the Feast,
His Name our Souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud *Hosanna* round the Place.

XIX. *Glory in the Crofs*; or, *not aſham'd of* Chriſt *crucified.*

1 AT thy Command, our deareſt Lord,
Here we attend thy dying Feaſt;
Thy Blood, like Wine, adorns thy Board,
And thine own Fleſh feeds ev'ry Gueſt.

2 Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love,
And truſts for Life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly Crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain World pronounce it Shame,
And fling their Scandals on the Cauſe;
We come to boaſt our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Croſs.

4 With Joy we tell the ſcoffing Age,
He that was dead has left his Tomb,
He lives above their utmoſt Rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

XX. *The Proviſions for the Table of the Lord*; or, *The Tree of Life, and River of Love.*

1 LORD, we adore thy bounteous Hand,
And ſing the ſolemn Feaſt,
Where ſweet celeſtial Dainties ſtand
For ev'ry willing Gueſt.

[2 The Tree of Life adorns the Board
With rich immortal Fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming Sword
To guard their Paſſage to't.

3 The Cup ſtands crown'd with living Juice;
The Fountain flows above,
And runs down ſtreaming for our Uſe,
In Rivulets of Love.]

4 The Food's prepar'd by heav'nly Art,
The Pleaſure's well refin'd,

They

They spread new Life through ev'ry Heart,
And chear the drooping Mind.
5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's Love,
Ye Saints that taste his Wine,
Join with your Kindred Saints above,
In loud *Hosannas* join.
6 A Thousand Glories to the God
That gives such Joys as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where *Jesus* is.

XXI. *The Triumphal Feast for* Christ's *Victory over Sin and Death, and Hell.*

[1 COME, let us lift our Voices high,
High as our Joys arise;
And join the Songs above the Sky,
Where Pleasure never dies.
2 *Jesus*, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his Chariot Wheels
Dragg'd all the Pow'rs of Hell.]
[3 *Jesus*, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal Feast,
And brings immortal Blessings down
For each redeemed Guest.]
4 The Lord! how glorious is his Face!
How kind his Smiles appear!
And, O! what melting Words he says
To every humble Ear!
5 " For you, the Children of my Love,
" It was for you I dy'd,
" Behold my Hands, behold my Feet,
" And look into my Side.
6 " These are the Wounds for you I bore,
" The Tokens of my Pains,
" When I came down to free your Soul
" From Misery and Chains.

[7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery Sword,
"And plung'd it in my Heart;
"Infinite Pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting Smart.

8 "When Hell, and all its spiteful Pow'rs,
"Stood dreadful in my Way,
"To rescue those dear Lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd *Satan*'s Throne;
"High on my Cross I hung, and spy'd
"The Monster tumbling down.

10 "Now you must triumph at my Feast,
"And taste my Flesh, my Blood;
"And live eternal Ages blest,
"For 'tis immortal Food."

11 Victorious God! What can we pay
For Favours so divine?
We would devote our Hearts away
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give Thee, Lord, our highest Praise,
The Tribute of our Tongues;
But Themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest Songs.

XXII. *The Compassion of a dying* Christ.

1 OUR Spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love.

2 Was ever equal Pity found?
The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath,
And pours his Life out on the Ground,
To ransom guilty Worms from Death.

[3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's Laws;
He from the Threat'ning set us free,

Bore

Bore the full Vengeance on his Crofs,
And nail'd the Curfes to the Tree.]

4 The Law proclaims no Terror now,
And *Sinai*'s Thunder roars no more;
From all his Wounds new Bleffings flow,
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.

5 Here we have wafh'd our deepeft Stains,
And heal'd our Wounds with heav'nly Blood;
Blefs'd Fountain! fpringing from the Veins
Of *Jefus* our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal Voices ftrive
To fpeak Compaffion fo divine;
Had we a Thousand Lives to give,
A Thoufand Lives fhould all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and Glory by the Death of* Chrift.

[1 SITTING around our Father's Board,
We raife our tuneful Breath;
Our Faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our Sin to Death.

2 We fee the Blood of *Jefus* fhed,
When all our Pardons rife;
The Sinner views th' Atonement made,
And loves the Sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel Thorns, thy fhameful Crofs,
Procure us heav'nly Crowns;
Our higheft Gain fprings from thy Lofs;
Our Healing from thy Wounds.

4 O 'tis impoffible that we,
Who dwell in feeble Clay,
Should equal Suff'rings bear for Thee,
Or equal Thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and Strength from* Chrift.

1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy Grace,
To fee thy Glories fhine;
The Lord will his own Table blefs,
And make the Feaft Divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly Bread,
We drink the sacred Cup;
With outward Forms our Sense is fed,
Our Souls rejoice in Hope.

3 We shall appear before the Throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the Garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his Blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the Race,
And climb the upper Sky;
Christ will provide our Souls with Grace,
He bought a large Supply.

[5 Let us indulge a chearful Frame,
For Joy becomes a Feast;
We love the Mem'ry of his Name
More than the Wine we taste.]

XXV. *Divine Glories and our Graces.*

1 HOW are thy Glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine,
While at thy Word we break the Bread,
And pour the flowing Wine.

2 Here thy revenging Justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful Cause;
Here saving Mercy spreads her Hands,
Like *Jesus* on the Cross.

3 Thy Saints attend with ev'ry Grace,
On this great Sacrifice;
And Love appears with chearful Face,
And Faith with fixed Eyes.

4 Our Hope in waiting Posture sits,
To Heav'n directs her Sight;
Here ev'ry warmer Passion meets,
And warmer Pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and Revenge perform their Parts;
And rising Sun destroy;

Repent-

Repentance comes with aking Heart,
Yet not forbids the Joy.
6 Dear Saviour change our Faith to Sight,
Let Sin for ever die;
Then shall our Souls be all Delight,
And ev'ry Tear be dry.

I Cannot persuade myself to put a full Period to these Divine Hymns, *till I have addressed a special Song of Glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the* Latin *Name of it,* Gloria Patri, *be retained in our Nation from the* Roman *Church; and though there may be some Excesses of superstitious Honour paid to the Words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy Prejudices in Weaker Christians; yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest Parts of Christian Worship. The Subject of it is the Doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar Glory of the Divine Nature, that our Lord* Jesus Christ *has so clearly revealed unto Men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The Action is Praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted Parts of heavenly Worship. I have cast the Song into a Variety of Forms, and have fitted it by a plain Version, or a larger Paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the Conclusion of another Hymn. I have added also a few* Hosannas, *or Ascriptions of Salvation to* Christ, *in the same Manner, and for the same End.*

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity, GOD *the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.*

XXVI. 1st *Long Metre.*

1 BLESS'D be the Father and his Love,
To whose celestial Source we owe
Rivers of endless Joys above,
And Rills of Comfort here below.

2 Glory

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
From whoſe dear wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

3 We give the ſacred Spirit Praiſe.
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs Glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That Sea of Life and Love unknown,
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

XXVII. 1ſt *Common Metre.*

1 GLORY to God, the Father's Name,
Who, from the ſinful Race,
Choſe out his Fav'rites to proclaim
The Honours of his Grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble Clay,
And to redeem us from the Dead
Gave his own Life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whoſe Almighty Pow'r
Our Souls their heav'nly Birth derive,
And bleſs the happy Hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' Eternal Three in One,
Who by the Wonders of his Love
Has made his Nature known.

XXVIII. 1ſt *Short Metre*

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues;
Sinners, from his firſt Love, derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

2 Ye

2 Ye Saints, employ your Breath
In Honour to the Son,
Who brought your Souls from Hell and Death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit Praiſe
Of an Immortal Strain,
Whoſe Light, and Pow'r, and Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.

4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The ſame Record within.

5 To the Great One and Three,
That ſeals this Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

XXIX. 2d *Long Metre.*

1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whoſe Name has Myſteries unknown;
In Eſſence One, in Perſon Three;
A ſocial Nature, yet alone.

2 When all our nobleſt Pow'rs are join'd
The Honours of thy Name to raiſe,
Thy Glories over-match our Mind,
The Angels faint beneath the Praiſe.

XXX. 2d *Common Metre.*

1 THE God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who ſaves by his Redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

2 To praiſe the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

XXXI.

XXXI. 2d *Short Metre.*

1 LET God the Maker's Name
Have Honour, Love and Fear,
To God the Saviour pay the ſame,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy Mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal Love,
And Spirit of thy Pow'r.

XXXII. 3d *Long Metre.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

XXXIII. *Or thus.*

ALL Glory to thy wond'rous Name,
Father of Mercy, God of Love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praiſe the heav'nly Dove.

XXXIV. 3d *Common Metre.*

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

XXXV. *Or thus.*

HONOUR to Thee, Almighty Three,
And everlaſting One;
All Glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

XXXVI.

XXXVI. 3d *Short Metre.*

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. *Or thus.*

GIVE to the Father Praise,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

XXXVIII. *A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity. The* 1st *as the* cxlviiith Psalm.

1 I GIVE immortal Praise
To God the Father's Love,
For all my Comforts here,
And better Hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood
From everlasting Woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

3 To God, the Spirit's Name,
Immortal Worship give,
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live:
His Work completes
The great Design,

And

And fills the Soul
With Joy Divine.

5 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless Honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the Mysterious One:
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails,
And Love adores.

XXXIX. *The* 2d *as the* cxlviiith Psalm.

1 TO him that chose us first,
Before the World began,
To him that bore the Curse
To save rebellious Man:
To Him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

2 The Father's Love shall run
Through our immortal Songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our Tongues;
Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name
With equal Praise,
And Zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

XL.

XL. *The* 3d *as the* cxlviiith Psalm.

TO God the Father's Throne
Perpetual Honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, Praise:
And while our Lips
Their Tribute bring,
Our Faith adores
The Names we sing.

XLI. *Or thus.*

TO our Eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all Divine,
Three Mysteries in One:
Salvation, Pow'r,
And Praise be giv'n,
By all on Earth,
And all in Heav'n.

The Hosanna; or, *Salvation ascribed to* Christ.
XLII. *Long Metre.*

1 *HOSANNA* to King *David*'s Son,
Who reigns on a superior Throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly Birth,
Who brings Salvation down to Earth.

2 Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age,
In this delightful Work engage;
Old Men and Babes in *Sion* sing
The growing Glories of her King.

XLIII. *Common Metre.*

1 *HOSANNA* to the Prince of Grace,
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the Son of *David*'s Race,
And teach the Babes to sing.

2 *Hosan-*

2 *Hosanna* to th' Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe Salvation to the Lord,
With Blessings on his Name.

XLIV. *Short Metre.*

1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of *David*, and of God,
Who brought the News of Pardon down,
And bought it with his Blood.
2 To *Christ* th' anointed King
Be endless Blessings giv'n;
Let the whole Earth his Glory sing,
Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

XLV. *As the* cxlviiith Psalm.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of *David*'s ancient Blood,
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving Grace from God:
Let Old and Young
Attend his Way,
And at his Feet
Their Honours lay.
2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let Earth, and Sea, and Sky,
His wond'rous Love proclaim.
Upon his Head
Shall Honours rest,
And ev'ry Age
Pronounce him Bless'd.

The End of the Third Book.

A

TABLE

To find any HYMN by the First Line.

Note, The Letters a, b, c, denote the Ist, IId and IIId Book: The Figures direct to the Hymn.

Behold

Hark!

I

I sing

M

My

The

Why

A

TABLE

To find any Hymn by the Title or Contents of it.

Note, *The Letters*, a, b, c, *signify the first, second, and third Book: The Figures direct to the Hymn. If you find not what Hymn you seek under one Word of the Title, seek it under another, or by some Word that is of the same Signification, tho' perhaps not mentioned in the Title of the Hymn.*

Difeafe.

Hosanna

of

Mediation

Riches

A TABLE

A TABLE of the Scriptures that are turned into Verse.

In the First Book.

In the Third Book.

The END.

ADVERTISEMENT

Concerning the Second Edition.

THERE are almost 150 new Hymns added, and one or more suited to every Theme and Subject in Divinity. Having found by Converse with Christians, what Words or Lines in the former made them less useful, I have not only made various Corrections in them, but have endeavoured to avoid the same Mistakes in all the new Compositions. And whereas many of the former were too particularly adapted to special Frames and Seasons of the Christian Life, almost all that are added have a more general and extensive Sense, and may be assumed and sung by most Persons in a worshipping Congregation.

2. About 14 or 15 Psalms that were translated in the first Edition are left out in this, because I intend (if God afford Life and Assistance) to convert the biggest Part of the Book of Psalms into spiritual Songs, for the Use of Christians.

3. In all the longer Hymns, and in some of the Shorter, there are several Stanza's included in Crotches, thus [ ]; which Stanza's may be left out in Singing, without disturbing the Sense. Those Parts are also included in such Crotchets, which contain Words too poetical for meaner Understanding, or too particular for whole Congregations to sing. But after all, it is best in public Psalmody for the Minister to chuse the particular

particular Parts and Verſes of the Pſalm or Hymn that is to be ſung, rather than leave it to the Judgment or caſual Determination of him that leads the Tune.

The Eſſay concerning the Improvement of Pſalmody by the Uſe of Evangelical Hymns, which took up many Pages of the laſt Edition, is quite left out here, partly leſt the Bulk ſhould ſwell too much, but chiefly becauſe I intend a more compleat Treatiſe of Pſalmody, in which the Subſtance of that Eſſay will be interſperſed, and I hope with fuller Evidence of the Duty of ſinging new Songs to him that ſits upon the Throne, ſince the Lamb is aſcended thither too.

April, 1709.

Note, Since the Sixth Edition of this Book the Author has finiſhed what he had ſo long promiſed, viz *The Pſalms of* David *imitated in the Language of the New Teſtament:* There the Reader will find thoſe Pſalms, which were left out of all the latter Editions of theſe Hymns, inſerted in their proper Places. It is preſumed that that Book, in Conjunction with this, may appear to be ſuch a ſufficient Proviſion for Pſalmody, as to anſwer moſt Occaſions to the Chriſtian Life.

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